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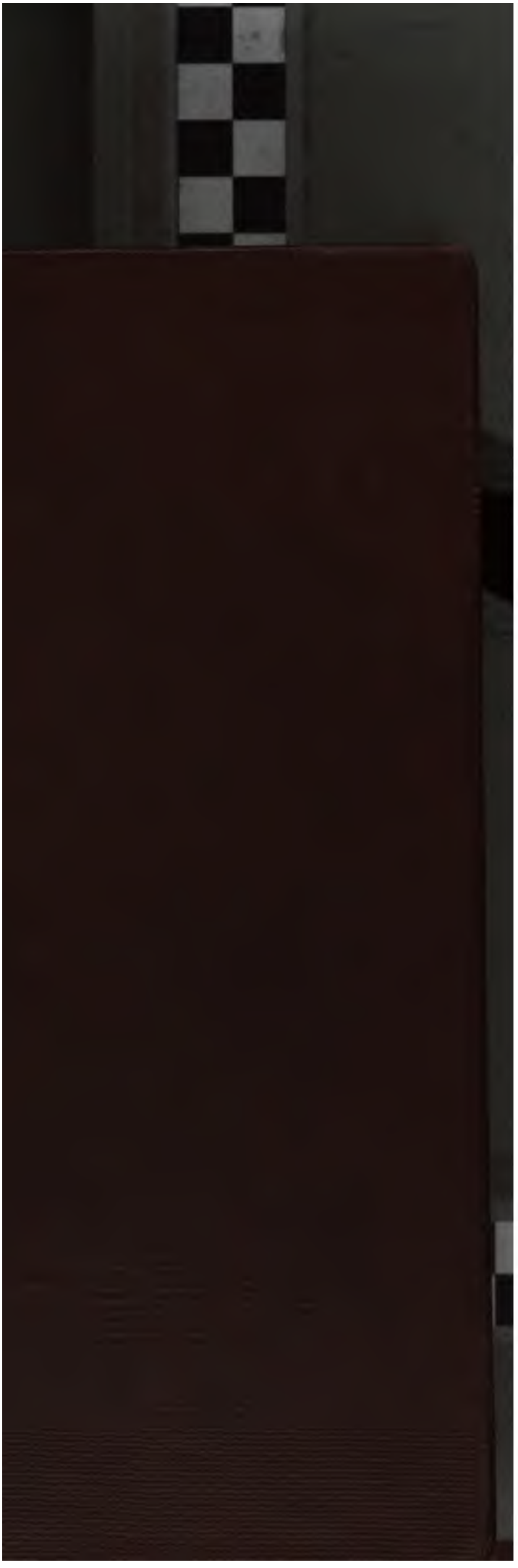

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INDEX.

VOLUME SIXTEEN.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

EXTERIOR OF THE ZENANA, THE FORT, AGRA, ... Fa
PALACE AT DELHI—INTERIOR OF THE DEWAN-I-KASS, ... Fa
PRINCIPAL GATE OF THE EMPERORS, DELHI, ... Fa
TAJ MAHAL, FROM THE RIVER JUMNA, ... Fa
TAJ MAHAL FROM THE GARDEN, THE, ... Fa
TOMB OF AKBAR, AGRA, ... Fa

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

ABSOLUTE STANDARD, THE, ... *Frank H. Sprague,* . . .
AKBAR, THE GREAT: His Chosen Capital, Agra, ... *Mrs. Arthur L. Smith,* . .
ARBITRATION, ... *A. W.,* . . . . . .
ASTROLOGY: a Department of Medical Study, *Alex. Wilder, M. D., F. A. S.*
CAMBODIANS AND THEIR ORIGIN, THE, . . *C. Staniland Wake,* . . .
COLOSSAL ENIGMAS, THE, ... *J. E. Turner,* . . . . .
DELHI, AND THE PALACE OF THE EMPERORS, *Marie B. Smith,* . . . .
DREAM, A. (Poem) . . . . . *Andrew Armstrong,* . . .
FIRST OUTCRY AGAINST JESUS, ... *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,* .
HEBREW SCRIPTURES INTERPRETED ASTROLOGICALLY, ... *Alex. Wilder, M. D., F. A. S.*
IN THE SOUL'S SANCTUARY, ... *Amelia Davies Parker,* .
JAINISM: Its History and Doctrines, . . . *Alex. Wilder, M. D., F. A. S.*
LIFE'S MASTERY. (Poem) . . . . . *Dora Todd,* . . . . . .
MATERIALISM, ... *Eugene A. Skilton,* . . . .
MORAL NATURE OF ANIMALS, THE, . . . *Marion Hunt,* . . . . .
MY SOUL. (Poem) . . . . . *E. C. Tompkins,* . . . .
MYSTERIES OF LIFE, THE, ... *Mohamed Sarfaraz Husian,*
NEW ERA, THE, ... *M. G. Broer,* . . . . . .
OCCULTISM: Man's Grandest Study, . . . *R. S. Clymer, Ph.D., M.S., M.*

		PAGE
Occultism and Christianity,	*R. S. Clymer, M. D.*,	58
Panorama of Sleep, The: Soul and Symbol,	*Nina Picton*,	37, 120, 195, 262
Path to Happiness, The: (Poem)	*Axel Emil Gibson*,	259
Readings From the Holy Koran. (Part I.)	*Mohamed Sarfaras Husian*,	1
Re-Birth. (Poem)	*Mary McNeil Fenollosa*,	62
Regeneration of Society,	*Frank H. Sprague*,	81
Religion of the Universe, The,	*Kiichi Kaneko*,	440
Symbol,	*Herbert Everett*,	353
Tolstoy's Objections to Socialism,	*J. Bernstein*,	161
Trend of the Times, The,	*Lulu Reginold*,	205
Where Truth Abides,	*Susan E. Kennedy*,	117
White Pansy. (Poem)	*Maud Dunkley*,	136
Why the World is Round. (Poem)	*Louise M. Fuller*,	281
Wise Man and the Sea Urchins,	*Eva Best*,	48, 128, 209, 270, 355, 432
World-Mending,	*Alex. Wilder, M. D., F. A. S.*,	111

DEPARTMENT OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

Edited by Henry Frank.

	PAGE
Again, The Heretic,	228
Andrew Carnegie and His Gospel of Good Works,	378
Another Resurrection of Thought,	300
Blighted Love,	371
Body to the Soul, The (*A Fragment.*),	283
Carnegie and His Gospel of Good Works,	378
Cecil Rhodes, Autocrat, and J. P. Altgeld, Democrat,	460
Church and the Saloon, The,	222
Clash Between Christian Science and Orthodoxy, The,	291
Conference Between Capital and Labor, The,	144
Credo,	376
Creed and the Christ, The,	220
Declaration for Deliverance, A,	460
Foreлook, A,	138
Havoc of "Good Times," The,	294
Meditation on Success, A,	143
Mental Atmospheres,	219
Message of Metaphysics, The,	137
Moulding Power of Thought, The,	456
Mutual Errors of Science and Religion,	382
Need of a Free National University, The,	463
Nuggets of Love,	150, 231
Photographing the Soul,	466
Religion of the Future, The,	146
Religion and Humanity (*Ernest H. Crosby*),	297
Responsibilities of Government,	372
Speaker Reed on Newspapers,	296
Success,	140
Tolstoi,	288
"Unconstitutionality of Thanksgiving Day," The,	225
Unseen Self, The,	457
"Uses of the Heretic,"	373
Voice of Freedom, The (*Poem*),	459
What Prince Henry of Germany May Teach Us,	285

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

With Editorial Comment.

	PAGE
Agassiz' Question Solved in a Dream,	152
Agnosticism Defined,	389
America Foremost in Murder,	64
American Origins in a Higher Civilization,	386
Andrew Carnegie on War,	236
Atoms Found to be Divisible,	301
Babylonian Adam, The,	64
Blotting Out Heaven and Hell,	65
Compensation (*Poem*), (*Illyria Turner*),	476
Crystal Gazing,	74
Curious Mental Deception,	236
Curious Utterances of Children,	305
Divining Rod Scientific, The,	152
Dreaming (*D. E. Wagenhals*),	387
Dual Dream. A Problem for Psychologists (*Virginia King Frye*),	66
Endless Punishment Not Taught (*Rev. Edwin Fairley*),	65
Epidemics,	304
Finds in Egyptian Tombs,	63
Fundamental Buddhistic Beliefs,	309
Golden Rule in All Nations,	311
Goldwin Smith on Universities,	233
Hebrew Prophets (*Rev. A. Kuenen*),	395
Hufeland on Mind Cure,	236
Immortality by Modern Scientific Theory	387
Indifference Rather than Commercialism (*C. Coler*),	153
Intuition and Its Uses (*Florence Huntly*),	75
Joan of Arc Not Burned,	303
Know Thyself,	394
Lamartine and Victor Hugo,	235
Law of Success, The (*Charles Buxton*),	75
Letter to the Metaphysical Club of Trenton, N. J. (*W. H. Hutchinson*),	390
Lockjaw Disseminated by Vaccination,	308
Love of God, The (*Poem*), (*Jerome A. Anderson*),	476
Majesty of the Soul, The (*D. A. Wasson*),	234
Matter Not Reality (*Carlyle*),	395
Max Muller on Reincarnation,	153
Medical Legislation. Why Procured,	473
Methodist Bishop on Scientists,	386
Mrs. Piper and Her Disclosures (*A. W.*),	72
New Department, A,	151
New Thought, The,	393
Presbyterian Creed, Why Revise?	385
Phases of Religious Conception,	63
Ponderous Sacred Scripture, A (*Editorial*),	64
Problem of Life, The (*D. A. Wasson*),	75
Prophesying, but Not Knowing,	388
Prophetic Vision, The,	392
Red Indians in Siberia,	302
Robinson Crusoe Historic, and How (*Edward Everett Hale*),	393
Saved by Poverty.	389
Selections, 153, 155, 312,	476
Significant for Medical Students,	236
Small Feet in China (*Editorial*),	154
Small-pox Banished from Cleveland,	474
Success and Failure (*Bronson A. Alcott*),	75
Sulphur for Small-pox,	303
Symbols Found in Stones,	474

	PAGE
What in America Displeased Thackeray,	63
William Smith College,	453
Word for Superstition, A,	63
World Made for Man, The,	456
Wrong Flag, The,	359
Younger Egypt,	457
Book Reviews, 67, 172, 260, 360,	459
Exchanges,	173
Periodicals, 267,	459
Publications Received,	269, 462

THE

METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

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READINGS FROM THE HOLY KORAN.

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BY MOHAMED SARFARAZ HUSAIN.

Part I.—PARAH ALIF LAM MEEM.

The Sacred Scripture of Mussulmans is called the KORAN, and is believed by them to be the Divine Word revealed through the Prophet Mohamed of Arabia. The Koran, as compiled, is divided into parts or *Parahs*, chapters or *Surahs*, paragraphs or *Rukus* and verses or *Ayats*. Each chapter begins with the line: "*Bismilla Nirahman irrahim*"—In the name of God who is exceedingly merciful. The opening chapter—*Surah Fateha*—also commences with this line.

The chief merit of a divine book should be that it appeals directly to the heart of man. This the Koran claims to do.

The Surah Fateha having commenced with the name of God the all-merciful, next utters the ascription: "*Alhamdo lillahi rabbil alamin*"—Every praise is due to God who is the owner—the support—of the universe. The Koran thus offers a God who is All in All of the whole universe. Each soul has a direct access to him and receives its dues directly from him. He is described as being merciful, and also as the goal, the end of everything. Into him everything is finally to be merged. Material conditions of the individual existence of each soul will finally vanish, and there will remain nothing in the end but the essence of His Supreme Being. He was, has been, is, and will remain;—such is the outline of belief in God.

The purpose here is to present to frail humanity a God perfect and in every way complete in Himself, who at the same time is capable of supplementing the weakness and imperfections of man by His own ever-outflowing mercy and love. For even in the highest plane of spiritual exaltation man wants to ascend higher, wants something nobler and purer. To want thus is the very inmost nature of the soul. Without this noble desire, nothing good or great can be achieved.

Now to meet this *want*, this call of the natural man, what could have been more acceptable, more fitting, more substantial than the love, the mercy of a Being, which is the final aim? The Koran, therefore, presents a God who is All in All, and merciful. Throughout the Koran the attributes of God have been so appropriately described as to bear directly upon and affect the ordinary daily life of man. At any turn—nay, at every turn of life man seems to go to God; at times, however, meeting him only half way.

Going deeper in the description of God, the Koran claims to satisfy the minutest, the remotest, and the most sacred yearnings of the soul. In short, it claims to place an all-powerful, yet the most merciful God within the reach and natural province of every soul. The God of the Koran is simple, natural and practical.

THE PURPOSE OF A DIVINE BOOK.

Before proceeding further in this analysis, it may be well to discourse upon the province and utility of a divine book. Taking man as he is and the world as it is, one cannot fail to draw the conclusion that life is made up of at least two factors, viz: the faculties latent in man, and the opportunities offered by the outside world. The mission of life, therefore, will be to develop the latent faculties and to employ the opportunities to the best advantage. A divine book should accordingly set forth clearly, in terms simple and appealing to every heart, definite lines of development. It should, further, present a scheme or law well suited, thoroughly organized and all-inclusive, obedience to which shall assure the

best results in the matter of benefiting by outside opportunities. The object of a divine book should be to place man on a vantage ground; inasmuch as he, without waste of energy or sacrifice of natural wants, should become thoroughly fitted to live in the world and improve it, to lead an harmonious, peaceful, useful, yet highly active and practical optimistic life.

The *quod erat inveniendum*, the aim to be sought by man, is to know, to love, and to act; and a divine book should furnish ample instruction for the accomplishment of these ends. By defining the laws of spiritual growth and how they work in the daily life, it should provide for the gradual development. It should also invite and encourage mankind to lead an harmonious, practical life; and last, though not least, it should set forth the routine best calculated to assure the utility of life in its different stages. Physical health, social organization, moral sensibility and spiritual activity, resulting in the fullest love and sympathy, are the chief elements of a civilized life, and may safely be regarded as the theme of creation, the very ground-work of existence. Accordingly, a divine book should not only describe these things plainly, but should also codify and formulate all that is necessary in this direction, so far as it is possible to do so without infringing upon the free will of man.

The manner of approach should be at once simple, loving and paternally instructive and authoritative. The true nature of man, the limitless opportunities of the soul, the perfect fruits of genuine optimism should be described. Obedience to law should be taught and its advantages illustrated in the lives of great men whom the world has produced. For if it should give theories or laws, if there must be in it commandments or codified instructions, or even if it should contain encouraging accounts of the obedient and righteous, a divine book should cause the whole internal self of man to vibrate with a message of peace and blessing, placing within easy reach of each individual soul, the noblest possibilities, and laying, as the foundation-stone of God, wide optimism. It

should draw a distinct line between virtue and vice, illustrating fully by proper examples the end of both, and in a plain and decisive manner encouraging the one and discouraging the other. It should be clear from its import at the very outside that mankind has been accepted, nay owned, as the most sacred charge of a loving God. It should make God seem to come down to man in order to enable man to come up to Him. In short, a divine book should inculcate a philosophy of hope, build a platform for optimistic activity, and should aim at making man thoroughly rational and pure. Such a book should, by its very import, show the source of its inspiration and should please the taste of the average reader. In its general composition it should be as much of poetry as of prose.

THE READINGS.

We now proceed with our "Readings" and leave the reader to judge whether the Koran has fulfilled the mission of a divine book.

After the thanksgiving to God, the All-Merciful, the Support and the Goal, the Surah Fateha gives the Confession: "We worship only Thee, and Thee alone we ask for help." The actual prayer is as follows: "Guide us in the right path, in the footsteps of those who received Thy blessings, and not of those who merited Thy disfavor or ran astray."

There is hardly any dry philosophy or many-sided questions to consider in the study of the Koran. While appealing equally to the heart of the energetic, the emotional, the Mystic and the Philosopher, it may be said with justice that Islam begins where Philosophy ends. Far from wishing to entangle the human mind in the meshes of an ever-disputable philosophy, or confining it to a certain dogma or creed which might cripple the individual growth, Islam starts with the recognition of the being and unity of God.

The significance of the "Bismilla" is, that the Mussulman's life is supposed to begin with God, to think with God, to feel with God, and in fact to live with God. Of God, from God, with God and back unto God—these are the different stages of the soul's journey

as inculcated by the Koran. God is the sole principle of activity and evolution in the universe, and the Moslem who is encouraged to unite himself thus to God is destined himself to become all activity and evolution.

The Koran does not so much advocate the thinking-process, although it is everywhere rational as to the intuition-process. "To commence with God" is the placing of all reliance on intuition in imperceptibly working out the existence and the utility of God, and acknowledging that the best methods of making progress be to co-exist, co-think, co-feel and co-operate with God. It is therefore designed that the Moslem should "commence with God." Such being the case, nothing short of a God perfect and the treasurer of everything, could have met the requirements of evolutions; and the Koran presents precisely the God required. Man is real, life is real and God is real.

"Worshipping only God and asking for help only from Him" lays in man the foundation of real independence. A Moslem submits completely to God, only to be freed from everything else. The more he prays and submits to God, the more he becomes the receiver of all the blessings and enjoyments which constitute the real life. He knows that the blessings of life are not in the gift of anyone else in the world, and that to have them it depends entirely upon how much he exerts himself in strengthening his spiritual connection with God. He must bring out each and every particle of whatever there is in him pure and noble, in order to become the receiver of all the blessings of existence. This done, he is free from troubles and anxieties, overcomes all the obstacles and is ordained to be good, great and useful.

"To seek to follow the path of virtue and to avoid that of vice" is too simple to need any elucidation.

The next chapter—*Surah Bagar*—opens with the declaration that the Koran is beyond doubt the Divine Revelation, and is a guide for the pious who believe in the unseen, establish prayer, give freely from what is given to them, acknowledge all Scripture

Islamic and præ-Islamic, and believe in God. Here the Koran promises to stand by and carry through all the different stages of evolution, those who, with piety and virtue as the foundation of their very existence, combine the following essential qualities:

(1.) Believing in the unseen, beyond the pale of the senses.

(2.) Commencing with God through prayer.

(3.) Passing on to others and reflecting in their life all that they acquire.

(4.) Acknowledging that reformation as a whole is divine.

(5.) Realizing that there is an end to the soul's journey, viz: that life has an aim, a goal and an end.

The Koran virtually expects man to be broad-minded enough to see beyond the senses, where, in fact, the spiritual life, which is the source of all energy and activity, reveals itself in divine grandeur. In order to refresh the energies, it requires that one shall for a time withdraw from the outer world of sense and dive deep into the ocean of the inner life, where nothing but peace and power abide. It prescribes that man shall be humane enough to share with others whatever he acquires. We, moreover, should be tolerant enough to give due credit to all the Scriptures (organs of reformation) of all the world, and should further be sound enough to assert that the line of life has a terminus where all the trains of individual existence must stop and unload what they have carried. It will be our happy task to try and find out what part the qualities which have been described as required by the Koran, have played in the natural making up of man, and how essential it is to cultivate them. So far, the desideratum aimed at seems to be the character-building, which is the very living purpose of life.

To begin with the question of believing in the unseen. The province of the senses is limited. Hence, thus to restrict the human mind by the conditions of the objective world would be to narrow the opportunities and cripple the possibilities of life. The amount of happiness which each soul might otherwise aspire to obtain would thereby be reduced.

There are various ways in which the beauty and poetry of life are expressed, and by no means are they all governed by rules of the objective existence. How cruel it would be to determine that what is not material and ordinarily cognizable by the corporeal senses may not contribute to glorify life or add to the happiness of man! To begin with, the acknowledging of subjective spiritual being, which is truly divine, widens the field of human research and opens to every man the secret paths of every success in life. Indeed, but for this conviction, life would be as dark as helpless. Man would not so much lead his life as be led by it. Where, it may be asked, where is, then, the superiority of man? Where, then, is the scientific basis of optimism?

The belief in the unseen is the groundwork of the belief in the spiritual existence of God, the immortality of the soul and the life beyond the grave—all so essential for the making-up of man.

Second in order comes Prayer. It serves as a means of arousing the dormant faculties and fathoming the very depths of the soul. It weighs the merits and demerits of man. By means of prayer, the knowledge of the possibilities of the soul is gained. Prayer implies that you stand before the God of perfection, and have an ideal of perfection before you. You thus discern by the medium of conscience how much you are behind the mark in working up to your ideal, what are your drawbacks and shortcomings. You then purpose to summon up energy and courage to master your difficulties. This purpose is inspired from the fact that you ask God to bestow upon you what you need. Believing that the center of activity lies in man, the asking of blessings from God implies that there is so much remaining to be worked out, and that the God of activity and perfection, which is the very spirit of the soul, has to come so much the more and be manifest in the life of man. The more you pray and ask for blessings, the stronger you build up the structure of progress and evolution; and if you get into the habit of systematic praying, and succeed in training the mind to become prayerful, you are sure, early or late, to bring into play all the

noble faculties in you; and this completing of the circuit of evolution will make you perfect. This is the real significance of prayer—the backbone of character-building.

The world with its treasures of knowledge, love, wealth, etc., is the common property of all to whom is given the privilege of living in it. It is only fair, therefore, that each one should make return; should repay to it all that he has drawn from it. This is the basis of charity. How useful that man becomes who realizes and reduces into practice this principle of charity! If you have received kindness from the world, it is your moral duty to be kind to the world. If you have acquired wealth from the world, it is only fair that you should give financial aid to the poor. If you have gained knowledge, it is your duty to benefit others by it. This is the guiding principle of what, for want of a better and more appropriate word, is termed "charity." Life lived on this principle alone, is worth the living; and the whole of character may be fully assured through it, simple and logical as it is.

In the declaration that all Scriptures are divine, a great lesson of toleration is taught. This one lesson, combined with the recognition that all prophets are equally great, establishes an important truth. For at different times, according to the needs of countries and men, divine instructions have been given through prophets, all calculated to purify man, control selfishness and animality in him, and make him useful for himself and the community at large.

Nothing good or great has been condemned. On the other hand, the Mussulman has been most emphatically taught to honor all the prophets and all the Sacred Scriptures of all countries. The doors of divine knowledge, past and present, have thus been set open to him, and he is made heir of all the available wisdom of the world. Islam can accordingly be defined to be the compendium of all divine wisdom and goodness, and the Moslem who may listen to its teachings and observe its instructions, has every opportunity of becoming perfectly wise and good.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

The belief in the end of the soul's journey, in the day of judgment, with its corollaries of having to account for the life in the world, in the reward or punishment for good or bad acts by being consigned to heaven or hell respectively—eternal perdition to the bad and the enjoyment of the audience of God for the victorious, is too practical and business-like to need any philosophical justification. The simplest view is that a just and wise God has created man and placed at his disposal in the world all the possible material for knowing and pursuing a righteous path and shunning the opposite one. Those who choose to disregard the law must take the consequences of their actions.

Life is nothing but a combination of actions and reactions, and whatever in the form of action has not completely reacted in this life must, of scientific necessity, react in the after-life. This may lead to the ancient theory of transmigration of souls, or the more modern notion of End and the Day of Judgment, but the law remains the same. Without this, there could be no moral world. No law could be enforced.

The Koran declares that they who observe the principles set forth are on the safe side and sure to succeed. Spiritual poise, mental and physical activity, sympathy and fellow-feeling, the power of controlling and regulating desires and passions, and sharing with others the comforts of life and the blessings of knowledge and wisdom—these are the surest and safest paths to success. The five principles which have been detailed, cannot, as explained, fail to secure these qualities and with them their happy results. The whole of character-building, the making-up of man, lies in these; and any religion which upholds and administers them is a decided blessing, and as such should be closely followed in the common interest of humanizing man.

Without a sound spiritual basis, such as exists in the belief in the unseen and all its accompaniments, morality and social life have little ground to stand upon. Without a complete moral and social

system, the spiritual principle in man cannot fully develop. With this view of the subject, Islam ignores neither, but, on the other hand, has made one dependent on the other—the goal and the aim being the humanizing of man. Surely this is the safest side, and guarantees the best result. Forms of worship may nominally differ; sundry little beliefs and ceremonials of one set of people may not coincide with those of another; one may be a Sunni, a second a Shia, a third this and a fourth that. But so long as the essential principles of man-making qualities are earnestly observed and reduced to practice in the daily lives of individuals, communities and nations, those who do so are assuredly on the safe side.

MOHAMED SARFARAZ HUSAIN.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD TESTAMENT NOT ORIGINAL.

It will be found as the general result of recent investigations that the originality of the Old Testament does not lie in the original character of the material it contains, but in the manner in which the material is worked up, transformed and utilized until it assumes its present shape. What applies to the primitive traditions and myths is also applicable to another field of comparative study which has quite recently been opened up. —*Prof. Jastrow.*

THE REAL MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

The religion of the future will be progressive. It will be progressive because it will be vital. Progress is the law of life. An attempt to embalm religion means its death. The religion of the future will welcome progress. The reason why there are so few men in the churches of New York to-day is that the Church has ceased to be progressive. Women outnumber men four to one in our decaying church-life—why? Because the feminine temperament is essentially conservative. Woman is the conservator of the race. And radicalism is essentially masculine and conservatism essentially feminine. —*Thos. Dixon, Jr.*

JAINISM: ITS HISTORY AND DOCTRINES.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

We are considering what may almost be classed as a forgotten religion. Yet scattered over India is a sect numerous enough to be noticed, possessing wealth, literature and an elaborate system of doctrine worthy of examination and comparison with those of other peoples. India is famous for philosophy older than the schools which made the Greeks celebrated; and likewise for an antiquity which, despite the prodigious exaggerations, nevertheless antedates all historic remembrance. In that far-off period this people attained a skill in art and architecture of which the remains, like the artificial caves of Ellora and Salsette, the magnificent temples and the sculptured images, as well as other relics, are abundant evidence. Compared to them, all that we now find there is modern, and in a condition of degradation.

In the *Padma Purana*, a sacred book of the Brahmans, there is a statement which is significant from its reference to the Jaina doctrines as existing in definite form in the times when Indra was the Supreme Divinity of the Aryan tribes in India. This indicates that the sect was in existence and in full vigor in that remote period, and that its pretensions to early antiquity are sustained.

The Jainas are found in all parts of India, though not often in considerable numbers. In their social system they have the four castes, like the Brahmans, and their writings attribute the institution to their original founder in remotely ancient times. Colonel Tod, the author of *Rajasthan*, speaks highly of their enterprise and character. Their numbers and power are little known to Europeans, he declares, and it is taken for granted that they are few and dispersed. In order to prove the extent of their religious and political influence, it will be sufficient to remark that the pontiff of the Khartra-gatcha, the true branch of the sect, has eleven thousand *Yatis**, or clerical disciples, scattered over India; that a single

* The Yatis are always celibates. This is considered a necessary qualification.

community, the Ossi or Oswal in Marwar, numbers one hundred thousand families, and that more than half the mercantile wealth of India passes through the hands of Jaina laymen.

The Jainas are by no means behind others in pretending to a vast age. Their books teach that there have been two great divisions of time, each of these of interminable length, established in the universe. Both have subdivisions duly arranged, and the present races of human beings are living in the second of these. There are four ages in this division, analogous to those described by Hesiod in *Works and Days*. The first age was truly a golden period. In it there were no kings; and all were long-lived, peaceful and happy. Celestial trees grew spontaneously and they subsisted on the fruit. The second age exhibited a sensible declination from this happy condition. The people had deteriorated in character, and were less fortunate socially and physically. In the third age the inhabitants were still more straitened, and less favored than ever in respect to health, longevity and happiness.

During these periods there had flourished fourteen *Manus* or divine lawgivers. The last of these was king of Ayodhya and the father of Vrishabanatha or Rishaba. With him the former period closed, and the fourth age, the Kali Yuga, began. It was now a woeful time for the inhabitants of India. The celestial trees lived no more to yield sustenance; famine prevailed with accompanying pestilence, and there was fraternal strife and general disorder. In this emergency, Rishaba became the ruler. In ancient times all government took its beginning from spiritual authority, and so the monarch of Ayodhya was revered and obeyed as the incarnation and representative of divinity. He proceeded to a general arranging of employments. He allotted the several vocations by which all should procure the means of living—the military calling, literature, agriculture, commerce and the care of the cattle. He also reformed the errors of the people, established the Jaina religion and a system of regulations for their government. He is also accredited with the instituting of the four castes, basing them

upon the natural conditions of employment, but without the arbitrary restrictions which under the later period came into force.

Having set all in order, Rishaba resigned the regal authority to his son Bhárata, and appointed his disciple Ajita in his own place to guide and instruct the people. He then retired from the world, becoming an Arahat or sacred person. His image after his death was placed in the temples, and it was declared that he had attained the exalted condition of *Mukti*, or *Moksha*, divine blessedness, to be no more incarnated. He thus has the rank of godhood and bears the title of "Jineswara," the divine lord of the Jainas.

Rishaba is recognized as the first Tirthankara or pontiff in the present age of the world. His son Bhárata succeeded him, becoming Chakravarta, or Overlord of India, and afterward transferred his authority to his brother Gomata Iswara Swami, whose statue is conspicuous in many of the Jaina hill-sanctuaries.

The pontiffs who came after Rishaba are duly described in the Jaina literature. They were also of the royal race of Ikshwaka, and, like him, were commemorated for extraordinary sanctity. Each was regarded as a divine personage incarnated, and his death was represented as a deification. Every one of the twenty-four had his totem or characteristic symbol; Rishaba, for example, having the bull, Ajita the elephant, Padmabraha the lotus, Saoarsum the swastika or cross, Nimi the blue water-lily, Parswanatha the cobra or hooded snake, and Vardhamana or Mahavira the lion.

There are two classes of Jaina temples. One of them consists of roofed buildings; the other of plats or circles of ground, generally at the summit of hills and surrounded by a wall or by stones set on end, like the Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain in England, and enclosures of similar character found by Mr. Palgrave in the interior of Arabia.*

The roofed temples are, many of them, models of architectural

* These sacred precincts were common in former times in all parts of the eastern world. En Dor, the fountain and circle mentioned in I. Samuel xxviii, as visited by King Saul, was evidently a shrine of such a character.

skill. They contain the images of twenty-four deified pontiffs. These are alike in form, in a sitting position and naked, nudity being considered an important characteristic of the ancient Jaina sage. Mahavira and his followers were distinguished by this peculiarity, and were called the *Digambaras*, or sky-robed ones, and *Naganthas*, or the "freed from bonds," which freedom nudity was supposed to typify. The fashion is no longer followed, except by Yatis at meal-time;* the laity having always worn the dress of their country.

The sacred enclosures are generally upon the top of a hill, and contain but a single figure. This is the statue of Gomata Iswara Swami, the son of Rishaba, who established the Jaina religion and dominion over all India. The image is always of colossal dimensions; the one at Bellakul, in Mysore, being about eighteen times the size of the human body, and the one at Kurkul measuring no less than thirty-eight feet in height, and ten feet in breadth and thickness.

The statues known as Vetal and Wittoba are supposed to belong to some sect of the Jaina religion. The primitive form was a rough unhewn stone of triangular or pyramid shape resembling the central stone of the Druidic temples. Afterward, however, it became customary to color it red with a topping of white; and later still it was wrought into the semblance of a human figure. Sometimes it was only the likeness of the body without limbs, and in other cases there were arms to the bust. Dr. Stevenson describes one of these figures as that of a "fierce and gigantic man, perfect in all his parts." This appears, however, to be an image of Gomata Raja.

Godfrey Higgins represents the Wittoba in the *Anacalypsis* as a human figure with the hands and feet pierced as with nails, and another writer mentions also the semblance of a wound in the side.

* Kalanos, who was with Alexander the Great, being asked by a Greek to instruct him, insisted that he should first take off his clothes. The Greek writer Megarthenes, treats of the Yatis, calling them Gymnosophists, or nude wise men.

Next to the last in the line of Jaina pontiffs was Parswanatha. It is conjectured by many writers that he was the actual founder of the sect. He appears to have lived in the eighth century before the present era. He was of royal descent and had the hooded snake for his totem. An image of the Jaina Deva at Mujiri near Kalyani in the Karnatic country, is evidently a representation of him after his apotheosis. It is a nude human figure in sitting posture with the legs crossed, and a many-headed cobra behind it, shading it with extended hoods. Colonel W. Franklin gives an account of a temple of this deified pontiff at Samet-Sikhar, and describes the statue as having "the head fashioned like a turban, with seven expanded heads of serpents,"* *Coluber naga*, or hooded snake—the invariable symbol of Parswanatha. There are other Jaina temples on the same hills, of smaller dimensions. "On the south side," Col. Franklin adds, "is a very handsome flat-roofed temple containing several figures of this deity, which exhibit the never-failing attributes of Parswanatha, viz: the crowned serpent and cross-legged figures of Jineswara or Jina, the ruler and guardian of mankind."

Pilgrimage to shrines has always been a characteristic of different religions, and it has been insisted that those to the temple of Jagganatha in Orissa were of Jaina origin. It is significant, however, that the outline of the modern figure of the divinity is the same as the *trisul* or trident of Buddhistic sculptures. Nevertheless, a writer in the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society remarks that "Jagganatha is an appellation given by the modern Jainas to their Tirthankara Parswanatha in particular." The fact that the shrine is now in possession of rival worshipers is by no means sufficient evidence of its origin with them. It has been a common practice of the Brahmanists to seize the sacred sites of other religious faiths, to appropriate the rites and take the images for their own divinities.

* The serpent with seven heads appears to have been a symbol in other countries. The discovery of records in the region of the valley of the Euphrates has brought to attention "the seven-headed serpent of Akhad," which seems to be identical with the Great Red Dragon of the Apocalypse, with seven heads and a halo of ten horns or rays of light.

The Jainas, when they were predominant in India, were diligent in the selecting and consecrating of sites for religious purposes, also in the excavating of shrines in the rocks and in the erecting of temples. Being non-resistants, they have been very generally robbed of these by their unscrupulous rivals.

Vardhamana, called also Mahavira, is perhaps the most distinguished, as being the last and best known of the pontiffs. Professor Rhys-Davids describes him as promulgating the Jaina system of belief, but not as its originator. "He merely carried on with slight changes a system which existed before his time, and which probably owes its most distinguishing features to a teacher named Parswa, who ranks in the succession of Jainas as the predecessor of Mahavira." He was the last who bore the title of Tirthankara, the present pontiffs being regarded as of lesser importance.

He was distinguished for superior sanctity and was styled by eminence, Sramana, the Holy One. The Jaina literature is exuberant with his praises. Even his pre-natal life is wonderfully described. That he might not be born in an indigent family, he was transferred from the body of one mother to that of another, and is accordingly reckoned as the son of Siddartha, a monarch of the race of Ikshwaka. When he had grown to maturity he married and became the parent of a daughter; but afterward, when thirty years old, he renounced his rank and worldly pursuits and became an arahat, or solitary. His spiritual and intellectual faculties are represented as greater than those of other men. He was said to be omniscient and all-seeing, and endowed with superhuman powers and virtues.

The Jainas were assiduous cultivators of learning, and the "Jaina Cycle" in Southern India was the Augustan age of Tamil literature. They established schools and institutions of higher learning, and appear to have been proficient in mathematics and physical science. Their skill in the arts was extraordinary. They erected temples which were monuments of architectural superiority, honeycombed the rocks with artificial caves, and carved the stones into images

representing their gurus, saints and pontiffs, whom they revered as gods.

The reputation of Mahavira spread consternation among the Brahmans of Northern India. The whole region was filled with his doctrine and the world seemed to be going out after him. The most eminent teachers in Magadha were sent to examine and refute his opinions, but they became converts and instructors in the Jaina schools.

The pontiffs were accustomed to distribute their followers into classes and place these under chosen disciples. Mahavira had nine such classes, with eleven teachers. Of the eleven, only two survived him. Indrabhuti and Sudharma Swami. From the latter all the Jaina pontiffs and other teachers of subsequent periods are supposed to have derived their authority. But Indrabhuti, though distinguished as "the holy Mahavira's eldest pupil" and possessed of mighty qualities, with "the four kinds of knowledge and a treasury of meditation," is without successors in the Jaina sect. This is accounted for by the fact of a schism which is supposed to have taken place after the death of Mahavira.

Indrabhuti, called also Gautama Swami, is considered by the Jainas as the founder of the Buddhist religion. The *Bhagavati*, a Jain st work of the thirteenth century, gives the account of his relations with Mahavira as *chela* and *guru*, or disciple and preceptor. After describing the exalted character of the latter, it describes graphically the first interview of his distinguished pupil.

"Thereupon, that holy Gautama, in whom faith, doubt and curiosity arose and grew and increased, rose up. Having arisen, he went to the place where the sacred Sramana Mahavira was. After going there he honored him by three circumambulations. After performing these, he praised him and bowed low before him. After so doing, not too close nor too distant, with his face toward him, humbly waiting on him with folded hands, he spoke."

There seems, however, to be some discrepancy, this disciple of Mahavira being of the Brahman caste, and the Gautama of the

Buddhists belonging to the warrior and governing class. But at that period the distinction of caste had not become so absolutely defined as it now exists. It had originated in a simple, natural division of labor associated with heredity of occupation; and it was not unusual in earlier times for individuals in one caste to pass into another. The simple distribution of duties had no concern with creeds or forms of religious belief.

Buddhistic traditions incidentally confirm the fact of the relations between Mahavira and his celebrated pupil. The *Mahawansa*, a standard authority, declares that the Buddha had "seen" twenty-four predecessors, although other writers enumerate but four. They are regarded by the Jainas as being Mahavira and the twenty-three who preceded him, who are thus claimed by the Buddhists for their own sages. It is significant that the *Lalita-vistara* represents the Buddha in infancy as wearing in his hair the totems or symbols of four of the Jainist pontiffs, including the lion of Mahavira.

The division appears to have taken place between the two chief disciples, Gautama and Sadharma, and to have been perpetuated by their successors. Hence, though there are many sects among the Jainas, there is not a single *guru* or pontiff deriving his succession from the former. It is not remarkable, however, that the doctrines of Gautama became predominant and more widely disseminated than those of his preceptor. History abounds with analogous instances in which the disciple outshone the master and cast him into the shade.

The Buddha, however, was not the only personage whom the Jaina writers claim as having been originally of their number. The principal deities now comprised in the pantheon of India are also thus included. They are, however, by no means regarded as of equal rank with the deified sages, but only as *devatas*, or subordinate divinities, and their images are not placed in the temples. They are described as belonging to the inferior heaven or condition, denominated *Swarga*, and Indra, the original divinity of the

Aryans, is named as their chief. Brahma and Siva, who were divinities of a later period, with Rama, Ganesa, Hanuman and others, are thus classed as devatas. But Vishnu holds a superior rank. He is described in Jaina writings as having been several times incarnated as a raja, becoming afterward an arahat with the title and distinction of *Jina*, or victorious, and as having attained to beatitude with the gods in the superior heaven or condition—Moksha. This explains a practice of Jaina laymen of participating at times in Brahman rites. Veneration is a cardinal principle of the sect, and though they consider the Brahman divinities as inferior to their own deified sages, they nevertheless recognize them as entitled to honor. At the same time they reject the Hindu Scriptures, the *Vedas* and *Purans*, as being simply the work of a *vyasa* or compiler.

It would not be proper to set down the Jainas as agnostics, but their belief in the Supreme Being is after a form peculiar to their mode of thinking. They adhere strenuously to the maxim: "A man of sense should believe only what he sees with his own eyes, and should not accept what he hears from others." God, as a personal creator outside of the universe, has no place in the Jaina philosophy. It denies the hypothesis of such a creator as illogical and irrelevant in the general scheme. But it lays down as a cardinal doctrine that there is a Subtle Essence underlying all substances, conscious as well as unconscious. This Essence is the eternal cause of all changes and modifications in the universe and is termed "God." Our experience does not show that everything which we know has its existence from a cause, but only brings to notice the event or change which it undergoes. There is a permanent principle in nature as well as one that is changeable; and hence, while the changes are the effects of previous causes, the existences which are permanent, so far as we know, are not effects at all. The Supreme Essence, therefore, transcends our knowing. He or it, however, is personified and represented in the Tirthankaras and others who have become *Jinas*, or conquerors of themselves, and these are accordingly revered as divinities.

There are four degrees of individual perfection in the Jaina system, namely: 1, *Saloka*, in which Divinity is contemplated as from a distance; 2, *Samipa*, or nearness to Divinity; 3, *Sarupa*, the being like God; 4, *Sayoga*, union with God.

The hypothesis that there was a physical creation at any period of time, is not even considered. The universe is supposed to be, from the inherent necessity of things, coeval with the Divine Substance. A chief pontiff at Bellikul gives this explanation: "The foundation of ages is countless, the origin of *karma* or passion is inconceivable, for the origin of the soul is too ancient to be known. We are, therefore, to believe that humankind is ignorant of the true knowledge of the origin of things, and that it is known only to the Supreme One whose state is without beginning or end."

The metaphysical views, in regard to matter and the universe, accord with the teachings of the Sankhya philosophy; but many extravagant notions are entertained. The Jainas teach that every living thing, from the highest divinity to the most insignificant insect, existed from eternity, and undergoes changes from higher to lower rank, or from lower to higher dignity, according to its actions, till it becomes perfected and attains to the divine beatitude.

The soul or *jiva* is described as a spiritual essence united to a subtle material body, or rather to a two-fold body, the superior being the qualities of mind and an invariable nature, and the other consisting of the passions and affections.* Thus embodied, it becomes, according to its character, united in its several incarnations, with the gross structure of flesh and blood in human or animal form, or with a purer substance as a divine or spiritual being. There is also another essence or principle pertaining to it denominated *Aharika*. This is explained as a minute, intangible essence or principle issuing from the head. It may reach forth from the head of the meditative person to hold communication with others

* The same doctrine is taught by Plato in the *Timaios*. He places the former, the *thumos*, in the upper part of the body, and the other, the *epithumia*, beneath.

and bring back the knowledge thus obtained. However far the distance which it may traverse, its connection with the head is not severed.*

The soul is never completely separated from matter till, by becoming disengaged from good and evil in the person of a beatified saint, it is finally released from corporeal conditions. During the several incarnations it is rewarded for benefits conferred and punished for injuries inflicted in its present or preceding state, by the individual or individuals thus benefited or aggrieved.

The *Vedantas* indicate the path of knowledge as the way to the highest blessedness. Jainism supplements this by good works and religious observances. The Jaina code enjoins the Yatis or adepts from taking life, lying, taking anything that is not freely given, sexual intercourse and interest in worldly things, particularly the owning of property. The cardinal virtues are five, namely: Mercy to all animated beings, the giving of alms, veneration of the sages while living and honoring them when dead, confession of faults and religious fasting. Everyone is required at least once every year to go to the confessional.

The ritual of worship is very simple. The Yatis seem to regard themselves as superior to the necessity of formal worship and dispense with it at pleasure; and the laity are only required to visit a temple daily in which are some of the images of the deified pontiffs, to walk around it three times uttering a mantra or salutation and presenting an offering of fruit, flowers or incense. It is not lawful to offer a bloody sacrifice. It is a maxim of their religion: "To abstain from slaughter is the highest perfection; to kill any living creature is sin." They abstain from eating at night lest they should unwittingly deprive some animal or insect of life, and before drinking they are careful to strain the water through a cloth. For the four months of the year when insects are most numerous the potter's wheel and the oil-mill are stopped; and the Yatis, when they go abroad, especially after a shower, carry a broom to sweep them

* See PLUTARCH: *Discourse Respecting the Demon of Sokrates*, 22.

from the path. One of them, a person of rank and distinction, having been shown through a microscope the numerous minute creatures in his food, begged the instrument to be given him and then immediately broke it to pieces.

The historic account of the Jainas as given by their own writers, even when shorn of exaggeration, nevertheless indicates for them great antiquity. They appear to have lived side by side with the Brahmans during the prehistoric period, and many of the kings of India were of their number. They became known to the Greeks at the period of the invasion of India by Alexander. At that time Nanda was king of Magadha. He was assassinated by his vizier, and succeeded by his son. While Alexander was in the Punjab, another son, Chandragupta or Sandrakottos, the offspring of a Sudra mother, repaired to his camp and sought to enlist him in his behalf. He gave offense by his audacity of manner, and Alexander was about to order him to be put to death, when he took the alarm and fled. A revolution a few years afterward placed him on the throne of Magadha, and he soon afterward became the Overlord of India, expelling the Greeks and extending his authority to Kashmir and the Dekhan. He was of the Jaina religion, which then flourished all over India. This religion was professed by his son and successor and for a time by his more famous grandson, Asokavardhana Priyadarsin, now better known by the abbreviated name of Asoka. This prince was characterized by extraordinary enthusiasm. He was zealous to introduce Jainism into Kashmir and promote its exercise in different parts of his dominion. Like Dareios of Persia, he caused his edicts and purposes to be engraved upon the rocks, and at a later period upon pillars. In these he prohibited the killing of animals, deprecated the reviling of the religious beliefs of others, and described what he was doing for the welfare of his people. He appointed ministers of morality to observe and report upon such matters as required their attention. He also established hospitals over India for the sick, both men and cattle, brought healing herbs and planted them, cultivated fruit-trees and caused wells to be dug

and trees planted on the highways for the benefit of men and cattle. He also took care to provide instruction for all. "My whole endeavor," said he, "is to be blameless toward all, to make them happy in this world and to enable them hereafter to attain heavenly bliss."—(*Swarga.*)

Notwithstanding his great zeal for religion and benevolence, it was Asoka that displaced Jainism from its high elevation. In the twenty-seventh year of his reign, about two and a half centuries before the present era, he announced his change of religious belief. He had styled himself, "The friend of the gods" in the introduction to his edicts. It was now proclaimed that, "hereafter the Prince Pryadaarsa, having raised the *Chhatta*, will assume the title of Asoka the Dhanma Raja, or just king."

Asoka now made Buddhism the religion of his government. From this time he engaged in its dissemination, employing over sixty thousand missionaries, and even sending them to other countries. This is, perhaps, the first example in historic times of a religion established in such a manner, and the only one promulgated by teaching without resort to violence or compulsion. For a thousand years it was the prominent faith of India, during which period recusants were not harassed with persecution or legal disabilities. A revolution then took place which resulted in its complete disappearance from the peninsula.

Meanwhile Jainism, though supplanted by its powerful rival, was by no means smothered out of existence. It continued to be the religion of princes and peoples, and to exercise a powerful influence. It was even able in later centuries to obtain immunities from the Moslem conquerors. The peaceful character of its adherents, their sincere devotion and their superior talent for commercial transactions won favor from all. They are by no means insignificant in numbers or otherwise deficient in energy. But they are skilful in the arts of peace, promoters of learning and exemplary as a people.

Whether, however, they will ever regain their former importance is problematic. Beliefs once cherished, but afterward left behind

in the progress of thought, are never taken up anew. A ceremonial religion contains within itself the elements of its own dissolution. With every new advance the reason for old customs is left behind; the new occasion creates new duty. Even India will be inspired with the coming inflow of energy and awaken to active life. What of value remains of her former thought and knowledge will not perish. Her philosophies still live and the world is profiting by them, and no doubt there are treasures of wisdom and experience which still retain their value. The Jaina sages have made rich contributions to these, and much that they have taught and confirmed by example is even now appearing under new forms and new names in modern philosophy and doctrine.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

THE MORAL NATURE OF ANIMALS.

BY MARION HUNT.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE for February, 1900, has this quotation from one of the popular works on psychology:

"No intelligent observer of the acts and habits of animals can doubt that they afford all the indications of mind that man exhibits. They can give attention, and form habits; can feel fear, joy, shame; can reason in some degree, and can will. It remains to be determined whether animals have a sense of guilt following upon wrong-doing, or a sense of pleasure after right-doing, and whether they have real self-consciousness."

The last part of this paragraph is answered by the first sentence. If animals feel shame and are able to reason, they must feel shame from a conscious cause. They must feel that they have done wrong, and this feeling implies that they know of what is right. Facts show that animals have a moral nature, though it is not exercised upon the human plane.

By the moral sense is signified the faculty of perception of right and wrong. Many individuals do not well apprehend the reason why they need to be moral, except that punishments have been instituted for immoral actions in order to assure the well-being of the community. Morality is the outgrowth in human minds of conviction as developed by progress. Hence, as such development has different degrees among different classes and nations, it is obvious that there cannot be one fixed standard to be applied arbitrarily and indiscriminately to all alike. Progress is an impelling world-wide energy, having its origin in the spiritual nature. It is activity in the whirl of development, within the moral idea at its beginning. Whatever opposes or retards it is, therefore, immoral. Thus it is as immoral to be idle or shiftless as it is to be either prodigal or parsimonious. Self-murder is as wicked as homicide, because

in the one case the individual checks his own development, while in the other he checks the development of another. In short, it is immoral to neglect any of the factors of progress, because they are the spiritual principles on which all human society is based.

The world is not developing sensitiveness, variety, beauty, harmony, perceptivity, reason, etc., except there be a cause for them all. If all the world reasons, there must be a basis for the reasoning principle. If the world perceives, there must be a principle of perception. The province of the moral nature is to develop these principles, so that they may be observed and obeyed. The neglect to develop these principles, as well as to obey them, is, therefore, in itself immorality.

Nevertheless, this by no means implies that a consciousness which is only capable of operating on a low plane must work in a higher field of development. It is evolved according to the immediate necessity. The ant, for example, knows only three or four of the basic principles. Its industry has been developed from activity, and attention from the principle of concentration. It is also sensitive, absorbing and orderly. Yet there is a limit to its powers which we, who are higher in attainment, can easily define. In so far as the ant is a manifestation of these great spiritual qualities, so far it is a moral being. It may be that a similar rule of judgment should be applied to human beings, according as their attainment and moral perception is lofty or inferior.

The foundation of the universe is placed upon the moral principles of development and progress. Whether we are willing or unwilling, we must go as the world goes, and our faculties must be brought into action according to our needs. These are different on the various planes of development, yet we are alike developed by our desires, and primarily by our necessities.

After mentality makes its appearance, development takes place through ideas. These by the operation of the emotional nature become ideals, and the obeying of the ideals is obedience to the moral idea itself. The deviating from the moral idea, the higher

ideal of life, or the falling back from the best possibility of it is sin,* wrong doing, whether conscious or unconscious, and it is punished by nature, by a retrograding of the intellect and moral perception and by suffering. When the mind retrogrades there is always something wrong, something disordered. The mechanism of the intelligence is not in health.

Moral life is absolutely natural life. Because it lives it moves. All the aims of Nature are to higher development. Nature induces development by awakening the sense of need, the manifestation of desire. There is no demand in Nature which Nature will not answer. Not at once, however, but by psychic growth; by a vigorous pursuing of the ideal. There is an arranging of ideas by which the purview of the mind is expanded. The whole moral life is a keeping close to the basic principles which alone can effect our development as spiritual persons.

There are numerous forms of moral procedure among the different nations. They are chiefly ceremonies which had their origin in the primitive conception of Truth which once prevailed. Worship, however, has nothing to do with morals, except that worship which belongs to the spiritual universe. Reverent or irreverent notions do not affect morals where higher Nature is respected. Nor are traditions to be considered as morals. Indeed, in the varying stages of human advancement, there are as many styles of morals as moons. Morals depend on mental development, and that depends upon some kind of expansion, as impulse and education. The learning of books is not necessarily included, but rather whatever will inspire enterprise and bring out thought. The moral nature here is manifested in the degree of well-ordered intelligence which they possess.

Ignorance, in relation to this vital subject, has led many a mind into anarchy—not to say actual excesses. It has been pleaded

* The Greek term *amartia*, which is rendered "sin" in the New Testament, has precisely the meaning in classic and philosophic literature as is here given. It implies turpitude when it involves wilful disregard of law.—1st Epistle of John, iii, 4-8.

that the *cause* of morality cannot be found, therefore there is none; consequently, there can be no intrinsic morality. Nevertheless, whether conscious or unconscious of the progressive moral life, everyone will find, sooner or later, that Nature tolerates no disobedience. The spirit of natural phenomena permeates all the phenomena.

Assuming such to be the proper conception of morality as relating to the world of Nature, it must be conceded that animals are not outside of the plan and purpose. They have the same right as man to become developed according to the principles to be found in Nature. On their own plane they are moral agents. They exhibit characteristics in growth analogous to those of human beings. They may be sane or insane; they love, trust, associate together, sympathize, perceive, conceive and often reason. They are running in our channels. Even of the wild animals this is true. To be sure, they have certain habits to which they have not become superior, but some tribes of men equal them in this. They are as moral as their forms warrant; but they also sin and contend like human beings with their own feeling of right and wrong. The writer has studied them for years, and can cite innumerable instances of their intelligence and their reasoning faculty.

The author of the paragraph quoted at the beginning of this paper would inquire whether there is in animals, as a class, any intrinsic morality irrespective of the Universal Spirit and irrespective of mankind. Or, supposing that all human beings should disappear from the world, whether a moral standard would exist among animals.

In reply, there is a moral life that is a *necessary* moral life, but it is not yet conscious. The ideas are loose and have not yet become ideals; they are, therefore, not complete standards for the animal mind. There are two natures in animals—the pure animal nature and the brute nature. The latter of these is a remnant of habit which was necessary in periods of effort, generations ago. These habits remain just as organic habits will characterize human beings —inheritances, but which some individuals no further need.

In generations long ago, from the beginning, no doubt, animals ate what they could procure to support life. Animals still pay attention to dirt, carrion, muddy water; they exhibit habits which to us are repulsive, and manage matters more or less by brute force. But I have found *in some individuals* that the brute character has disappeared so completely that I do not notice it by careful observation. This being a fact, it shows that other individuals, and even all, can become further developed and emerge from the primary vile condition. This progress has not been caused consciously by man, nor accepted consciously by animals. It speaks accordingly of an intrinsic and necessary moral improvement, and shows conclusively that animals have the moral impulse which may yet move them onward to perfection.

Animals, we have declared, progress mentally as man does, by ideas. As some scientists deny to them the possession of ideas, I will submit an example. I had set a pail of meat before a group of fowls in a yard, and by chance left open the gate. A little dog took advantage of this opportunity and proceeded to help himself. This attracted my attention. I invited him into another yard, and bade him stay there. I then gave him a few choice pieces. These he buried in the snow, piece by piece, wagging his tail in grateful appreciation. I supposed that I was well rid of him and went away. Immediately he whisked out, and I found him a few minutes afterward back in the old place, eating as hard as he could. He had made a detour of several hundred feet around the orchard, aiming to elude my attention, and instead of his usual friskiness he had made his way quietly, almost succeeding in effacing himself from observation. His air of innocence was charming. I ordered him out again, and he left with great show of meekness, but with a lingering and almost dying look in the tail of his eye, which turned quite unconsciously in the direction of the fowls. When I entered the yard the third time the dog was still lingering on a kind of eminence, an ash-heap, near by. He rushed boldly past me, seeking to obtain by force what he had failed to get by strategy.

So determined was he that he would have succeeded if the piece had not proved too heavy. He then betook himself again to the heap of ashes, where he had been before, and sadly ruminated; ready, however, to embrace the opportunity when I should be out of sight.

This dog not only thought, but it was original, enterprising thought. He desired. He reasoned. He designed. He developed new ideas. He tried tactics. He carefully restrained every unnecessary action. By an unwritten law he knew that action would attract attention. He did not seek to hide the meat which did not belong to him for fear that he would not get it. What forethought! He was also disobedient. He willed. He affected to become submissive. He judged. He acknowledged my power, but had no intention of giving up the desired article so long as there existed a remote chance of getting it. Hence, he took his station on the heap of ashes. He exhibited a profoundness which a human being might possess to advantage. He showed reason as well as great perception. In short, I revered his intelligence and promised myself to put it on record at the first desirable opportunity.

Animals that are capable of such ideas are also capable of conscious ideals; and these are the stuff of which "morality" is made. I see no reason why conscious ideas in animals may not develop into ideals and purposes as they do in human beings, only on a lower plane.

They are capable of borrowing their ideals from man. This potent influence is because of the greater power developed in human beings over animals. All living beings of lower grade or cruder conditions recognize their superior. Animals know what it is to be disobedient to those borrowed ideals, and they accordingly know obedience to their master. Some even seem to know or realize the principle of progress or superiority. They will be obedient to persons whom they are not used to, and whose requirements they never knew.

One day a neighbor's hound visited my garden. She found a

bone at the extreme end. I was standing in the doorway of the house, near the only exit, and pronounced the command: "Go!" Immediately she turned, ran toward me like a frightened rabbit, bounded through the exit so near to me, and disappeared.

At other times since that she has stood still till I bade her "go." This she understood even when it was spoken across the space of the orchard. This animal belongs to a kind family and is a familiar object on the roads, seeming to fear nobody unless commanded. It may be objected, that she felt the restraint of being on strange ground, but this garden was full of unfamiliar human tracks which she knew of, but did not fear. It was not the unfamiliar ground nor my familiar presence that she regarded, but the command in my voice which she sensed in the word "go," though it was only once repeated and not sternly at that. There is no doubt in my mind that the hound felt an instant consciousness that she was breaking rules. She borrowed my idea of right and wrong for the time, although it was not comprehensible to her dog-intelligence.

Individuals, other than dogs, borrow their standard of morality and do so with the same unquestioning obedience.

As a general thing, when I tell my animals that they are wrong, they believe me, but with my hands on them they will, in nine cases out of ten, disobey me. A tame fowl will be involved in a quarrel for mere mischief and its restless activity. I may pick up the little offender and imagine that I have broken the concentration of purpose. The eyes will seem to grow ecstatic with affectionate appreciation, and yet if I let the creature down in the same place, it will renew the conflict with added glee. Sometimes, to be sure, it will resist the second impulse, but it will be with a backward glance at the adversary. The conflict may be renewed in half an hour or a whole day may elapse. But as a class, these fowls are gentle and intelligent, and, in the main, obedient. In fact, animals are much like young children. They develop more quickly and generally are shorter-lived.

The ideals which animals acquire from human beings become in

process of time included in their own natures. Some descendants of these are so like human beings in their actions, though not in form, that I wonder why they were not born as human. Why should they not desire something higher in form-capacity, and when that desire is sufficiently accumulated in its volume of force, why should they not slip off the old coil? Bodies, if they are for any purpose, are for that of convenience. Why should it not by means of its body be incorporating sensitiveness and variability? It must be accomplishing something for the Divine plan; and is not sensitiveness, together with absorption, the very first necessity of animal life? Is it not a reasonable hypothesis that plant-life prepares the way by the development of sensitiveness for the lower stages of animal life, only differing to our comprehension by its individuality manifest to us in its separateness of body? This differentiation may be only an outcome of the many operations of differentiation in the variations of plants.

Of course this theory is foreign to the dogmas of psychology as taught at the present time. The time is not so distant, however, when a new psychologic science will be acknowledged. Then the old will be gathered up in a bundle of nameless phenomena which have been classified to death, but were without proper system and development wholly on incidental scientific contributions.

Psychology, as now taught, is little else than an arithmetic of feelings. Even arithmetic has a basis in individualities, as 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., with multiplied forms of these. But details added to details give results only in details. This method is infinitely long and reaches to nowhere. Can the door of intelligence be unlocked without a key that fits? Can any key unlock the mysteries of Nature save a profound sympathy with Nature? What teacher of psychology courts Nature and Nature only in his explorations, forgetting himself in her realm, and forsaking his own reasonings for a profound perception of her ways of procedure?

It is an error of reason to seek to learn only through reasoning. To be merely "reasonable" is in this case unreasonable. Truth

is not learned by one of its principles, by reasoning, or the investigation of cause and effect, but by all the spirited principles. This new-fangled term "psycho-physics" would better suit the aggregation of inferences now offered to us under the pretentious title of Psychology. Under such a head, with a corresponding interpretation, these studies may be made very important, but when set forth as psychology they are likely to be misleading.

It is unfortunate that there has been introduced such confusion of terms as now exists. Such terms as "mind," "intelligence," "brain," are often used interchangeably. Function seems to be regarded as synonymous with mind. Yet by no rational consideration can mind be identified as brain, for when the brain is locked in sleep and at its very weariest, the operations of the mind have been performed, although the brain was not in condition to function successfully. There was an energy beyond the body which must have performed the work. I have awakened from sleep with difficulties solved in this way.

The mental states and operations are not always pure intelligence, neither is the individual. If there had been no individual created, intelligence would, nevertheless, have had its being in the universe. One intelligence permeates the world; there is one plan, one general operation. Mind is the vehicle of intelligence and body is the vehicle of mind, for the sake of development and individual achievement. Accordingly, if we ever attain to any state of paradise, we shall have worked for it and deserved it. There is no short way, however, but there is a pure one.

In the same number of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is a quotation from Professor James: "The whole subject of immortal life has its prime root in the personal feeling." But in what does the personal feeling have its root? Only from the evolution of personal independence, which is a result of the embodying of the universal principle of spiritual individuality. Yet one might be sure of being an individual and a personality, but not sure of being immortal. The personal feeling has absolutely nothing to

do with the development of this idea of immortality. On the other hand, it is the idea of the spiritual principle of *Development* that inspires the feeling of individual immortality. Our progressive tendencies prove our progressive origin. Progress is the adverse of death or extinction.

When the whole world is doing nothing else, why should we set ourselves against progress? The sap of the world is in us and we must rise. Lotze was beginning to appreciate the importance of the study of the moral nature when he died. None of his predecessors, so far as I know, has taken up the theme with any successful result. Modern works on psychology are valuable for other reasons, but they consist of details without plan.

In regard to the animals that have not been brought under direct human influence, it is not so easy to form a proper opinion. There has been no close association to enable us to judge whether any one is possessed of greater capacity for progress than another, or even to observe what chance the wild nature offers for moral development. I remember, however, a little red squirrel that had its nest in an old building with others of its kind. I fed some fowls near by and he, being more tame than his fellows, used to come to the edge of the roof and watch the proceeding. At the end of a week he dropped to the ground and helped himself along with the fowls, they all the while disputing with him as being an intruder. There had been an old walnut-tree which the squirrels had occupied for years. It had been cut down and they hurried to this building for safety. Apples were stored there and there was a nut-tree not far distant. It was not hunger that led this one to come to me, but curiosity, enterprise, daintiness. He had food enough, but he was attracted by the bread. None of the other squirrels would remain near me.

As a matter of heredity this squirrel, it would seem, should have been like the others. They were born with the same ancestry and conditions. But he had the most expansive nature. He prosecuted original nvestigation and gave evidence of superior intellect.

He devised safe tactics; he liked to be near me and would come at my voice. I tossed him pieces of bread, which he would catch by a hop. He finally lost his fear of other animals, which proved unfortunate for him. He was caught by a cat, and, although immediately rescued before being hurt, he died from the fright.

It may be deduced from this example, that animals quite wild do advance through the superior ability and enterprise of an individual of their number. This little squirrel was born with his enterprise. He had never made acquaintance with anyone, and I had never attempted to attract him. I had known the region for years. It is very probable that there had been a latent desire of the kind in the ancestry which had never been expressed till this individual. This desire and a feeling of curiosity were doubtless awakened by the familiar sight of human beings at no great distance away.

This explanation, however, does not account for the spiritual advantage of one individual over another; spiritual advantage is to be obtained only from a spiritual source. This brings us to the question: "Are animals capable of self-consciousness?" That they have consciousness, we know. They appreciate themselves. They are selfish, and this selfishness is exhibited in a special form in many ways as, for example, in jealousy.

This natural selfishness is the appreciation of a supply for natural want and development with a desire to make it wholly one's own. In human beings it may become in maturer life subordinated to higher moral principle. Animals, then, are conscious of a good for themselves. This is hardly to be considered pure self-consciousness, or at least high self-consciousness, but it is natural. Yet the wild men of the woods, and some who do not live in the woods or in tents and in wigwams, do not seem to have much development superior to this.

I have a notion that there are actually those, and some of them white folk, who do not have absolute self-consciousness as thinking beings, and who are without any self-consciousness whatever as having the spiritual endowment. It has been affirmed that the

government of the United States had added thirty thousand cannibals to the population. I would like to compare their development to that of an animal fairly well-bred.

In preparing this paper I have come to a realization which I had not before experienced with vividness. It is proved by the facts, that the world has advanced from a state of *unconscious activity* to one of conscious action. There is a something in actual being before the mind begins any operation at all. This something must be the "*I*"—that great self-hood of energies working in co-operation with natural principles. Thus the whole world works from unconscious activity to consciousness—from the dark to the light. At the heart of life is the Divine inflowing and operation, sufficient to keep the whole world sound, if it so wills. Yet, to think of the slow unfoldings, the tardy vibrations, the clogged desires—a dreary spectacle! But Nature has placed her safeguards around us.

Much has been written about the subconsciousness of *mind*. I doubt whether mind is the agent of actual consciousness at all, or whether it is anything more than a kind of constitutional operation of forces focussed and particularized by progressive being, and which may be designated *the mentality*. There may be an end of growth to brain. There is always the same *manipulation* of ideas. But whence are the ideas? They all arrive out of the darkness—out of the blinding light of the Creation which we have no eyes to see, but only appetite to absorb, and sensitiveness by which to feel. And why should not the Part be at unison with its Whole? Yet modern research makes so much account of passing memory-images—grave-stones most of them. An image is not an idea.

To develop consciousness from the God-given feeling or impulse is, then, the purpose which we have longed to know—the purpose of Evolution which is the Design of the Plan.

—MARION HUNT.

THE PANORAMA OF SLEEP.

Soul and Symbol.

BY NINA PICTON.

WITH WARP AND WOOF.

"Bir-r-rr! Bir-r-rr!" went the wheel. Faster and faster plied the shuttle. Ah, 'twas busy spinning! With fingers long and slim, whose deftness fascinated my eager eye, the foremost spinner held the threads. Click, click, sounded the shuttle, and the three women bent more eagerly to their tasks.

In that chamber, long and narrow, I stood apart. Upon the walls, dark as with age, many tapestries hung,—queer pictures—scenes of dramatic incident and action. "'Tis the work of the weavers," thought I.

Before one piece I paused. Rich with vari-colored threads, striking in figure-form and purport, it hung.

"The story of some life," a voice instructed me; "look and read."

I saw a cradle. Three shadowy forms in gray-woven garbs were at its head. A child, blush-pink with health, smiling and cooing, lay within it. A mother sat near, her lips slightly parted, her face beatific in the great love-light. She did not see the three figures at the cradle's head. She knew not the dower they brought.

A space upon the canvas.

A girl stood near the brink of a stream. The figure was slim and youthful, the face rounded and pure, the eye clear, confiding. Upon the other bank a man stood and beckoned. And the girl stood on the foremost stepping-stone, that rose, white and smooth, from the shallow brook-bed.

The picture ran on.

A woman sat alone. The face was a trifle older, but careworn, and pleading in its pathos. Her hands were clinched as in pain, and the face that looked upward was tear-stained and beseeching.

The parted lips voiced a prayer.

Toward the next scene, my eye rapidly ran. A man, careless and indifferent, talked to the woman. Upon his countenance flippant gayety rested. The eye was shifting and shallow, and the mouth thin and cruel. The wife—for so I supposed her to be—was beseeching. In her face, a famished soul-love lay. Life had brought a bitter awakening,—the glamour of early union had faded.

Upon that canvas years were chronicled;—deeds lent a kaleidoscopic weaving.

And, looking again, I saw a brilliant scene. Fashion's realm was depicted, where forms whirled in the dance, and lightness limned each face. And I saw the man. Over some beautiful butterfly of that world he hovered, but his face was radiant as with love, and his attitude imploring.

And the fair one listened.

The canvas now brought the first woman again. Upon her knees,—alone,—the fire-light falling upon her hair and pallid face, she prayed and watched.

I started at the sight. 'Twas the old, old story of duplicity and neglect.

"What cometh next?" quoth I.

A narrow bed around which watchers waited; a scene, woven in with gray and black; sombre, silencing and convincing. The woman's soul was fleeting. One could almost behold the tiny spark uprising from the bed. Stricken with remorse, the husband stood, a craven fear on his face. Too late was his arriving; unavailing his protestations.

A space upon the canvas—marking some interval, I reckoned.

An altar; a bridal array. And I looked and saw the man's face. Near him, the girl over whom he had hovered in the realm of fashion. And over them, high in the vaulted space of the edifice, a shadowy, angelic form. Why had she returned to earth?

"Likest thou the canvas?" asked a voice; and the foremost spinner stood beside me.

"It readeth sadly," I answered. "Are there no joyous scenes

upon which one may dwell? Weavest thou only the dark threads?"

"We weave the true, the inevitable. Upon every canvas some checkering comes. For we see with the inner sight, and our fingers are thus aided and impelled."

Then the old crone drew aside some heavy tapestries. Light and warmth were on them, joyousness was depicted. But on some, the closing scene was dark and tragic. Others began with gloom, and ended in light. The room was subterranean; the spinners were old and shriveled. By whose command dwelt they there? How much longer was to be their abiding?

"What do *these* testify?" I asked, pointing to the picture-hung walls.

"Destinies," curtly replied the crone, and she pointed her shriveled finger on high, while a mocking laugh rang out upon the silence.

"Is *mine* known to thee?"

"Ha, ha!" she shrieked, "and why not? They are now at work upon it," and she looked toward her sisters. Busily went the wheel, noisily traveled the shuttle. I turned and looked at the threads.

"Dark and fair," prophesied the crone. "Thou art not exempt. From the human race thou comest."

A bar of sunlight fell across my life-piece. Whence did it come?

"An omen, perchance," thought I. For it lighted all the dullness and lifted my heart.

Then I looked and saw,—a tiny window at the side, near the entrance of the cave, or room. Through the narrow aperture the sunlight had forced its way. It seemed a harbinger of promise, something I must accept and to which pay gratitude.

And with it streaming down, with hope arisen, I thanked the spinners, and, picking up my mantle, stepped out into the day.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE TEMPLE.

The worshippers were many. Even now they thronged the gates, and came in rapidly as the space permitted. Before the

temple—a marble pile of purest white—a stranger stood. He was tall and slender, and clad in the garb and flowing draperies of his countrymen. Some authority seemed given him, for he exhorted all to enter.

Hesitating, bewildered, I waited. I had pressed in with the hurrying throng. From a distance I had come, and the temple walls had been the perspective that my weary eyes had strainingly seen; some shrine was surely there, some invocation on my lips.

About me, I observed all nationalities. The Caucasian jostled elbows with the cruel Turk, the war-like Hun flashed fiery glances on a neighboring Roman; the Arab chief frowned upon the meek-eyed Chinaman, and the bustling American was in close proximity to the Indian warrior. Some quest inspired all; some duty not to be ignored. A babel, worse than that of Pentecost, made hideous the air; and high above all, came the shrill scream of the Son of the Orient.

I placed my hands to my throbbing ears. The murmur became sufficiently toned to rest me, and, stepping aside, near a jutting corner of the temple, I sought to solve the coming of that throng, the mission with which each was directed. Eagerness was in every eye, excitement in each movement. And the stranger still stood, tall and stately, and beckoned them toward the entrance.

As in such throngs, the hurrying became more exciting. Small men fell backward, and their brawny brothers pressed, triumphant and eager, to the fore. Danger looked from that sea of heads and that squirming, serpentining pressing. Such motions appeared sadly out of place before those white and holy walls; for I had been told that the temple was there, and had surmised that a great enlightenment awaited each seeker.

The entrance was effected. Even now I saw them ascending the broad steps, the richness and variety of costume presenting a glittering effect in the early morning light. Across the tessellated portico they passed, and were soon lost to view within that mighty enclosure. But from time to time voices rose above those of the

throng without, some exhortation, pleading, and prayerfulness clothing each accent! Sometimes the wail of a weeping devotee, or the ecstasy of a whirling dervish, would come to me, impressing a great curiosity to go within.

A Mussulman stood near and brushed my elbow. His lips were moving as if in prayer, and he turned his face toward the East, and bowed three times.

I watched him steadily. In fancy he heard the muezzin calling—the sacred spires of the mosque were before him.

Side by side, a swarthy Egyptian waited. In his hand he held a roll of parchment, that he examined from time to time, and at a certain line he placed his finger, as if desirous of knowing its answer. About his neck queer talismans hung, and the yellow and black folds of his garments were curiously lettered in golden threads. One would have thought him a master of the Black Art upon looking at the mystic eye, the wrinkled swarthiness of countenance, the nervous individuality possessing him. Turning his eye full upon me, he made some remark.

I shrugged my shoulders, and murmured unintelligibly in my native tongue.

Seizing my hand, he looked eagerly into my face and tried to hurry me onward to the base of the steps. A fear came suddenly unto me, yet something assured me I would gain by his company.

We left the Mussulman rapt in devotion. He still turned his face toward the East and the white turban stood prominently out beside the long black locks of the Indian warrior and the yellow feathers in his head-dress.

With some difficulty we ascended the steps and gained the entrance.

A vast hall met my eyes, its floor tessellated in curious squares, its dome holding a brilliant globe that pended from the ceiling and shed a golden light throughout the temple. The entire space below was partitioned off and between each space, and within, queer figures in marble, bronze, clay and ebony stood. Before them

the people prostrated themselves, some holding their hands high in invocation, others weeping, wailing, or shouting in ecstasy and desire.

The Chinaman screeched and prostrated himself before a hideous clay figure, whose flat face, contorted features and squatty form were anything but attractive. I listened and heard a long string of sentences whirled to the deity. Nothing more ludicrous was near, I assured myself.

The Peruvian stood before an altar on which fire was burning, and the red tongues lighted up his devotional eyes, the moving lips and the bowing head.

In the space beside him a Hindoo priest sat, his eyes closed, a mumble more like a buzzing than a prayer proceeding from his thick lips. His hair was white and in peculiar contrast to his brown and rugged face. About him a hideous array of figures stood, and the name of Isis came from time to time as he looked upward. That I judged to be the central figure.

Passing on, I stood before the Grecian gods. A vast company was there, prostrate, and invoking, by turns, the many deities circling the space. From a curtain a voice replied to questions given. And I saw that each one rose ecstatically or grief-stricken as the oracle replied. A fair maiden knelt before Venus, and prayed for her absent lover. A clean-limbed athlete besought Minerva for intellect and strength; a sorrow-bowed Athenian implored Jupiter for power and vengeance upon enemies. Apollo turned smilingly with his lyre to a woman that craved the speech of song, and Neptune was invoked by a pirate of Corsica. Suddenly a hymn burst upon the air. I turned and looked. Some priests of Apollo were chanting and the Romans and Grecians knelt before their gods.

I now neared the space where the Egyptian waited. A huge cat, a Sphinx-head and some figures of Osiris were there. He inclined his head, but with less reverence than I expected. Bowing to the Sphinx, he laid the parchment upon its base and calmly waited for inspiration.

Would the figure speak? Were those grim lips and that inscrutable countenance kind to the children of men? I recalled the times when natives were wont to put questions to the figure and when each riddle was solved.

In silence we waited. Patience fell upon the Egyptian—not the flicker of an eyelash betrayed the slightest nervousness. A great faith was with him.

The parchment rustled. Surely something had touched it! Quick as a flash, the Egyptian grasped it, and ran his eye eagerly over the line his fingers had marked. Some hieroglyphics were visible, coming out faintly below the original manuscript.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "'Tis even as I dreamed. The Sphinx is kind—more than kind;" and he prostrated himself.

"Shall I teach thee the meaning?" asked he, eagerly, looking down into my eyes.

"For what purpose?" quoth I.

"An art once lost," he replied. "Thou canst aid me, if thou wilt. Speak!"

But his vehemence alarmed me. My curiosity was dead. My idea of the company was now plain and before me rose the figure of a Man—sweet and saintly, a crown of thorns upon His brow, hands rent and bleeding. "Keep thy art!" I cried, "I wish none other than mine own."

Without waiting for his reply, I left him and walked about the building.

And now curious glances were bestowed on me, as if I were reckoned an interloper; and some stepped forward, as if to eject me from the edifice. One familiar face appeared afar—one of my own country and I walked toward him, and addressed him.

"What doest thou here?" I asked, tranquilly.

"The throng attracted me. How vast all this appears, and we—we are outside their pale, are we not?"

"Of a truth," I replied. And a priest passing near tried to induce me to bow to an idol beside me.

"Never!" I cried.

"And why?" he asked, using my native tongue.

"I acknowledge none of these, and look upon them as mere nothings, that—"

With an iron clutch, he interrupted me: "Wretch, thou art lost!"

And now the crowd hemmed in about us, and some sought to strike me, but something withheld their hands.

"Whom dost thou worship?" cried the cruel tones of the priest.

"God!" I shouted. And the ring ascended to the dome above, and the golden globe rocked to and fro, as if in assent.

With a shriek, the crowd parted, running hither and thither, the idols fell from their high pedestals and crashing noises resounded throughout the building. The walls were shaking and the frightened throng pressed forward toward the entrance.

"She hath called down wrath upon us. Accursed is she—that slim white maiden of a heathen clime. The gods are angry, behold them!"

Fleeing as for their lives, they left me.

I saw the mighty walls tremble, and, looking about, observed my fellow-countryman by my side. The Egyptian had fled, his parchment in his hands.

"Come!" called my companion, "we must not tarry here. It is well that the place of idols has been overthrown. Would to One above, it could ever be so!" And leading me safely to a grove a short distance away we stood without a word, and watched the mighty overthrow and heard the crashing.

Afar came the shrieks of the people. "Woe! woe!" and an anguish came with the accents.

Invincible and full of faith I stood.

A TARDY OVATION.

"Where am I?" asked I aloud, waking from what I believed a dream, so strangely did my surroundings affect me.

The muffled murmur of my own voice reached mine ear alone.

I was on the outskirts of a city, standing, loth and hesitant. For I knew not by which way I must travel—to the onward or the inward. I saw the smoke from pipe and chimney-top, curling spirally against the blueness of the sky. I saw ancient streets, narrow and sloping roadways, some irregularly-constructed dwellings, and signs of traffic and labor. Beyond the city stretched the fields, green with spring freshness, unlimited to the eye, and alluring.

"Out there Nature awaits me," thought I. "Here, development and enlightenment." For in this rock-bound city, with its antique land-marks, my intelligence seemed thirsting for information.

Many passed me by, offering a salutation, a nod, and a curious side-glance; none, however, intruding upon my quietude, or offering invitation or suggestion.

For I felt I needed none. In past times my direction had been tendered from another Source. I was confident that the present course would know the same. Placing myself thus, trustful and unafraid, I awaited the voice that had always assured me; that had never instructed but for my peace; had never guided my feet save for safety and refuge.

Pedestrians passed and repassed. The morning was clear and golden, and my white robe looked fresh as if newly donned.

Yet I traveled far. Memory reverted to a home miles away, to associations that clustered about every inch of its surface. My path led away from its seclusion; my outlook was longer, of wider vision. Something was here, in this ancient city. I must wait.

I looked about me, with a gaze expectant and alert. The streets were becoming closer with moving forms, and about their faces and selves something unusual was evident.

"Perhaps it is a gala-day," thought I. "One of those feasting-times, so frequent in cities of this kind. I shall wait and see."

But I made no inquiries—preferring to use my eyes and ears as

I best pleased, and feeling that the friendly Presence that was wont to travel beside me, would surely permit all knowledge to be mine.

Groups of two or three stood under the jutting doorway of a dwelling. Their converse was excited and rapid; from time to time I caught words that arrested my hearing, in spite of my desire not to be curious. To the right and the left they looked—forward and backward; and I caught peculiar expressions on their faces—partly cynical, partly doubting.

And now the roadway became cleared as for a coming company. A crier walked from left to right, and with authority demanded that no obstruction be there.

Far out in the distance I beheld a cloud of dust. As it parted, I looked, and saw many forms approaching, garbed in sombre habiliments, walking with downcast faces and quiet mien.

As they advanced, I marked one at the head. He carried a long, slender trumpet in his hand. From time to time its silver note rang out to the silence about. At the sound, a murmur sped among those near me, and I caught the same from afar; like a brook in motion the babble spread.

And now came they near—so near that I discerned what they were following. "A funeral pageant!" I exclaimed, beholding a bier.

What life lay extinguished under that sable pall? Was he of rank, of note, or had he left a mighty sum for obsequies and for a host of mourners?

I heard no word. The spectators were as ignorant as I; they kept their eyes and ears well open to the novel procession.

And now walked one with many pamphlets in his hands. To either side he scattered them, with an air important and knowing. And the crowd jostled one another and clamored and fought for possession.

"What is it?" asked I, of one that, like myself, stood apart. For I could not restrain my wish to know.

"The words of him that lieth there," he replied, a cynical smile

curling his lip. "They do not dream how deaf the ear, full-sealed the mouth, and the soul escaped like a bird from a net. Fools! They make no distinction."

At his words, a loud trumpet-note again assailed mine ear. The company were bowing the knee, as if to the presence of royalty; and I heard laudatory phrases, succulent speech and marked a cringing that caused me to turn mine eyes aside.

"How long lasteth this?" I inquired. For I saw no sincerity in that bowing assembly, neither grief, nor other than a desire to be observed, heard and counted important.

"Until another bier cometh on," answered the sage, and he turned on his heel with an air of disgust.

The procession moved on, followed by the citizens of that quaint old town, who, at intervals, and in numbers, read aloud from the pamphlets in their hands. Upon some faces lay a blankness, yet they bent the knee whenever the mourners did, and lauded the name of him upon the bier, as if duty pressed them so to do, and circumstance was naught.

I stood apart, for the sage had disappeared. His path, no doubt, lay far hence, but the words he had let fall counted much with me. A sample of humanity had paraded before me; a tithe of that world of whom men are never confident, that condemns or encourages as the mood pleases.

"And this fickleness is known to all," I exclaimed, as I walked from the city.

NINA PICTON.

(To be continued.)

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XXII.)

Three days after the happy one spent at Long Point, the Wise Man took the Sea Urchins a long walk inland to a dense, green wood, full of undergrowth, tall ferns and luxuriant vines.

"Did you ever stop to think of the character of a thing, children?" asked the Wise Man. As he spoke, he fixed his gaze upon a tree near them—a mighty beech with long, spreading limbs, downward drooping and heavy with its wealth of shining, green leaves.

"Do you mean the character of trees, sir?" asked Brownie, whose glance had followed that of the Master.

"Of trees, laddie, and—everything."

"Everything?"

"Everything that lives—all things in existence. Not their *nature*, mind you, my Urchins; for we can say that the nature of all trees is the same—the nature of animals identical, even that of man, as, in summing up a given case, we say, truthfully, 'The certain deed was done because it is the nature of man to do thus and so.'

"But character is different. To find the original meaning of the word 'character' we must go back to the Greeks, and to our inquiry they will explain to us that the word from which it comes really means to make sharp and distinct; to cut with furrows; to engrave as with a pointed instrument on wood, or metal or wax. We can then readily imagine how it came to mean a distinguishing mark—something that sets one object apart from another object—a stamp set upon a material thing by the sum of all things influencing it to-day, *plus* the result of its real knowledge gained in age-long experience through many incarnations.

"Character is one of the unseen, mighty realities. It is what a thing really *is;* not what it appears to be, nor what people deem it.

There's another word that stands for the seeming which we will consider later."

"And trees have character?"

"Have they not? We *feel* the character of a tree, as it were. When we say 'beech' no such thought comes to us as when we say 'oak.' Both are trees, but their characters differ. Both have the same nature; that is, the nature of a plant which possesses a trunk, bark, sap, boughs, leaves, flowers, fruits, or (which is the same thing) nuts or pods. We do not stop to argue with ourselves why this is so; but the mention of several trees calls up as many differing impressions, and impressions beyond the thought of the shape, height or appearance, as a whole, of the material tree. There is a character that has stamped itself upon each tree, and we feel it without being able, perhaps, to explain it. It is just as when I say 'Blooy' and 'Goldie.' Both these fine young specimens have the boy nature, both the boy form, boy mind, boy instincts; yet the character of Blooy is not that of Goldie, nor do we for a moment think of them as at all the same in their possession of those qualities which go to make up this mysterious thing in which we are interesting ourselves.

"Pinkie, Snowdrop and Violet—all blossoms loving the same sunshine, kissed by the same dews, all girlish in nature, instinct and form, yet at the calling of each separate name, what is that which does not form itself into any material shape, but which arises in our consciousness as distinct and apart, each from the other, as are the several flower species they represent? It is something we can neither see nor touch—something altogether out of reach of our five physical senses, yet which without proof we recognize as an undoubted reality, a mysterious something, materially ungraspable, yet which we feel to be the abiding substance of that which makes itself manifest to us as a Pinkie, a Snowdrop and a Violet. What is it, Ruddy?" This to the smiling, yet serious, lad, whose hand was uplifted at this juncture to demand attention.

"'Substance,' sir," explained the boy. "It doesn't sound as if that could be the right word to use for anything that must die and leave the body to perish. It seems pretty queer to me to use those two words together—'*abiding substance.*'"

"That's because you've always imagined the word 'substance' to refer to material things only; whereas it may be applied to spiritual things as well. Not only does Paul say that 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen,' but that 'Ye have in heaven a better and enduring substance.' The little word itself *means* enduring and abiding; for 'sub,' defined, means 'under,' and 'stance' is from the word 'stand.' Combined, they signify a 'stand under' the severest trials possible to put upon anything."

"Where does it come from, sir, this character?"

"From every where and when and what and who in the universe. That is to say, the source of its formation lies in environment, epoch, occupation and evolution; and *that* is to say (to put it more plainly and simply—and, to do so, let us make Man the object of our character-lesson) that by environment (the 'where') we are understood to mean the peculiar surroundings in which he lives, life after life; by epoch (the 'when') the peculiar manners, customs and times in which his lives were spent; by occupation (the 'how'), the trades, professions and businesses in which he engages; by evolution (the 'who') the progress his immortal soul makes by means of his good or evil use of the knowledge gained through experience.

"All these go to form character—that something which the Real Man *is*—that something which cannot be taken from him—from which he cannot be separated, since it is his own very self.

"We who are intuitive—that is to say, we who know at once without reasoning—we in whom the sixth sense is being slowly developed, are enabled to perceive by this finer sense than the other five (which in this instance—the recognition of character—are utterly dumb and useless, since it is metaphysical—that is, beyond

physical sense perception and experience) the character of anything.

"We are indifferent to, attracted or repelled by those qualities to which our finer sense is keenly alive. It baffles description; yet to that higher self of us, which deals with the unspeakable, it is as clear as crystal. By means of that higher sense we 'divine' what our material senses may not grasp. This word 'divine,' which is derived from the same source as all words pertaining to deity, or God, means really a knowing as God Himself knows, and proves to us our divinity.

"This finer sense makes us conscious of the lack of character in weak natures, as well as its splendid presence in strong souls who dare, in the face of a disapproving world, to uphold their opinions as to what is right and what is wrong. The strong souls are the brave spirits, the world's martyrs who for ages have suffered for Truth's sake—the jeered at, the reviled, the despised, the abused, the accursed yet glorious beings who are to become the Messiahs of the future.

"It is a grand, uplifting thought, a strong and encouraging and comforting thought, my children, that, *no character is too ideally beautiful and high for the least among us to dare to aspire to make our own.* And we need take no step outside of our every-day march along life's high road to reach the way to such perfection. Therein lies the great beauty of it—*it is reachable right at home*, and sometimes more quickly made our own through faithful performance of little, real duties, than if, armed cap-a-pie, we mounted magnificent chargers, and, with banners flying, rode forth to foreign fields to fight the foe.

"There's a brave smile of patient endurance of things hard to bear, my little ones, that forms a halo we divine, yet do not see—and things hard to bear are with us every day. Each irksome duty done for duty's sake (and this is love's sake, always,) is a beautiful little block in the characters we are building; each sacrifice of self for another's weal; each smallest service lovingly performed; each

wrong redressed; each kind word spoken; each gentle deed of mercy done; each strong abiding by one's own belief though all the world may hiss and howl and cry the old word, 'Crucify him!'—these go to make the character of Man.

"To be a clear, sweet note in life's great chord—a vibrant tone whose music makes for peace; to answer to the touch of naught save Truth; to stand as rock amidst the shifting sands—the wave-washed, breeze-blown, sun-parched, storm-lashed sands, which are like to the mighty masses of the world, the unaspiring souls who let who will be heart and mind for them, and merge their characters in one dull lump that clogs the onward movements of the race.

"This we can do, my children, if we will; each rainbow tint may live its own sweet, pure and radiant character; may arch the little world wherein you live that folks will look and see that you are true, will recognize your worth, and, recognizing, follow after the beautiful examples your characters have set for them.

"Begin at once, dear children; be glad and grateful for your youth and all the years (each one a blessed privilege) in store for you. Even now, my very dear children, you are each and all well upon your goodly ways, proving clean souls were yours in your past lives."

"*We* are well 'upon our way,' sir?"

"Yes, Violet, of that I am sure. In none of my Urchins have I discovered aught that is not commendable. Your principles are sound; you perceive and distinguish with ease the right from the wrong; your young hearts are warm, sympathetic and generous; your thoughts unselfish, kindly and clean. Love, not hate, prompts your actions, and your aspirations, your longing to know what is true, *and to make immediate use of the truth*, proves that the characters you have brought with you from your past lives have been built upon splendid foundations.

"Your young eyes look out clearly upon the world where they once saw darkly. It is a high grade you have entered at the

outset of this life, and although you have not brought your books with you, you have certainly brought the sum of your last lives' lessons. These you unconsciously apply to all that comes to you in the present, wondering often, no doubt, how it chances that this, that and the other truth seems so easily and readily made part and parcel of your class-work of to-day. This explains why a subject which at the first glance seems altogether a novel, fresh and foreign one never before presented to you, may, at the second survey, become a strangely familiar thing, and you, yourselves, masters of its arguments. You have learned about it in the lower grade, have 'proed and conned' it, made the truth of it your own, and added its golden grain to the imperishable store of wisdom that goes to make up your wealth of character.

"By such facts as these is the supreme fact of eternal life—that eternity which reaches backward as well as forward—proved to the reasoning mind. Eternity is an eternal thing—not a period stretching out before us—a stick with but one end. To mortal men (as those who must suffer the change 'death' are incorrectly called) the slaves and heeders of time whose seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years are counted jealously as the too swiftly passed mile-stones dotting the high road upon which they make the only little earthly pilgrimage known to them, the unendingness of eternity is a fact impossible for their unawakened minds to grasp.

"But one thing it is given to all to be able to grasp—the fact of these swiftly passing moments affording us opportunities for character-building. It is thought alone that provides the character-builder with material—not the thought manifested in action—not the deed done—not the effect, but the cause.

"He who thinks with purpose, builds. He who cries 'I will!' adds a fresh facet, dull or dazzling, as he wills well or ill, to the gem, Self, he is cutting and polishing.

"But see the necessity, the usefulness of matter even in this realm of the spirit. Without the physical outshowing of his self

helpful or hindering thought, and unless he follow his word by his deed, he can set no example for the benefit of his kind. He must do that which may be seen by the eyes of men—accomplish in their sight the object of his will before he can make his mark upon his own world for their betterment or worsting.

"For no man lives for himself alone. It is the lesson of the meshes again, and he who has the stronger character, be it strong for good or strong for evil, is he who lifts or lowers the meshes of his world. Our 'character meshes' are so closely interwoven that the character of each individual one makes its impress upon the race; and the character of the race, in turn, makes the character of the universe itself.

"To think the most righteous thoughts for one's self fails to accomplish any useful thing; one must think them for his fellow-men; put them into usable, material form; think them, be them, do them for others, so that they may be benefited.

"To deny one's self the beautiful things of life (as do those whose God can surely *not* be Love); to sacrifice one's self for the mere sake of the idea of sacrifice, led astray by the foolish and fanatic fancy that any martyrdom is more praiseworthy and of more benefit to the martyr (who thus works for a hope of reward) than no such suffering, is a truly criminal waste of all that is precious. But to recognize in one's self, and to show clearly to others the beauties of life and living; to sacrifice one's self for the sake of another's well-being; to suffer martyrdom for Truth's sake, knowing such martyrdom will put the reality of that glorious Truth before men's eyes—this is to build celestial, imperishable materials into character. The one is a mere making of useless ropes of sand; the other the forging of those mighty cables whose every link goes to strengthen the character of the world of men.

"And remember, my Urchins, we are not building for one little earthly day, but for eternity; not for our own little selves, but for all mankind. As each tiny polyp adds atom after atom to the great coral reef that is slowly becoming the foundation of a continent-to-

be, so each human life is adding its atoms of experience to the foundation of the future character of the universe. The builder of the coral reef, deep down in the blue-green ocean, lays the infinitesimal grains of a wonderful land-to-be; we, the builders of human destiny, engulfed, as yet, in the depths of a sea of unknown, unimagined, untried possibilities, by our every thought (which must in due time be made manifest to others) add to the new earth that shall rise to meet the new heaven of divine promise."

"By *every* thought, sir?"

"By every thought that is not an idle one, although idle ones, poor and valueless though they be, are too often strong enough to influence the minds and hearts of weak souls, and so do thus much or thus little in the building of good or evil character.

'Nothing is unimportant, my Urchins. We have learned that the word 'character' meant originally a distinguishing mark; so it may be said that the combined marks of a thousand thousand things go to make up the character of Man.

"All our habits put their marks upon us, every good and bad one of them; and (let us be grateful in our conscious hearts that this is so) every good and bad one of them is within the control of the Will. Few of us are wise enough to refrain from making in our youth, habits we must regret in our maturer years; but none of us is so weak that he can not, *if he will*, conquer the most dominating, persistent and worst habit ever acquired. THIS CAN BE DONE.

"There's an old saying you've doubtless all of you heard, my Urchins, that holds in it more meaning than appears upon its surface—'Once begun is half done,' and the truth of it lies in the fact that once one's mind is made up, *positively* made up as to the doing of any deed, half the battle is won; for the Mind is the leader of all human forces, and, determining, or (as I shall explain later) being filled with determination to accomplish a certain thing and thus win a certain victory, dashes into the field of action with such ardor that its impetus takes it over the outer barriers, and right into the stronghold of the enemy, carrying such dismay into the

ranks of the surprised foe that there's not so very much for the fast following forces to do."

"What are the forces, please, sir?"

"The little unconscious slaves of the master, Mind; the mysterious entities which enable the senses of the master to manifest themselves in action; little actors playing eternally upon the stage of human life. If the Mind be passive, that is, off duty and not doing its commander's part, these little forces, allowed to indulge themselves over and over and over again, grow strong enough by the use of this liberty to form one great force—the FORCE OF HABIT.

"This use of liberty is referred to by the poet Shakespeare. whose great heart and mind and soul has formed a glorious mirror wherein all mankind may see itself reflected. He says, 'How use doth breed a habit in a man!'"

"But, sir, could the master, Mind, lead these very same habit-forming forces against themselves?"

"Would you believe me, Blackie, if I said 'Yes?' These 'very same habit-forming forces' are all the master, Mind, possesses; and he must use them against themselves, as the dweller upon the burning prairie uses fire against itself if he would not perish in the awful flames.

"But let me explain to you how a force may be so changed that it may be led into action against just what it had been itself before that action. The positive Mind, intent upon good results, calls forth from that which has been allowed too much liberty, a new sort, or character of force; and what the positive Mind demands, the unconsciously obedient forces must supply.

"The master, Mind, let us say, assumes command; somewhat slowly and awkwardly, perhaps, at first (for the small entities naturally start out in the old, customary fashion formed by the repeated doing of certain deeds), answering to the orders of their superior officer. As long as the M nd can keep its positive state, the little forces, recognizing by slow degrees, *but surely*, their new leader, or rather their leader into fresh fields of action, follow and

obey. But let the Mind once grow careless, like a lot of undisciplined soldiers, the forces desert the ranks and fall into the old familiar methods."

"But can even the positive Mind ever become the true commander?"

"Certainly, Brownie. It is when the Mind is not positive that these lapses occur. And herein lies the secret of all the trouble of habit-breaking. The master, Mind, which really is only an inferior officer, too often grows 'weary of well-doing,' and, relaxing the pressure that must be brought to bear unceasingly upon the little slaves of the senses, allows them their loved liberty, and insubordination (as our military friends call a refusal to obey orders) is the discouraging result. And not until the lesson taught by these relapses is learned can the Mind be strong enough to rely upon its mastery of its forces when it enters upon any one of the great battle-fields of human life."

"You say, sir, that Mind, although a commander is yet really an inferior officer?"

"As there are officers of lower and higher rank in all armies, so higher than Mind stands Man—the Real Man. It is Man whose Will sets positively or (according to his conscious or unconscious possession of power) acts not at all upon Mind. It is through this highest human possession Man learns the lessons that allow him to pass on, in due time, to higher grades of experience, or which keeps him year after year, life after life, in the lower classes. If he could only realize this, how swiftly he might advance. How easily he might change his character, and so win to the loftier planes of life."

"Change his character, sir? I thought that was what never could be changed," declared Goldie.

"Let me try to illustrate how it may be changed—the character, mind you, of the very same object. Let us imagine, a long slender, flat metal rod. It is a *rod;* it has the character of a rod; we recognize it as such, and clothe it in our minds with all the possibilities for use and usefulness accorded to a rod. Now, suppose we heat

it, soften it, bend it, and weld the two ends together. It is the same material as it was before, nothing altered, nothing added, nothing taken away; yet it is no longer a rod, and not for a moment do we endow it in our minds with the peculiarities, possibilities, properties, in short, with the character of a rod. It is now a hoop and we recognize its use and its usefulness to be of an entirely different character from that of a rod."

EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)

OCCULTISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY R. S. CLYMER, M.D.

When we compare the teachings and practice of Occultists and of Christians, we are impelled to the conclusion that the latter are making a sad mistake. Almost as a whole, they condemn Occultism as an invention of Satan, and yet, when the comparison is plainly made, it will be found that Occultism is the purer religion—the religion of Christ, recognizing Christ for a teacher, guide and brother.

Occultism acknowledges the law of Karma, that "Whatever a man sows, that shall he also reap." We believe that for our thoughts or deeds in this life we will surely be compensated or punished hereafter. If we hurt another in thought, we will suffer tenfold more than the person or object to which it was directed. On the other hand, the Church teaches that to a man doing wrong, if he prays for forgiveness his sins are all forgiven, and he will not have to suffer for the evil he has committed. He may by his subtlety for his own interest and pleasure have ruined more than one soul, both in this life and the one to come—he one, and they, many; and yet, according to this belief, because he prays for himself he is forgiven and his sins blotted out, no regard being given to his victims.

The Apostle taught: "Bear ye one another's burdens and so

fulfill the law of Christ." And this law was taught by Christ: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." This the Occultists believe. We aim to follow our leader and even so as he loves us we love our fellow-men and uphold them, giving and encouraging, instead of robbing and calumniating.

The true follower of Occultism will forgive. No matter what wrong was committed, he will not harbor hatred in his heart toward anyone, nor will he condemn any creed or religion. He will love all, knowing that the Father of all ruleth and that it is well. The churches, as a rule, Protestant as well as Catholic, condemn all who are not of their belief. Even those of the same creed cannot agree and new creeds arise from these differences, each party hurling invectives at the other.

They seem to forget that God created all with a freedom to will and think, and that this freedom, though it may not be permitted in this world, will be recognized in the world of Soul. God judges the heart. Man, with his earthly sight and acumen, however great a philosopher or however learned he may be, cannot penetrate into the recesses of the inmost thought as God the Infinite can. Accordingly, the Occultist can see good in all God's children. He cares not how a man worships, so long as he lives his religion by loving his brother as himself.

We believe that the Christ-principle is in all. The drunkard, the gambler, even the most depraved criminal, has the divine germ within him at birth. It may be lying dormant, overrun by weeds and thistles, or buried deep with evil thoughts and associations; yet, nevertheless, it is still there. But it needs the sun of love, the dew of help to awaken it and bring it to active growth, so that he may have a perception of himself and his condition and turn to God for strength and power to live and do aright.

The Church seems often to have little regard for anyone who is outside the circle of respectability. It acts like the Spartan Code which punished the thief, not for stealing, but for getting caught.

Though a man be a rogue, a liar, swindler, or cheat, so long as this is not publicly known and he is a professor of religion, attending regularly at service and paying liberally, he is safe from disturbance; and at death is consigned to a heavenly abode with a through ticket. But God sees differently; as a man has sown so shall he reap. Some, like the heathen and hypocrites of the New Testament, expect to be heard for their loud praying and much speaking; but they do not go and take a drunkard, a criminal or a fallen sister by the hand to lead such an one to the Right by the power of their love and the purity of their purpose. They would be ashamed to be seen talking with a disreputable person, however distressed, but like the priest and the Levite of the story, would pass on to the other side. When they do venture to speak to erring ones, it is to censure and dole out harsh words in respect to their ill courses. Yet what right has one to pass judgment on another, or to render a verdict condemning him to punishment after death? It is not so with the true Occultist. He is not ashamed or reluctant to take an erring one by the hand, no matter how low that soul has fallen and to tell such an one that God has not forsaken him but will aid him to live the true life. He will endeavor to rouse into normal activity the germ of good that is implanted in every human being. In short, he will be of the number of whom the word is said "In-as-much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Instead, however, the chief stress is placed upon a certain orthodoxy of belief. For example, I have never met an individual who professed to be a follower of Christ, who did not scruple to tell me plainly that if I did not stop the study of the Occult and embrace religion according to his notion, I was on the direct road to Hell. A woman of my acquaintance is a good Catholic, but believes that she has a right to think as well as the priests. She has a Douay Bible and the *Lives of the Saints*, but also reads religious books whether Catholic or Protestant and judges of their merits by her own scales of justice. On a certain occasion a remark was made to her to which her answer rang out in tones loud and clear:

"Why do you not read and judge for yourself? You think all you have to do is to tell your beads, pay the priest to say masses and he saves you and that straight to heaven you will go. You fools! You will find out your mistake. You will find that God will not let you sit down and fold your hands and the priest make out your redemption."

The "Ohs" and "Ahs" that went round this group made me smile. I said to her, "Lizzie, they will tell the priest."

"I don't care if they do," she replied. "I believe that our priest is a good man. But he is a man, and he can no more save my soul than can my husband, who, as you know, is a good man; and I am not afraid to tell the Father the same thing."

She spoke truly; she was not. If, like her, Christians would investigate, learn the teachings of Occultism and what Master they were serving, instead of condemning out of hand something about which they know nothing, they would see that Occultists had passed to a higher grade of thought and life than they. For our thoughts are devoted to the object of helping one another; and walking as we do, by the rule of Love, God will be with us. While the orthodox think that is far off, we believe that he is in man. They teach that he is somewhere in the heavens and must be worshipped alone by Christ and prayer—praying rather loud sometimes as if he was deaf or a great way off; but we believe that he is near, and that if the soul but thinks the prayer with true loving principle and we ask where God is, he will answer and say, "Here am I."

We believe that God dwells in man. We believe as the Bible teaches us and not as a priest would instruct us. We believe that as we are temples of the living God, that he dwells in us, and that if we listen and obey these teachings, heaven will commence for us here on earth. We believe in immortal life—life beyond the grave, but a life of usefulness and advancement. We do not believe that man is to stand still in any state of being, but that he keeps on in one continued evolution, advancing toward perfection, or nearer

to the Infinite. The sufferings through which he passes strengthen and purify him, and his soul will be in better state from them if he recognizes the hand of the Father in all.

We are all children of one Father. King and peasant, statesman or laborer, minister or layman—all are children of one All-Father. We believe that he never brings forth a soul to send it into endless misery.

Hence, greatest and best of all, Occultism teaches us to love God and not fear him, but to fear to disobey the laws which he has given. When the Christian Church shall unite with us and give us the hand of fellowship in this loving of our neighbor as ourselves, in remembrance of the love that God gives to all, then, whether we are Evangelic or Occult, we shall exercise true religion.

R. S. CLYMER, M.D.

RE-BIRTH.

BY MARY McNEIL FENOLLOSA.

"The flowers are dead," we cry, as wintry cold
And winter's sullen rain resolve to earth
The sweetest smiles that greet the summer's birth.
But still we know that from the sodden mold
Another hope shall spring, a flower unfold;
The same and yet another. Can we then
Proclaim as dead the thing that lives again?

In yonder pool once dark and bare, behold,
From fetid depths undrawn to sunlit air,
The trembling lotus, rising like a prayer!
O soul, be brave, for death is but a name!
From withered hopes, all sodden deep in tears,
A purer joy, a fairer hope appears—
Perchance a lotus, white with heart of flame.

The World of Thought

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

FINDS IN EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

Professor Flinders-Petrie, who has been engaged in the exploring of the tombs at Abydos in Egypt, has succeeded in exhuming relics of a vast antiquity. This or Abydos, it is generally conceded, was the primitive seat of the Egyptian monarchy, before Thebes at the South, or Memphis in Northern Egypt had an existence. One object which Professor Petrie secured was a solid bar of gold weighing 216 grains on which the name of Mena is carved in raised hieroglyphics. This is regarded as confirmatory evidence that this monarch, the reputed builder of Memphis, actually lived and reigned. He is named by Manetho as the first king in the First Dynasty, and he is also so described by Herodotus. But the explorers at Abydos do not grant him that distinction, professing to have found relics of ten kings who ruled there before his accession. Whether, however, they had dominion over all Egypt, or over a few of the provinces, or only over Abydos, is a problem to be determined. The ancient population of Pathros, or Southern Egypt, appears to have been Berber like the Nubians, but it is conjectured that the dynasties of Abydos were Semitic.

PHASES OF RELIGIOUS CONCEPTION.

Religions have very generally subordinated moral obligation to the idea of the salvation of the soul. As though the soul could be saved and the individual lost.

Spiritism and worship made up ancient religion and thought, and they underlie later religions.

Comte based his system upon the idea of the duty of man to his fellows. Its error is that it would replace God by Humanity. It is a Buddhism. It subordinates man's personal to his social instincts.

THE BABYLONIAN ADAM.

In the epic recently discovered in Babylonia, is an episode of a Wild Man of the Woods. He associates with the wild beasts till a more subtle mate is brought to him in the form of a woman. He then forsakes all other associates and clings to her. This man is called Hea-bani, the creation or offspring of Hea. His consort is styled Ukhat—Woman. The Bible legend of the Garden of Eden is evidently a form of this story.

A PONDEROUS SACRED SCRIPTURE.

The principal Buddhist sect in Japan has procured for its temple at Kyota, the Scripture of Lamaism. This work was printed from wooden blocks during the Ming dynasty, and remained for three centuries at the Lama temple in Peking. Last fall it was carried to Japan as booty. The volumes number several thousands and weigh about thirteen tons. Each volume measures one foot by three and is bound in gold brocade.

AMERICA FOREMOST IN MURDER.

The journals of the day seem to be awaking to the fact that this country leads others in holding murder cheap. A preacher in Louisville lately declared that human life is safer in the dominions of the Ameer of Afghanistan than it is in Kentucky. More murders occur in Louisville than in London; more in Kentucky than in Great Britain. "Finally there are more murders in the United States than in the whole of Europe, with Italy and Turkey left out and Russia included." The Nashville *American* affirms in so many words that "no other nation approaches this in the matter of murder, and those which come nearest to it are such countries as

Italy and Turkey, where the assassin's knife is freely used and where men allow their anger and hate and disgraceful passions to rule their conduct." The Washington *Post* sums up the record: "Our total of homicides runs from 7,000 to 9,000 a year, and most of them go unpunished."

With such a record as this, it must be evident that there is need of a higher civilization here, and the promulgating of higher moral and social principles. An ethic is required infinitely superior to the one in vogue—"Every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

BLOTTING OUT HEAVEN AND HELL.

It is recorded that Louis IX, of France., when at Acre, during the Crusade, sent an embassy to the Sultan of Damascus. With it was Yves, a Dominican friar. While they were there, they were visiting the Sultan's palace, when Brother Yves saw an old woman crossing the street, who carried in her right hand an open vessel full of fire, and in her left a phial full of water. He inquired:

"What do you mean to do with that?"

She answered that with the fire she meant to burn Paradise, and with the water to extinguish Hell, so that there should be no more of either. The friar asked again:

"Why do you wish to do that?"

"Because," she replied, "I do not wish that henceforth any should do what is right for the sake of the rewards of Paradise, or from fear of Hell, but simply from love of God who is worthy of it, and who can do for us all possible good."

ENDLESS PUNISHMENT NOT TAUGHT.

When we come to the New Testament, the doctrine of endless punishment seems to rest upon a very slender textual basis. Perhaps the key-word to the whole discussion is the word "Aionios,"

which the King James translators render in some cases "eternal," and in others "everlasting," according to a caprice which I am not able to understand. "Aionios" is not primarily an adjective of time, but is one of quality. It refers to a certain kind of life or punishment, or happiness or misery.

In speaking of eternal life, our first thought is not of the duration of that life, but of the quality.

Eternal life is life of such a quality that it will endure into eternity.

So, in speaking of eternal punishment, we should think of it as a punishment which is to take place in eternity. This is not saying that it will last throughout eternity, any more than calling a man a nineteenth-century writer implies that he wrote all through the century. So, when the Bible speaks of eternal punishment, it does not pronounce definitely upon its duration.

—*Rev. Edwin Fairley.*

A DUAL DREAM.

A PROBLEM FOR PSYCHOLOGISTS.

Rose entered the room with an open letter in her hand, and I saw at once that something was troubling her.

"What is it, my dear?" I asked; "no bad news, I trust."

"Oh, no!" she answered brightly, throwing off her abstraction. "No deep waters at least; just the merest little ripple of perplexity. You have often heard me speak of Cora Milton, my boarding-school chum. She is still at the Academy, and I have just received word from her that her mother, who has been visiting her there, will pass through our city this evening on her homeward way. In fact, she changes trains here and being obliged to lay over all night, Cora has asked me to meet her and conduct her—"

"And of course you would like to ask her here, you shy child! Why did you not ask me at once? Surely you know how ready I am to do much more than that trifling favor for you or your friends."

"Indeed I know you are always kindness itself, dear Mrs. Worthington, and I thank you very much for the offer, which *does* relieve considerable of my perplexity. Yet, strange to say, I have felt an unusual sense of depression ever since I read the letter, and a great repugnance against bringing her here—a feeling that harm would come of it."

"For shame, you inhospitable creature! Would she bring the smallpox or steal the spoons, do you think? But where *is* her home?"

"Somewhere down South—Louisiana, I believe. They are of Creole extraction, very proud and apparently wealthy. Cora's father is dead, and her mother was married again a few years ago to a young Englishman, who, it was rumored at school, had deserted her for a younger woman when he found he could not handle her income. Trust school girls for ferreting out the family skeletons!"

"Rather an unordinary and romantic character, is she not? I want to see her more than ever, Rose, so go and get ready to meet her. The train just arrives in good time for dinner."

Rose's mother and I were dear friends at school, although she was much the elder, and when, years after, I discovered her daughter, an orphan thrown upon her own resources, I gladly secured her for a companion and governess for my little ones, and a veritable treasure she had proved.

* * *

At dinner I found myself regarding Mrs. Milton with unusual interest. Tall, handsome and dignified, with a quiet elegance of dress and that ease of manner which is the stamp of refinement and culture, I was quite favorably impressed. In appearance she was decidedly striking, with a rich olive complexion and the blackest eyes I have ever seen. So black were they indeed, that from the depths of the pupils shone a sort of glowing radiance most unusual and peculiar. Her conversation showed much travel and observation, though tinged with a haughty reserve at any approach to personal questions.

"Where is your home, Mrs. Milton?" I asked, naturally enough I thought, during a pause in the talk.

"I seldom remain long in one locality," she answered evasively. "Like the Wandering Jew, I am possessed by the spirit of unrest. But as Cora graduates this year, I suppose I must settle down before long. Not, I hope, until my search is ended, however."

"Your search?" I echoed wonderingly.

"Yes, my life is devoted to a search, which, pardon me, concerns myself alone," she replied mysteriously.

"The plot thickens," I thought, stealing a roguish glance at Rose.

Dinner over, Rose took her guest for a drive around the city, and on their return, conducted her to her sleeping room, while I sought my own, feeling in my usual good health and spirits. My husband had not yet returned from a business meeting down town, and I must have fallen asleep almost immediately, as I remember nothing of his return.

My first recollection was of a growing sense of imminent danger. A great fear was stealing over me, together with a numb feeling of helplessness that bound me like a nightmare. The lonely stillness of the "wee sma' hours" hung over the house like a pall, and yet under it I seemed to be listening, straining every nerve to hear what I knew was approaching.

For I felt, rather than heard or saw, the dark, cruel form stealing down the stairs and gliding stealthily with torturing slowness, until it reached my door. There it paused cautiously, then silently turned the knob and crouching low, drew nearer and nearer, while deeper and deadlier grew my helpless terror.

Why was my foolish tongue paralyzed with fear? Why could I not call out when those that loved me were so near to save? It had reached my bedside now, and after one awful moment of suspense straightened suddenly up. Tall and menacing it towered above me and I saw the white, distorted countenance of my guest, Mrs. Milton, her strange eyes glowing, a gleaming knife upraised to strike.

With a mighty effort I threw off my fatal inertia and—*awoke.*

Awoke to find myself sitting up in bed, bathed in a cold perspiration and trembling in every limb. It was but a dream, a vision, or some ghastly nightmare. The soft moonlight showed my room peaceful and unmolested, my husband sleeping calmly by my side, while through the quietness of the night, *I heard the clock strike two.*

It was long, however, before I could compose my quivering nerves and I lay awake until nearly daybreak, when, sinking into a heavy slumber, I knew no more until I saw Rose bending over me, while the sunlight stealing through the shades showed the lateness of the hour.

"Oh, did I awaken you?" she exclaimed contritely. "I just stole in to see that all was right. You seemed to be sleeping so unusually late."

"I think it high time someone awakened me, my dear," I answered, sitting up in bed. "Why, how late it is and how lazy I have been! And your friend here, too! What must she have thought of me as a hostess! Has she breakfasted yet?"

"Yes, indeed, some time ago, and I have just come from seeing her off on her train. But, oh, Mrs. Worthington, I hope she will never enter your door again! I have passed such a miserable night. And yet I suppose it was only my own foolish fancies, after all."

"Tell me about it, my dear child; you are not usually so nervous. I thought it would pass off after you had met Mrs. Milton."

"I was beginning to like her very much and she certainly is an interesting woman. We had a delightful drive last evening and I was quite favorably impressed. When I showed her to her room after our return, we talked for a few moments of Cora and I was about to leave her when she happened to notice that miniature of yourself, painted when a girl, which, you remember, stands upon the corner cabinet.

"She stopped in the middle of what she was saying, and, walking over to it, asked me who it was. I told her, and she continued to

question me in regard to you; when it was taken; how old you were then; where you had lived: had you traveled a great deal, and so on, until I lost all patience at what I considered an impertinence and abruptly bade her good-night. Her manner was so unusual and her expression so peculiar that it left an unpleasant feeling on my mind and I lay for some time thinking of it before I fell asleep. This probably accounts for the dream or nightmare I had later.

"I seemed to be oppressed by a deep consciousness of horror and of impending danger to you. Everything was still, but I found myself listening breathlessly and through some strange inner sense that was neither sight nor hearing, watching a dark, mysterious form come creeping down the stairs and glide noiselessly through the halls to your room. At your door it paused a moment, then entering cautiously, crept forward crouchingly until it reached your bedside, when raising to its full height I saw the white, drawn face of Mrs. Milton, her eyes blazing, an open knife in her right hand which was raised threateningly to strike your sleeping form.

"With an awful effort of the will I seemed to free myself from the nightmare that bound me, and starting up I rushed to your door. All was quiet and peaceful; I could hear the regular breathing of your husband and through the stillness of the night, *the clock struck two.* Thank God it was but a dream! Then following a sudden impulse I could not explain, I flew up the stairs to Mrs. Milton's room and softly turned the key which stood in the lock outside.

"I listened a moment and thought I heard someone moving within, but I did not wait to be sure. Trembling, but relieved, I reached my own room again, where, completely unnerved, I lay awake until daylight, when I arose and dressed. I confess I felt very much ashamed of my foolishness by day as I noiselessly released Mrs. Milton when I called her in time for breakfast, but indeed the dream was so strange and vivid—Oh, my dear Mrs. Worthington! What is it? Have I frightened you with my silly tale—" For I had fallen back upon my pillow in a half swoon.

I had completely forgotten my own frightful experience of the

night before, but Rose's story had brought it all back, and as she repeated, detail by detail, the exact counterpart of my own dream, the same oppression of horror mingled with a sense of weirdness seemed to overpower me and I felt as though I were fainting. Poor frightened Rose bathed my wrists and temples with cold water, soothing me like a sick child, and presently I felt stronger.

"Rose," I said, when I had recovered control of myself, "promise me to say nothing to Mr. Worthington or anyone regarding what you have told me. *Your* dream might have been the result of an overwrought imagination, but, *at the very same hour I had precisely the same horrible nightmare*, and I was not in the least nervous, nor was I anticipating anything unpleasant. Truly, there are some things we cannot explain and I cannot overcome the feeling that there *was* danger lurking near last night. Let us try and forget it as soon as possible and thank God that frightful experience existed only in our fancy."

Later, I had occasion to go to the guest room Mrs. Milton had occupied, and recalling Rose's words I looked for the miniature she had mentioned. *It was gone.*

Some months afterward Rose received a sad letter from Cora telling of her mother's death in a private madhouse.

Since her second husband's desertion a few years before, she had been somewhat erratic and unwilling to remain long in one place, being possessed by the idea that she must find the woman who had lured him from her; but no one had deemed her in the least insane until after her visit to Cora on the occasion of my experience, since which her malady had rapidly developed.

My miniature was found among her effects and sent to me, having my name engraved on the back. Could it be that my pictured face recalled some fancied likeness to her rival in her poor disordered brain? The mystery will never be solved; but more than once I have shuddered as I wondered what would have been the ending had Rose not locked Mrs. Milton's door that strange night.

But if she really intended me harm, by what subtle process was

that intention projected ahead upon the consciousness of Rose and myself simultaneously, that one might act or the other be prepared. Rose has always attributed it in some mysterious way to her dead mother's influence; but for me I am content to let the psychologists solve the problem. I confess my inability.

(Mrs.) Virginia King Frye.

MRS. PIPER AND HER DISCLOSURES.

The secular press and the Society for Psychical Research have been trying conclusions over certain statements by Mrs. Caroline Piper, the person employed in psychic investigations. An interview, as it is called, was published in the New York *Herald* of October 20, 1901, in which she avowed her belief that her disclosures, made in the mesmeric trance, were telepathic, and not from spiritual sources beyond the portals of death. These declarations have since been materially modified, but the question was still left open as to their character and source.

The Medico-Legal Society, in its turn, took up the subject at its meeting in New York, on the 18th of December. A paper by Dr. Thomas J. Hudson was first read, treating upon the general effects of the case, and was followed by another by Professor Quackenbos, explaining with great definiteness, the nature of mesmerism and the extraordinary powers of suggestion that could be successfully employed by its aid. Hon. Andrew J. Dailey, the next speaker, spoke directly upon the subject at hand, and gave a terse and intelligent explanation of the whole subject. The Society thus received three hypotheses from three men abundantly proficient in their several departments. Their views are given in the *Medico-Legal Journal.*

Under the conditions of the mesmeric trance, it seems to us that the solution of the problems ought to be comparatively easy. Mrs. Piper herself was a passive subject, unconscious of what she was saying, and, accordingly, her opinion of the sources of her peculiar

inspiration would be only equivalent to that of a spectator. It may be honestly entertained, but it cannot be conclusive.

We do not doubt, however, that telepathy will, in a great degree, explain the matter. Individuals in normal conditions are often susceptible to influences and inspirations from others with whom they are *en rapport*. Persons swayed by like convictions and emotions often think the same thing at the same moment. Scientific discoveries have been made almost simultaneously by individuals intent upon them, but having no communication with each other. Mrs. Piper, when her own individuality was made passive by the mesmeric influence, was thereby rendered susceptible to the thought of the mesmerizer, and likewise of other persons who might be at the time in mental propinquity. A spectator fixing his attention upon her would suggest, and even infuse his thoughts into her mind. In the *Divine Revelations* of Andrew Jackson Davis, there are allusions which indicate such an inspiration. Other communications from mesmerizers and spiritual "mediums" often may have a similar origin.

Nevertheless, it is hardly reasonable to assign everything of the kind in this way. The universe is larger than our horizon, and indeed, our scope of vision comprises but a very small part of it. Whoever limits his conceptions of possibilities to the scope of his own understanding, lives in a very small ant-hill. The world of mind is no more circumscribed by the individuals now living in the earth than the universe is limited by the boundaries of the solar system. As there are myriads of living beings of innumerable races in the region between man and the single-celled amœba, so there must be categories of intelligence between man and the Infinite Essence. It is equally reasonable to suppose that the individuals that possess the intellect to conceive all this, have direct affiliation with the Intelligence which is beyond it, and are therefore sharers of the same eternity. Thus, dying, so far as the world of physical sense is concerned, they live on as thinking, intelligent beings. They, then, and other intelligences beyond the veil, may inspire their

thoughts and wishes into others, who by some peculiar susceptibility are capable of receiving them. There is good reason, and we think it sufficient, to believe that Mrs. Piper was the recipient or rather the avenue of communication from living individuals that had been inhabitants of this earth. Professor Hyslop is thus justified in his confidence. —*A. W.*

CRYSTAL-GAZING.

Under the auspices of the Society for Psychical Research, crystal-gazing is becoming once more the subject of experimentation. Mr. Andrew Lang, the author, has come out upon the matter in the London *Monthly Review*. As a result, the demand upon the secretary of the Society is greater than he can supply. Mr Lang thus instructs the novice:

"It is best to go alone into a room, sit down with the back to the light, place the ball at a just focus in the lap on a dark piece of cloth, try to exclude reflections, think of anything you please, and stare for, say, five minutes at a time. That is all."

The crystal is a spherical ball of solid glass, about two inches in diameter. Mr. Lang has known persons who have seen in a crystal, things that were actually happening miles away. More wonderful, he has known two persons, gazing into separate crystals at the same moment, to see the same picture. Why can individuals see pictures of real persons and real things in this way? Mr. Lang suggests that it may be "a rudimentary survival of some organ that was useful to man when his ancestors were other kinds of animals." Students of psychical phenomena, who are of another habit of mind, will consider it a dormant faculty in man as a human being vitally linked to a higher omniscience.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

Every man born into this world bears on his brow a somewhat special handwriting of Eternal Nature; and if custom, if education, if church or state, if even fatherly and motherly love erase or dim that divine legend, writing over it some inscription prescribed by consecrated usage, that soul is cheated of the wealth which that soul came to bring. For every soul that comes out of eternity to time brings from its origin some tidings to make the hearts of men leap up within them, some priceless incitement, some beaker, large or small, strong or weak, of the inspiring wine taken directly from God's hand; but we can make the gifts only on condition that the world respect its individuality, that the world permit the man to be himself. —*D. A. Wasson.*

INTUITION AND ITS USES.

Intuition is not knowledge. It is, instead, a suggestion of knowledge that may be acquired. Every man and woman knows the potency and inspiration of those spiritual perceptions which are not explainable by the reasoning faculty. Intuition, though not knowledge, is a higher guide to human life than is cold reason when it entirely ignores the conditions of the soul.

He who gives heed to his own spiritual intuitions is never without hope. He who has hope may acquire faith. He who has both hope and faith may acquire actual knowledge, provided he have the Intelligence. the Courage and the Perseverance to prove the laws.

—*Florence Huntley.*

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

That is failure when a man's idea ruins him, when he is dwarfed and killed by it; but when he is growing by it, ever true to it, and does not lose it by any partial or immediate failures, that is success, whatever it seems to the world. —*Bronson Alcott.*

THE LAW OF SUCCESS.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.

—*Charles Buxton.*

What comes out of life is that which was put into it.

No law can be sacred but the law of our nature.—*Emerson.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE BEAUTIES OF ISLAM.

This is a collection of short essays by Mohamed Sarfaraz Husain, formerly of the Mohamedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh in the Northwestern Indian Province. They were first published in America, and have since been reprinted at Allahabad for Rahmat, Khan & Sons, of Rockwood Naini Tal. They treat of the philosophy and beauties of Islam, and were written with special regard to the principals of Vedanta, Theosophy and Higher Christianity as now interpreted by some of the American writers. The effort has been made to represent the spiritual side of Islam in relation to its general utility. The student who reads them will find many features of this religion which have not been carefully represented heretofore. Islam is the principal world-religion, the only one, perhaps, that is steadily increasing the number of its adherents, and it is time, accordingly, to ascertain its merits. CONTENTS: 1. The Spiritual Leadings. 2. The Blessed Oneness. 3. The Personalities, viz., Prophet, etc. 4. The Five Pillars. 5. From the Cradle to the Grave. 6. The Death and After. Price, annas eight.

ORIGIN OF THE GOSPELS.

A new work, *Unser Evangelien* by Wilhelm Soltan, a German author, describes the origin of the Four Canonical Gospels, according to the conclusions of the "higher criticism." Taking his first clew, a rather unsatisfactory one, from Papias, he assumes that the apostle Matthew compiled a collection of "logia" or sayings on the current Hebrew or Aramaic language, which the other apostles translated into the Greek. "This became," he declares, "the first and earliest written Gospel source."

Mark, the companion of Peter, also translated that apostle's reports concerning Jesus, afterward augmenting the collection and giving it a permanent written form. There were likewise interpolations added by another hand, notably from Chap. vi., 45 to viii., 20, and Chap. xvi., 9 to 20.

The editor of the Gospel ascribed to Matthew now readjusted and changed his materials, giving as one discourse, the "Sermon on the Mount" v.-vii., and also Chapters xxiii.-xxv. There were

also additions, such as those relating to the birth and childhood of Jesus and his relations to John the Baptist, which were taken from traditions that were extant in the second century.

These changes led the writer of the Gospel attributed to Luke to prepare another account. His additions, particularly those relating to the genealogy and childhood of Jesus, induced another person to make a revision of the Gospel according to Matthew, in which it is now extant.

The Gospel of Mark is accordingly to be regarded as the most valuable for scientific research, and the two others as a faithful picture of the works and teachings of Jesus.

The fourth Gospel was the work of John, the presbyter in Asia Minor. The writer was acquainted with the Synoptic Gospels, and his views were those which were current in the second century. He made use of a written collection of sayings, into which addresses and discussions were introduced. The various divergences, such as the errors in the geography of places in the Holy Land, discrepancies in time of occurrences, and the extraordinary non-resemblance, in style of writing are not explained.

EXCHANGES.

OUR HOME RIGHTS, conducted by Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer of 287 Washington Street, Boston, is the organ of the United States Confederation of Medical Rights Leagues. It is an able champion, and deserves the fullest success. In these days when physicians of the schools heretofore under the ban and persecuted, join hands with their former adversaries to hound and persecute others, it would seem to be time for a new party of genuine reformers, who are sincere and resolute, to take the field in opposition to these covenanters with death and leaguers with hell. Another John Thomson is wanted. Dr. Pfeiffer has shown his ability in securing the defeat in the Legislature of Massachusetts of the Harvey conspiracy to procure legislation against practitioners who were not of the three protected schools.

"*Our Home Rights*" contains many terse expressions of peculiar applicability, such as the following:

"Good physicians are made by nature and not manufactured by medical colleges."

"Just as sure as the common people organize for their own

protection, just as sure will these Medical Monopoly Boards fall to the ground. They were born in sin, and they thrive bycorruption."

"The Anglo-Saxon peoples have always proved refractory soil on which to plant authoritative dogmas—medical or ecclestiastical—and then to put them in force by legislative enactments and the rights to perfo.m this rite (vaccination) will soon cease as must all other monopolies of a money-made 'Medical Science'."

"The secret power of successful men and women is given them by hope, courage and patient work."

"With psychic power man can accomplish almost anything, No one can have this power who is cruel to any living being, whether it be human or animal in form. The psychic power comes to him who is kind and gentle and merciful, especially to animals. Love, intense love, for all God's creatures is the underlying principle for tremendous psychic force."

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, now published at Point Loma, California, continues its maintenance of theosophical doctrines under the name and style of "Brotherhood." This is the periodical first begun by W. Q. Judge as *The Path*, and then changed to *Theosophy*, and finally, by Mrs. Tingley, to the present title. In form and typography it is exquisite, and the matter is diversified, interesting and instructive. One of the principal papers in the December number is devoted to a fair and candid estimate of Walt Whitman, which ought to be generally read. Whitman, though of rude exterior was a kind and gentle soul, and his verse, though by many denied the name of poetry, has nevertheless its essence, its eloquence and charm. It makes this appeal:

"The American race has been formed from the best of the European races, and is passing on to become the dominant race of the century. Whitman, himself, would be its poet. Will the American people accept him as such? Or will a greater arise? Time will show, but Whitman, at any rate, has come before us with the first suggestions of such a literature. And his ideas were and are still far in advance of the average thought of the day. Men were shocked and disgusted at what they thought blasphemy, but already things are changing, and Whitman is recognized as one of the writers of the day.

THE SEARCHLIGHT for December maintains with full vigor its hostility to the hypothesis of contagion. Its first sentence will call attention: "You are a sick person every night of your life." To explain this assertion the magazine is devoted. Dr. Rodermund further declares: "Contagion is an assumption and a superstition." He goes on to explain epidemics:

"An epidemic of disease is only one of nature's laws adapting you to the existing conditions, therefore, it is up to you to acquire the necessary knowledge to adapt yourself to existing conditions, in order to prevent disease; otherwise, nature will force you to suffer the consequences by imposing the penalty of disease. Nature does not recognize what the human being calls disease; nature's universal law is continual change. These changes are brought about in many ways, but the law by which they are brought about is always the same. The results, which are health or disease, brought about by the atmospheric changes, depend entirely upon the condition in which your body is kept."

"Any one who will but use a little common sense must see at a glance that all impurities in the air, of any kind whatever, must be either animal or vegetable in a state of disorganization. None of these impurities or poisons can be taken into the system by breathing; it is a physical impossibility."

"The impurities or poisons culminated from the body through the lungs, kidneys, skin, etc., are what? Animal matter in a state of disorganization. Any action or influence of the atmospheric conditions that will cause the gradual retention of these systematic poisons by checking the eliminating functions of the body, will produce some form of a so-called blood disease. It will depend upon the treatment, constitution and general make-up and condition of the person, whether these outside influences will be able to cause the sufficient accumulation to develop what we call small-pox, etc."

"It can plainly be seen that what we have been taught to regard as disease is really its cure. This cure, then, is nature attempting to throw out of the system, in a large quantity, the same identical poisons which the body is eliminating every day of our lives."

The other papers, original and selected, are equally pungent and to the point. Every individual who reads them carefully will find the time profitably employed.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE SONG OF LIFE. By Charles Johnston. Cloth, 69 pp. Published by The Author.

THE CHRIST OF THE RED PLANET. By Eleanor Kirk. Cloth, 138 pp. Published by The Publishers' Printing Co., 32 Lafayette Place, New York.

THE PSYCHIC AND PSYCHISM. By A. C. Halphide. Cloth, 228 pp. Price $1.00. Published by Authors' Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE DIVINE LANGUAGE OF CELESTIAL CORRESPONDENCES. By Coulson Turnbull. Cloth, 229 pp. Price $2.00. Published by John R. Kelly, 58 San Pablo Ave., Oakland, Cal.

SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL ATTRACTION. By Eugene Del Mar. Cloth, 79 pp. Price 75 cents. Published by The Smith-Brooses Printing Co., Denver, Col.

BIBLIOTS, NO. I. THE BOOK OF RUTH. By Rev. George Chainey. Paper, 112 pp. Price 25 cents. Published by The School of Interpretation, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

THE MIND AND ITS MACHINERY. By V. P. English, M.D. Cloth, 300 pp. Price $1.00. Published by Ohio State Publishing Co., Cleveland, O.

KAREZZA. 24th Edition. By Alice B. Stockham, M.D. Cloth, 144 pp. Price $1.00. Published by Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE WISDOM OF PASSION. By Salvarona. Cloth, 250 pp. Price $2.00. Published by Mystic River Book Co., Boston. Mass.

PSYCHICAL DEVELOPMENT. By a Mental Scientist. Cloth, Price $2.50. For sale by Biggs Bros., Gambier, Ohio.

HOW TO CONTROL FATE THROUGH SUGGESTION. By Henry Harrison Brown. Paper, 62 pp. Price 25 cents. Published by "Now" Publishing Co., 1423 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MATA THE MAGICIAN. By Isabella Ingalese. Cloth, 12mo. Price $1.50. Published by The Abbey Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is for sale by newsdealers everywhere. If not found on any news-stand or in any depot or ferry-house please notify the publishers, giving the name and address of the newsdealer, and steps will be taken at once to have him supplied.

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THE

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THE REGENERATION OF SOCIETY.

BY FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

The prevailing scientific tendency of the age has prompted men to explore every known field in search of information that would lead to a better understanding of life and a fuller comprehension of its purpose. Among the branches of knowledge to receive attention more recently from scholars and students is the science of Sociology.

There is a growing conviction among earnest, intelligent people that social ties and economic obligations are not matters of accidental significance and interest, subject to such regulation and modification as the exigencies of circumstances may seem from time to time to dictate; but that they rest on a foundation as valid and substantial as that, for example, which constitutes the basis of the science of numbers.

There are two distinct classes of sciences. One group comprises those dealing with knowledge gained deductively. The ground of such knowledge consists in axiomatic perception of Truth. Sciences of this class rest on *a priori* evidence, and are concerned with principles of Truth, pure intuitions, absolute or intrinsic values. The other group comprises those dealing with information acquired indirectly. Sciences of this class are concerned with so-called natural laws, ascertained facts of experience, interpretation of impressions, relative or uncertain values.

The science of Sociology properly belongs to the former class. It deals with truths as axiomatic and exact as those pertaining to

arithmetic or geometry. It rests on knowledge of principles involved in the essential nature and attributes of man, not on inferences derived from observation of so-called laws of human nature and apparent qualities of character. The fundamental principles along the general lines of which the life of man normally manifests itself, both individually and racially, are as precisely ascertainable as those involved in the demonstration of a proposition in geometry, and their comprehension is quite as necessary to a right understanding of the science to which they pertain. Since they are axiomatic, their validity cannot be proven, but must be discerned intuitively.

Nearly all people have become familiar with mathematical axioms by long experience, so that they perceive them readily; but social axioms are less generally recognized. The correct solution of an example in arithmetic can be obtained only by perceiving and working in harmony with mathematical principles. By accurate use of symbols representing certain abstract values, the arithmetician is able to demonstrate the principles upon which the science of numbers rests. If at any point in the reckoning an erroneous step is taken, the result is invalidated.

The architect's plans are practically worthless unless drawn in conformity to fixed geometrical principles. Likewise social schemes proposed for the improvement and elevation of the race are of genuine and permanent value only in so far as they embody the axiomatic principles which underlie the life and relationships of man. Human character is not a ready-made gift of the gods, but a proposition to be worked out by each individual; whether success or failure attends his efforts, depends on his devotion to principles.

In working out a mathematical problem the careless or indifferent student may obtain a result which appears at a glance to be correct, but which, in fact, is incorrect because a false step has been made at a particular stage of the process. Every such error is due to the misapplication of a principle. In a similar way, every discordant

situation in the world of human affairs indicates the misapplication of some principle. No one expects to arrive at the correct solution of an example in arithmetic unless he works in harmony with the principle of numbers. If an error is introduced, it must be corrected before further progress in that direction is possible. Yet in the world of human affairs multitudes of earnest, well-meaning people, whose lives are devoted to the service of mankind, are trying strenuously to achieve results that seem to them advantageous, by methods wholly at variance with principles lying at the very root and foundation of human character. The best of intentions may lead to the most disastrous consequences. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the pit."

As the competent mathematician must thoroughly understand the principles with which he has to deal, so, in his sphere, must the philanthropist, if the concrete demonstration of his ideals is to have real and permanent value. It is only through clear perception and undeviating application of those principles in each specific instance as opportunity affords, that the welfare of mankind is promoted. Any ethical system or economic theory which affects to ignore or contradict them, is as defective and incapable of producing thoroughly satisfactory results as would be a working hypothesis in chemistry or solar physics, which sets at defiance generally recognized natural laws.

The astronomical conclusions of the ancients were faulty because their theory of the visible universe was at variance with the true order of things. Likewise in the practical economy of human affairs, many a scheme of social improvement which, to the superficial observer, seems to insure a satisfactory solution of grave and perplexing problems, although its adoption may lead to an apparent betterment of conditions in the immediate future, must eventually prove detrimental to the best interests of humanity, inasmuch as it involves a contradiction of some principle fundamental in the constitution of man, and, therefore, represents a departure from the normal course of his life.

A careful analysis of the situation is necessary before we can consider to best advantage the application of this science in the concrete instances of every-day life. To the casual observer the universe, in both its natural and moral aspects, appears so mysterious that its true character is not readily detected amid the *ensemble* of apparent elements. To mentalities unaccustomed to analyzing and discriminating in such matters, things seem so distorted and out of focus that the general effect is bewildering. In judging according to appearances one is sure to become implicated in all kinds of error.

The first difficulty arises from failure to keep clearly in view the distinction between the unreal or merely apparent, and the intrinsically real, substantial elements of experience. Verily, "things are not what they seem." One's attention is liable to be so distracted by certain illusory aspects of things that the fundamental reality itself, which surpasses the outward show, shall escape notice. In following the physical senses we are misled into accepting false notions regarding things within the sphere which we define as the "natural realm." Rational investigation long ago furnished conclusive evidence that things do not actually possess the material values which those senses lead us to ascribe to them; that behind this show or semblance lies the substance itself, imperceptible to natural vision, although furnishing occasion for manifold suggestions awakened in our consciousness. It is coming to be widely acknowledged by thinkers that that which seems to exhibit material, corporeal properties is, indeed, ideal and spiritual in its essence.

Then again, in a similar way, by heeding the psychic sensibilities (the testimony of which is quite as unreliable as that of the physical senses) we are misled into forming false conceptions respecting the verities of the moral realm. In this way we obtain the impression that evil is real and eternal—that it is co-ordinate with good as an essential quality of life. Both pure and impure thoughts, both good and bad deeds, thus appear as concomitants of human nature.

The common estimate of man as a creature endowed with brute instincts and selfish propensities as essential attributes of his nature and elements of his being, arises from failure clearly to apprehend the superhuman Divine Intelligence manifesting itself through the moral order. With a keener spiritual faculty we may detect principles of Truth as the abiding Reality beneath the complicated and distressing situations that seem to confront us on the surface of the world of human activities. Upon those principles rests the system of mutual relationships or community of functions expressed in the life of man, on both its individual and social sides. Phenomena of selfishness, cruelty, greed, malice, are no more inherent in the essential nature of man than are phenomena of hardness, temperature, extension, color in the spiritual Reality that furnishes the basis of what we describe as "material bodies." By trusting the testimony of the psychic sensibilities we are led to misconstrue the moral situation and to accept conclusions that have no foundation in truth. Starting with false premises, and entertaining unsound theories of moral economy, is it surprising that men should habitually become entangled in difficulties and dissensions that invite chaos and catastrophe? The most prolific source of human discord lies in a misunderstanding of the essential nature of man and consequent incapacity to deal rightly with questions growing out of the mutual relationships which subsist between individuals.

The *second* difficulty arises from a tendency to treat both the individual and the communal life as *simple entities*, instead of resolving them, in our estimate, into their ingredients or constituent parts. Not only is society composite in its structure—a collective body to the maintenance of which many individual members contribute—but that which we call the "life" of each member as well is of a complex nature, being the product of a variety of distinct motives, choices, desires, sentiments, emotions, impulses, aspirations, exercised through numerous channels and in manifold directions. We need to discriminate carefully between the several threads which are steadily weaving into the fabric of each human

expression, and which, although forever separate and independent in identity, yet, to outward view, appear to unite, coalesce and merge into a single entity. Society at large is, in a sense, a magnified representation of the individual—a composite unit to the complexion of which a simpler class of composite units (individual characters) contribute. The character of the individual resembles a stream made up from rivulets of expression—thoughts, impulses, aims, decisions, starting from independent sources; while, on a more extended scale, the life of the community or commonwealth represents a current formed from the confluence of such streams. Normal social conditions can prevail only as the main currents are fed by tributary streams (individual characters) in which the principles of Truth are properly exemplified.

It is well nigh impossible, in any given instance, properly to estimate the relative part played by either of the two classes of factors—the eternal real, and the transient unreal—in determining the general issue of conduct. True and erroneous impressions, real and unreal experiences, like the wheat and tares of the parable, are so closely associated in the ordinary transactions of men that their wholesale separation by arbitrary means is impracticable. The tares cannot be uprooted without seriously interfering with the growth of the wheat; so that each must be left, without forcible intervention, to pursue its own course, side by side with the other, until the proper time arrives for complete separation. Both real and unreal aspects of character are frequently involved in a particular thought, choice, decision; so that the issue or consequence which follows becomes one of complex significance. While, on the other hand, a simple act or event may represent the resultant of a variety of different motives, impulses, incentives, so finely inter-blended that the actor or participant is unable correctly to analyze the process or resolve the situation presented into the separate factors which have contributed to bring about the final result. It is, therefore, impossible to judge any individual with perfect fairness in respect either to the specific acts

of his life, or their aggregate effect in the composite we term "character."

The principles of Truth constitute the only valid basis of expression, since they alone have real and eternal existence. Human discord and social unrest can be eliminated from the world of affairs only by the right application of these principles in all transactions of man with man; for it is error alone that entangles, confuses and disorganizes. Thus it will be seen that the real factors to be considered, if we are to deal decisively and effectually with social questions, are very different from those which appear in a superficial survey of the situation.

In matters of social morality the standard of Absolute Right is generally regarded as beyond the reach of man. And so, indeed, it must be when the attempt is made to treat as a *whole*, situations which are complicated by a number of questions requiring separate consideration because of the different principles involved in them. Jesus said to his disciples: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." This can be done only by regarding every complex situation with which one is called upon to deal in the light of the simple factors that enter into its make-up, treating each one of them independently according to the standard of Absolute Right.

By considering but one step at a time it is as possible to proceed rightly in such matters as it is in an example in arithmetic. When each single issue is settled rightly, the final result must inevitably be correct. A clear understanding of these matters cannot fail to influence, in a considerable degree, one's attitude toward the social situation, and one's choice of methods in dealing with his fellows.

In this connection two ideals present themselves—the *Regeneratory* and the *Reformative*. The respective methods to which they give rise are fundamentally distinct, diametrically opposite, wholly incompatible, utterly irreconcilable, totally at variance with each other. Between the two positions which they represent a great gulf is fixed forever. In deciding between them one is brought face to face with a clean-cut, radical issue. Advocates of the regenera-

tory method recognize in Sociology a pure or exact science dealing with real or intrinsic values, Absolute Right, axiomatic principles of Truth involved in the social relationships of man. This method operates from within outward, from center to circumference, cause to effect, source to expression, essence or substance to form, principle to manifestation, truth to demonstration, in a consistent, scientific manner. It meets squarely each issue presented, and settles it decisively and conclusively.

On the other hand, advocates of the reformative (re-forming) method recognize in Sociology an approximate or inexact science dealing with unreal or extrinsic values, provisional right, relative aspects of Truth which appear in the surface-indications of the world of human affairs. This method is precisely the reverse of the other. It works from without inward, from circumference to center, effect to cause, expression to source, form to substance, manifestation to principle, demonstration to truth, in a tentative, experimental manner. It circles around the central, vital issue of life in a spiral course, relying on evolutionary progress, indirect measures, expedients, compromises, instead of direct application of the principles of Truth. With respect to particular issues, it treats both the individual and society, primarily, as aggregates, instead of sifting out and discriminating, in each instance, between the various elements concerned, in order that each may receive intelligent consideration without violence to, or neglect of, the others. It assumes to deal inductively with matters which pertain to an exact science, and which ought, therefore, to be approached *deductively.*

Jesus, the Christ, whose name the civilizations of the western world have borne for centuries, pursued the deductive method exclusively. Without waiting the order of evolution, he began *at once* to realize the Kingdom of Heaven, a state in which perfect harmony reigns because it is nothing less than the practical embodiment of principles which, rightly applied, admit of no failure or exception. The Kingdom of Heaven is already established in every life that is ordered in exact accordance with those principles; and from thence

its influence extends to the lives of other members of the social organism as naturally as conditions of health spread from cell to cell of the human body. Jesus taught men to seek this Kingdom *now;* to effect its immediate and perfect realization in their own lives, amid present conditions, instead of postponing its fulfilment until the world, by gradually advancing along the rough, tedious road of experience, should chance to arrive at such a standard. He obeyed the Absolute Right in every decision, regardless of its bearing on the evolutionary trend of events or the course pursued by other individuals.

For centuries men have prayed "Thy Kingdom come" without comprehending the way in which it comes. They have reversed the true order of things by seeking to substitute the end or outcome for the beginning. It is from independent beginnings in the recognition of Absolute Right, and practical application of the principles of Truth in individual instances, that the outward transformation of society must eventually be wrought. The Kingdom of Heaven is "like leaven" which, working inwardly, remains undiscovered until its presence is revealed in the outward complexion of events. Or, again, it is, "like a grain of mustard seed," too insignificant to attract general attention at first. Seeds of principle sown broadcast in the world lodge here and there in men's hearts, spring up, and mature in right thinking and acting. The method of Jesus, as illustrated by the parable of the sower, consisted in freely scattering such seeds on every hand, as opportunity offered, irrespective of the conventional furrows prescribed by academic formulas and ecclesiastical traditions. He did not content himself with selecting a favorable spot, carefully depositing the seed and calculating the results.

The standard of Absolute Right is omnipotent to quicken into flame the smouldering embers of true life within men. One of the most striking points about the teaching of Jesus was his postulate that the intrinsic merit and potential worth of an act are determined by the degree in which it conforms to this standard; that the meas-

ure of its efficiency depends on the extent to which it "bears witness to the Truth." "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Paul declared "Christ, and him *crucified*," to be "the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation," thus magnifying and emphasizing the one event in the career of Jesus which, from the point of view of the evolutionary reformer, would seem to indicate the at least partial failure of his mission.

His decisive attitude in facing the issue at all costs, even though it necessitated the sacrifice of his fondest hopes, proved the most important event in history in its bearing on the life of the world. Divested of the quality which that act evinced, his example would have lacked much of its power to transform the lives of men. Results similar in kind are sure to attend every such instance of loyalty to the Absolute Right. "Except a kernel of wheat fall into the ground and die, it cannot bring forth fruit." Such is the paradox that has been described as "the failure of success," on the one hand, and "the success of failure," on the other. And yet, notwithstanding this attitude of Jesus, and the emphasis given by his whole career to the doctrine he maintained with supreme fidelity, its universal significance has been almost completely overlooked by his professed followers in general. Men are still striving to attain to the Kingdom of Heaven by means of an endless chain of reforms, working from without, employing external methods and material agencies, endeavoring to raise grapes of thorns and figs of thistles, quite oblivious of the fact that the essence of this Kingdom —the burden of the life and teaching of Jesus—is *the doing of right for its own sake*, without swerving from the path to reach, by compromising means, results which, to their ill-judged vision, seem indispensable to the progress of Truth. "He that entereth not by the door into the fold of the sheep, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." It is true not only of the individual, but also of society, that "he who would save his life shall lose it;" for the very quality which is sacrificed in worldly-wise schemes of self-preservation, or the perpetuation, by wrong

methods, of social institutions, is essential to the salvation of both the individual and the community. "The sermon on the mount" is an elaborate and exhaustive exposition of certain principles, the embodiment of which in concrete relations constitutes "the Kingdom of Heaven among men"—principles which have been well nigh lost sight of in a maze of theological speculation and ecclesiastical interpretation.

Chief among these is the all-inclusive principle of LOVE. Love is the fountain-head from which issue streams of pure thinking and well-doing that contribute to the consummation of an ideal social state. Wherever the untrammeled spirit of love is allowed to animate and control the affairs of men, specific details of economic and industrial transactions find natural and harmonious adjustment. The sentiment expressed in the query "Am I my brother's keeper?" gives place to an earnest desire to help others realize the infinite delight which follows the adoption of the Absolute Right as one's own standard of living; justice, compassion, forgiveness, humility, self-sacrifice, all spring naturally from the root-principle of Love. Jesus taught men to demonstrate this principle in a practical way by loving not alone their friends, but also their enemies. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." "God is love," and man, in his essential being, is "one with God." In Him he "lives and moves and has his being." The spirit of love is spontaneous, "springing up like a well of water unto perpetual life." This implies that man is essentially *free;* for there can be no spontaneity without freedom. Every individual, by virtue of his relation to the Infinite—his capacity to share the Divine life—is endowed with the unqualified right to realize the principle of Freedom by choosing the manner in which his ideals and purposes shall find fulfilment. Furthermore, one's recognition of his own inherent right to freedom of expression implies that he ought also to acknowledge the existence of a similar privilege on the part of every other individual. The complement of freedom is tolerance. Freedom and tolerance are polar opposites of character. Tolerance, rightly understood, does

not savor of apathetic submission or passive resignation, but implies, rather, a dignified attitude of self-possession, and a sublime consciousness of the secret of true power and mastery. The negative attitude of non-resistance expresses but one phase of the truth; in a consistent, well-proportioned life it is supplemented by the positive, affirmative spirit of love. The injunction to "resist not evil" is incomplete when taken alone; its complement is found in the succeeding clause, "*but overcome evil with good.*" The fulfilment of the divine ideal in man is realized in activity rather than passivity, in affirming the right rather than becoming resigned to the wrong.

The full significance of the attitude of non-resistance can by no means be evident to one who views it in the light of a dogmatic conclusion. Merely to adopt such a policy and make it an arbitrary rule of conduct would leave but a spiritual vacuum in one's life. The spirit of tolerance simply clears the ground and opens the way for constructive endeavor. By the voluntary withdrawal of all opposing, combative, aggressively destructive tendencies, the spirit of love—the only real power—is given free course. The efficacy of the positive factor is apt to be greatly underestimated in this connection. Love is the good in active operation. In its spiritual essence it is far removed from every suggestion of weak sentimentality or morbid sympathy. Desire and sentiment are but degenerate phases of its expression. Rightly apprehended, it becomes the motor and regulator of men's lives, the organic power in human society, corresponding to the force of gravitation in the material realm.

That much of the effort in which this principle is recognized as the central factor is attended by but meager and unsatisfactory results is due not to the inadequacy of the principle itself as a motive power, but to the half-hearted, timorous, indecisive manner in which it is exercised. In order to be practically efficacious in any marked degree a right ideal must be re-enforced by the focalizing, vitalizing element of an abiding faith. When

Love, in its spiritual purity and integrity, holds full sway, its value as a solvent of human difficulties receives practical demonstration, and there is no occasion for relying on force; resistance falls away of its own accord. "Nature abhors a vacuum." Where there is a deficiency of Love in men's hearts, force rushes in to fill the vacancy. The constructive and destructive elements cannot both prevail at the same time. As one appears the other disappears. The two kinds of expression contradict each other. The remedy for darkness is light, not more darkness; likewise the antidote for evil is good, not more evil. All destructive effort applied to the solution of human difficulties represents misdirection or perversion of power, and eventually comes to nought, like the constantly diminishing waves and ripples occasioned by dropping a stone into the water. In proportion as one is possessed by a state of spiritual torpidness, forcible methods seem to him efficacious and essential to success.

Every attempt to coerce one or restrain him from exercising his God-given prerogative of freedom is in direct contradiction to one of the fundamental principles of Being. In this category must be included all thoughts and acts which contemplate or involve the exercise toward another individual, or body of individuals, of anger, violence, retaliation, punishment, prohibition, compulsion, domination, or other form of arbitrary interference, *regardless of that one's attitude* in this particular. "Whatsoever *ye would* that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

One should not be deterred from taking this attitude through distrust of his ability to deal successfully with the most critical and trying situations. As one must master the simplest problems in arithmetic before he can hope to cope with more difficult ones, so, in his dealings with his fellows, must one begin by applying the Truth in the simplest situations, acquiring by degrees the power to overcome greater obstacles in the right way.

These two principles—Love and Freedom—constitute the basis of the science of Sociology, and the substance of the ethical code of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Truth is simple and direct; error is complicated and ambiguous. Social questions, like mathematical propositions, appear simple in proportion as the principles involved are clearly discerned. From a true sociological standpoint the obstacles which they seem to present are reduced to a minimum. One's course consists in implicit obedience to social axioms in dealing with all matters of public concern. The situation, on the other hand, is exceedingly difficult and perplexing for the utilitarian reformer, who undertakes to calculate the evolutionary value of each step in an endless sequence of events. He speedily loses sight of the simple threads of principle in a labyrinth of problems. He is confounded by an appalling array of pretentious evils to be coped with, and intricate, confusing details of policy and administration to be adjusted. He feels constrained to wrestle with desperate foes that menace the established order of things. His attention is absorbed in schemes calculated to better the industrial situation, remedy defects in the structure of the social organism, improve economic conditions, and heal symptoms of disorder in general that afflict the body politic. In order to accomplish these ends he must have recourse, in many instances at least, to measures which necessitate the subordination of principles to the dictates of expediency. Extended lines of specialized inquiry, elaborate courses of study and exhaustive experiment, are often deemed essential to enable the devoted worker to cope successfully with any one of a host of problems which seem to threaten the stability of civilization. He enters upon his arduous task in much the same way that a military commander undertakes a campaign. He plans an attack on the enemy at the most vulnerable point. But after the objective position has been taken by repeated assaults, he finds his advance checked by other foes equally formidable. Fresh problems continue to loom up as fast as old ones are solved. He is forced to engage in an apparently endless series of skirmishes with the outposts of evil, while the real enemy steadily evades a decisive encounter.

Any motive, method, or course of action which violates the

principles of Sociology is unscientific and detrimental to the best interests of mankind, even though seemingly favorable results may, for a time, follow its adoption. In such an event, that which is good in the final issue results from the incidental application of principles of Truth and not from their violation. All the genuinely beneficent ends that appear to have been secured to mankind through resort to violence, war, restraint and kindred agencies, have inured, in reality, from the operation of forces of an entirely different character. The silent working of the leaveu of Truth is largely unnoticed by the impatient throng, who look upon political achievement and military conquest as the most efficient means of shaping social conditions.

Force of arms and governmental authority represent misdirection and misapplication of endeavor, and ultimately prove a hindrance to the realization of true conditions of living. Jesus did not waste time in attempting to "uproot the tares." He ignored the pretensions of evil and directed his efforts wholly to confirming the good. He neither encouraged nor countenanced the combative method, but disavowed it in the most forcible, precise terms. "Resist not him that is evil, but overcome evil with good." "Whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." He saw that only by ceasing to fight, oppose, or even recognize evil as a factor to be dealt with aggressively, and by turning attention to the promotion of concrete rightness, was it possible to awaken men to a realizing sense of their true nature and highest interests. Yet his simple, plain teaching and example on this point have been so persistently evaded and perverted, or given such limited, provisional application, that their original purity and vitality have become obscured by a mystifying haze of traditional interpretation and a dense atmosphere of conventionality. Religious functionaries and promoters of sectarian enterprises, in their anxiety to further the numerical growth and ecclesiastical supremacy of the various organizations to which they are attached, habitually deny the practical power of Truth as an agency in shaping the

lives and fortunes of men, and resort instead to compromises and palliatives. Short-sighted, time-serving materialists and utilitarian reformers, thinking to save the world from impending disaster, feel constrained to build on the shifting sands of policy. They seek to patch the worn, faded garment of society, and render it serviceable and respectable; while, in reality, the material itself, being a shoddy mixture of incongruous elements held together by statutory decrees and constitutional authority and lacking firmness of texture, is unequal to the strain, and yields when the attempt is made to fasten upon it, at intervals, bits of fabric woven from the eternal principles of Truth. It is not the details of its administration, but the *system itself* that calls for renovation and reconstruction. The tree must be renewed if its branches are to survive and bear fruit. The stability and permanence of the organic structure of society must be secured before the fruits of reform can be of long duration; and this can be done only by a return to first principles as enunciated by Jesus. The fruits of a shallow utilitarianism, which at first appear fair to outward view, soon wither and decay.

The Kingdom of Heaven is the only order that contains within itself the elements of permanency, since it alone correctly demonstrates the principles involved in the social life of mankind. However beautiful the patterns of society which human ingenuity and intellectual sagacity devise, however sanguine the hopes which men entertain of a state of civilization and culture in which arts, sciences and industrial pursuits shall attain to a level of superlative excellence, their dreams must fail of concrete embodiment and eventually come to naught, unless they are conceived along lines which conform to those principles. Such has been the fate of all great civilizations of the past. Seeds of error, implanted in their very constitution along with the principles of Truth, have, in time, matured and assumed such formidable proportions as to undermine and overthrow the structure itself. One after another, from the earliest historic period, strong races have succumbed to insidi-

ous foes that corrupt and destroy. As Greece perished, as Rome perished, so likewise will our American civilization perish unless we awaken speedily to the necessity of social regeneration. The inadequacy of the external, reformative method becomes increasingly apparent as problems multiply and the necessity for their solution grows more urgent.

At the beginning of the twentieth century a spirit of hostility is widely prevalent among the leading nations of the world, while the two foremost representatives of so-called Christian civilization are zealously engaged in the subjugation of inferior races for commercial ends. An atmosphere of ferment pervades the industrial realm, and revolution seems imminent. Corruption is rife in political circles, and mammon rules in the marts of trade. Will telegraphs, railroads, steamships and all the mechanical contrivances of this marvelously productive age, avail to save a civilization that is unsound at the core? Can the beneficent influences of schools, churches and humane institutions counteract the evils of a debasing social and economic system? Will perfunctory worship, charitable contributions and munificent donations for universities, hospitals and libraries neutralize the baneful effects of a sordid and reckless materialism? Notwithstanding the rapid growth, within recent years, of religious, political and industrial reforms, the stability of the present order is seriously threatened. A recent editorial in one of our most ably edited newspapers sums up the situation in these suggestive words: "The hopeful souls who flattered themselves not long since that vast progress had been made in the world's condition, and that the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth could present no experience of crimes and woes comparable with those attending the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, may well stand aghast as the swift procession of evils marches before our appalled and sickened vision, without apparent end. We but dimly recognize the portents of what we have already seen. It is well that a veil is drawn before the on-coming future so that

we may at any rate fortify our hearts with hope while we fearfully face its possible disclosures."

The spectacle is indeed disheartening from the standpoint of an advocate of the reform idea—a prophet of the John-the-Baptist type—who hopes for the salvation of society through the purification and perfection of the existing order. Verily, the Kingdom of Heaven cannot be grafted upon such an order; nor can that order be so amended as to embrace a movement inspired by ideals wholly incompatible with its intent and purpose. The changes demanded are radical and fundamental, reaching down to the very roots of the social organism. The obstacles encountered in attempting to establish the true order on the basis of that which now obtains, are as insurmountable as those attending the feat of riding two horses going in opposite directions. Any movement that can be made to coincide and harmonize with the schemes and methods of a civilization resting on a materialistic basis, is Christian in name alone. Were it possible, by heroic application of external remedies, to eliminate the abuses and vices which at present infect our civilization—intemperance, lust, oppression and kindred offenses—the general character of the body politic would still remain virtually the same, giving rise to other abnormal expressions different only in their specific forms. Vice is the scum that accumulates on the surface of the stagnant social pool. Merely to remove this scum does not remedy the difficulty, for it continues to form so long as the water remains stagnant. Vice is elastic; repress it locally, and it will come to view elsewhere on the surface. Efforts to repair or remodel the superstructure of our civilization are of comparatively little value until a durable, permanent foundation is laid. On the erection of a serviceable building a substantial groundwork is quite as essential as perfect architectural design. Shrewdness, energy, education, culture, will not avail to preserve an order that rests on an unsound basis.

Jesus devoted but little attention to the "external order." He expressly declared: "My kingdom is *not* of this world." Are we

ready to repudiate his method and abandon the course indicated by him for the regeneration of the world?

The springs that feed the concrete manifestations of life have their rise in the spiritual realm. Spiritual regeneration begins independently of industrial revolution, and offers the only secure foundation for success of an enduring character. All movements in which material considerations of any kind are made an end in and of themselves, tend to deteriorate after a limited period of prosperity. Thoroughly healthy outward conditions can be had only as a result of spiritual quickening. In the present stage of human awakening, material success is quite apt to be a detriment to spiritual progress. The ideal is oftenest apprehended by those who are in the depths of human affliction and disappointment. Not that the two phases of experience are in any true sense related in themselves—they are, on the contrary, entirely independent in their origin—but it seems that only in exceptional cases do men arrive at a deep sense of the spiritual significance of life while surrounded with the outward symbols of prosperity. To seek to prepare the way for spiritual realization by first establishing favorable external conditions, is to reverse the true order of attainment.

Normal forms of expression are an outgrowth of inner spiritual factors. "The Kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation," neither is its coming facilitated by outward advantages of any kind. Yet material improvement is as certain to succeed the inner regeneration as is daylight to follow the course of the sun.

Clear perception and faithful observance of the axioms of Sociology necessitate a new beginning, a change of attitude, a reversal of the traditional mode of dealing with matters of public concern. They call for a fresh alignment of issues, a radical revision of codes and confessions, a new course of action following lines, in many instances, diametrically opposite to those laid down and adhered to by existing organizations, schools, sects, parties. Since the two positions cannot be made to harmonize, the lines of work indicated by each must, in the nature of the case, be distinct and independent.

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They represent two standards that cannot be reconciled, two methods that cannot be combined, two movements that cannot be consolidated. "Except ye be turned about, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven." This implies a recognition of the necessity of beginning anew—with the alphabet of social relationships, the elementary principles of Sociology.

In the vision of the seer "the new Jerusalem" is described as "*coming down out of heaven*," not as *rising from the earth.* The Kingdom of Heaven does not evolve from the kingdoms of "this world." Its progress is necessarily independent of political organization, governmental administration and ecclesiastical authority. Social bodies organized around material interests, and held together by statutory decrees or motives of self-aggrandizement, lack the elements of vitality and permanency. Civil governments sooner or later suffer decline and fall a prey to combinations of self-seeking schemers. The normal type of social organism represents the untrammeled expression of individuals desirous of enlarging the scope of their lives through *mutual association and voluntary co-operation* in such channels as the spirit of true service and devotion to communal interests shall dictate. The specific forms of such expression will then represent a spontaneous outgrowth of the quality of life within. In the human organism the hand does not attempt to regulate the eye, or interfere with its functions. Neither do the hands interfere with each other in the discharge of their respective duties. Abraham Lincoln once remarked that no man was "good enough to govern another without the other's consent.'

Any institution, civil or religious, which operates to deprive the individual of his inalienable right to exercise absolute freedom and spontaneity of expression, violates a fundamental principle of man's constitution. Arbitrary regulation, coercion, prohibition, retributive justice—prerogatives of civil government—are at variance with this principle, and, therefore, foreign to the true social order, the Kingdom of Heaven among men. Jesus declared: "I judge

(condemn) no man." When the Pharisees brought to him one convicted of a crime punishable, according to their law, by death, he rendered the verdict: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." In striking contrast with his attitude is that revealed in the following extract from an apology for the externally administered order, by a professor of Moral Philosophy in one of our leading universities: " * * * * I have taken for granted what I think I see as I look at history, that capital punishment is necessary if we are to maintain the external order." There is hardly a precept in the sociological teaching of Jesus that is not deliberately and habitually repudiated, explained away or disregarded by advocates of the evolutionary method in their attempts to defend and justify an order based on external regulation. May we not well inquire whether a regime is really worth saving if its continuance is incompatible with the ideals of the Kingdom of Heaven; whether any thing is to be gained by perpetuating governments and social institutions, the ostensible policy of which it is to extend the dominion of Christianity, while the tribute exacted for their maintenance consists in practical subordination or negotion of the very principles which they nominally profess to uphold?

One cannot hope to succeed in working out practical examples in cube root so long as he continues to add, subtract, multiply or divide incorrectly. Neither can he hope to settle complicated and vexing social questions by proceeding in defiance of the principles that underlie the science of human relationships.

A few years ago the commander of a United States battle-ship was presented with a $3,500 sword and a Bible, in commemoration of a great naval victory. Although the cost of the Bible was not stated in the account, it is natural to infer that it accorded with the donor's estimate of the relative worth of the two agencies in shaping the course of civilization. An editorial in one of our leading newspapers states the case in these pertinent words: "It is one of the strange freaks of human nature that it is willing to pay much more for destruction than for upbuilding, more to propagate hate

than to induce love and trust, more to conquer by force than to win by service, more for the vanity of glory than for the profit of righteousness. Unless this were so, there would be little war. The spendthrift wastefulness of war has been often set forth in startling distinctness; but it is still true that nations are willing to sink immense resources in this way with enthusiasm and hurrahs while comparatively stingy and penurious in grants for the encouragement of true progress and enlightenment. 'Millions for destruction, not an unnecessary cent for salvation,' is the cry of a people who do not understand the gospel of economy any better than the gospel of Christianity."

> "When half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals or forts."
>
> —*Longfellow.*

Yet so subtle and insidious is the influence of the spirit of destructiveness upon social ideals, that even the pulpit—whose ostensible mission it is to declare the gospel of "peace on earth"—is infected with its virus. At a recent convention of preachers the Peace Congress was severely criticised and the necessity of war was advocated. A representative clergyman in one of our largest cities declared in a sermon: "It is only for demons to engage in the human carnage called war; yet in an imperfect stage of civilization there are times when no other resort than to arms is open." Quite in keeping with such utterances is the spirit of pseudo-patriotism widely inculcated among the youth in both secular and religious circles, which finds expression in enthusiasm for the flag—symbol of ideals and methods of a shallow materialism as contrasted with the principles of the Kingdom of Heaven. The shibboleth of patriotism suffices, as occasion demands, either to conceal or vindicate the grossest injustice and the most flagrant abuses. Not long ago resolutions in favor of one of the contending parties in a bloody war were adopted by 22,000 children in the public schools of one of

our American cities. To such straits are the advocates of the reformative method driven in defense of their position, that conquest is frequently deemed essential to the spread of civilization and the Christianization of the race. A certain ecclesiastical functionary declared, apropos to the late disturbances in the Orient: "We will Christianize China even if it takes a million bayonets and a sea of blood." What a subtle tinge of irony is here revealed! Is it possible to imagine a more pitiful example of cant and hypocrisy than that embodied in such a claim?

Could any comment on the incompetency of the external method be more caustic than such an admission after nineteen centuries of so-called Christian effort? The customary defense of such proceedings is found in the plea that forcible measures are necessary for the preservation and progress of human institutions. A general in the United States army stated, in an address to a regiment of volunteers, that the chief advantage of the work in which they had been engaged was in its "engendering of a warlike spirit, without which no nation can continue to live, and by which alone a nation is created and made perpetual."

But if it be true that satisfactory results are impossible in mathematics when axioms are ignored and rules transgressed, it is equally true that the best interests of mankind cannot be promoted by repudiating social axioms. The salvation of mankind is of more consequence than the perpetuation of any religion, civilization or social order.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." Force begets resistance and enmity. Love begets sympathy, harmony and good-will James Schouler observes, in his History of the Civil War: "War, though waged for a moral principle, brings in its train immoral results—extravagance, waste, the greed of gain, an inordinate passion to expand like the frog of the fable, lawlessness, a disdain of fundamental and salutary constraints. About the battle-field of slaughter and glory are seen the buzzards and foul beasts of prey.' Herbert Spencer says:

"Whatever fosters militarism makes for barbarism; whatever fosters peace makes for civilization. There are two fundamentally opposed principles on which social life may be organized—compulsory co-operation and voluntary co-operation—the one implying coercive institutions, the other free institutions. Just in proportion as militant activity is great does the the coercive regime more pervade the whole society. Hence, to oppose militancy is to oppose return toward despotism. My fear is that the retrograde movement will become too strong to be checked by argument or exhortation."

Mob-violence and war are but the climax and culmination of ill-directed emotion—general clearing-houses for insane and destructive passions and impulses of all kinds—the fruitage, on a grand scale, of innocent and thoughtless indulgence, on the part of individual members of society, in feelings of anger, bitterness, hatred, revenge. Nor can we expect such flagrant and general outbreaks of the contagion to cease until the public mind is thoroughly aroused to the importance of systematic training of the emotional nature in the young, as the intellectual is now trained in the public schools and other institutions of learning. No portion of the race can be entirely redeemed from error, in a concrete and practical sense, apart from the whole.

In devising schemes intended to work to the advantage of certain members or sections of society at the expense of others we build to our own destruction. Society cannot be saved by purging it of the "dangerous classes." The whole body politic is infected with the deadly germs of a sordid, time-serving materialism which makes its corrupting influence felt among all classes alike, in civil, industrial and religious affairs. The multi-millionaire and the outlaw are but products, varying according to the soil from which they spring, of the self-centered, separate, exclusive, personal tendency.

The reconstruction of society must begin in the individual consciousness. The true social order will not manifest itself in any marked degree in concrete form until the ideal has expanded to

sufficient proportions in the hearts of men, and the time is ripe for its fulfilment. Then its consummation will be speedy, like the erection of a building after the materials of cnstruction have been carefully selected and prepared. Until the spirit of bitterness, anger, condemnation, deflance, hatred, revenge, vindictiveness, has been completely extinguished in one's heart by the spirit of love, so that his attitude toward all his fellows is that of good-will, brotherly kindness, compassion, forgiveness, not alone in sentiment but in every truth, it is but cant and hypocrisy for him to pray for the outward manifestation of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. The attitude of representative people of all callings and conditions toward the fanatical assassin discloses, deeply rooted in the public mind, the self-same spirit of bitterness, hatred, revenge which prompts his murderous deed. Despite a nominal assent to the precepts of Christianity, the professedly religious as well as the irreligious classes, still quite generally accept the motto "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," as the rule of their lives. If the salt of the earth has "lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"

Those elements of civilization which are spiritual in their origin are destined to survive the vicissitudes of the material realm; while those which are material—dependent for their support on outward authority and arbitrary control—are doomed to decay and disintegration. That which is built of "wood, hay and stubble" must eventually be consumed in the fire that tests the works of men. Only that which is constructed of the principles of Truth is capable of surviving the ordeal. He who lives according to those principles will not seek to abolish, or even antagonize, existing institutions and organizations. The issue is not the abolition of government, but the providing of a substitute that shall in time render its controlling, restraining function superfluous. It is not his mission to destroy, but to fulfil; to confirm and extend the good by calling forth its manifestation in men, knowing that, when adhered to loyally and persistently, it obliterates evil as effectually

as sunlight quenches darkness. Although "*in* the world, he is not *of* it." He "renders unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," even though the tribute exacted seem exorbitant. Until the superiority of Love as a constructive, organizing power is so generally recognized that no occasion shall seem to exist for the continuance of forcible agencies, "the kingdoms of this world" will continue to fulfill their appointed function of exercising dominion over men and regulating their affairs. The old regime will not be superseded until that in it which is good shall have been fulfilled in the perfect order already forming within—just as the outer semblance of the chrysalis stage is preserved until the maturing butterfly is ready to emerge. Henry D. Lloyd says: "We talk of the reconstruction of society, and it is going on steadily right among us. We dream of a Utopia, and we are getting an Altruria right now. Beneath all the evils that we see about us there is the well-developed beginning of an ideal life."

How speedily the consummation will be effected, how far distant the day when "the kingdoms of this world will have become the kingdoms of our Lord," depends on the loyalty of men to the standard of Absolute Right. There is a growing conviction among people of all classes that something is wrong in our social life; but exactly where the difficulty lies, and just how it may be remedied, are questions that defy intellectual solution.

The feeble, diffused rays of realistic thinking and self-sacrificing effort shed abroad in the world on every hand through the lives of earnest, loyal souls need to be brought to a focus by the lens of spiritual perception, so that the outline of the perfect social order shall stand out in bold relief. That the standard of Absolute Right has not thus far been a more important and generally recognized factor in shaping the course of human events, has been due to a lack of clear comprehension of the issue and clean-cut, decisive purpose on the part of those whose lives have been devoted to the service of mankind. Let the true status of the science of Sociology become generally recognized, so that every social proposition,

whether concerned with issues of greater or lesser moment, shall be viewed in the clear light of social axioms, and the scattered efforts of individuals and sectarian organizations will merge into one grand, world-wide movement that shall unite men in a universal brotherhood. Each one must clearly discern these axioms and be conscious of their value before he can hope to deal intelligently and understandingly with the complicated situation of practical affairs. So plain are they that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err" in regard to them. The Truth which men seek in tortuous ways, and strive by intricate methods to discover, lies so close at hand that it commonly escapes detection. Open vision, clear perception, is the sole requisite to its appreciation. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

The noblest and most profitable end of education lies in quickening perception and preparing men to see Truth for themselves. The Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis says: "Education is the art of taking down the blinds and giving the soul vision-power.'

Not more piety,more morality, more learning, more shrewdness, but increased vision, enlarged capacity to detect and appreciate axiomatic Truth, is the supreme consideration in education and culture. When inculcation of *principles* is made the matter of chief concern in the training of children, the ground of discord, strife, war and social dissatisfaction in general, will be undermined and swept away forever, and a social order resting on an imperishable foundation will supersede the existing makeshift born of tradition and expediency.

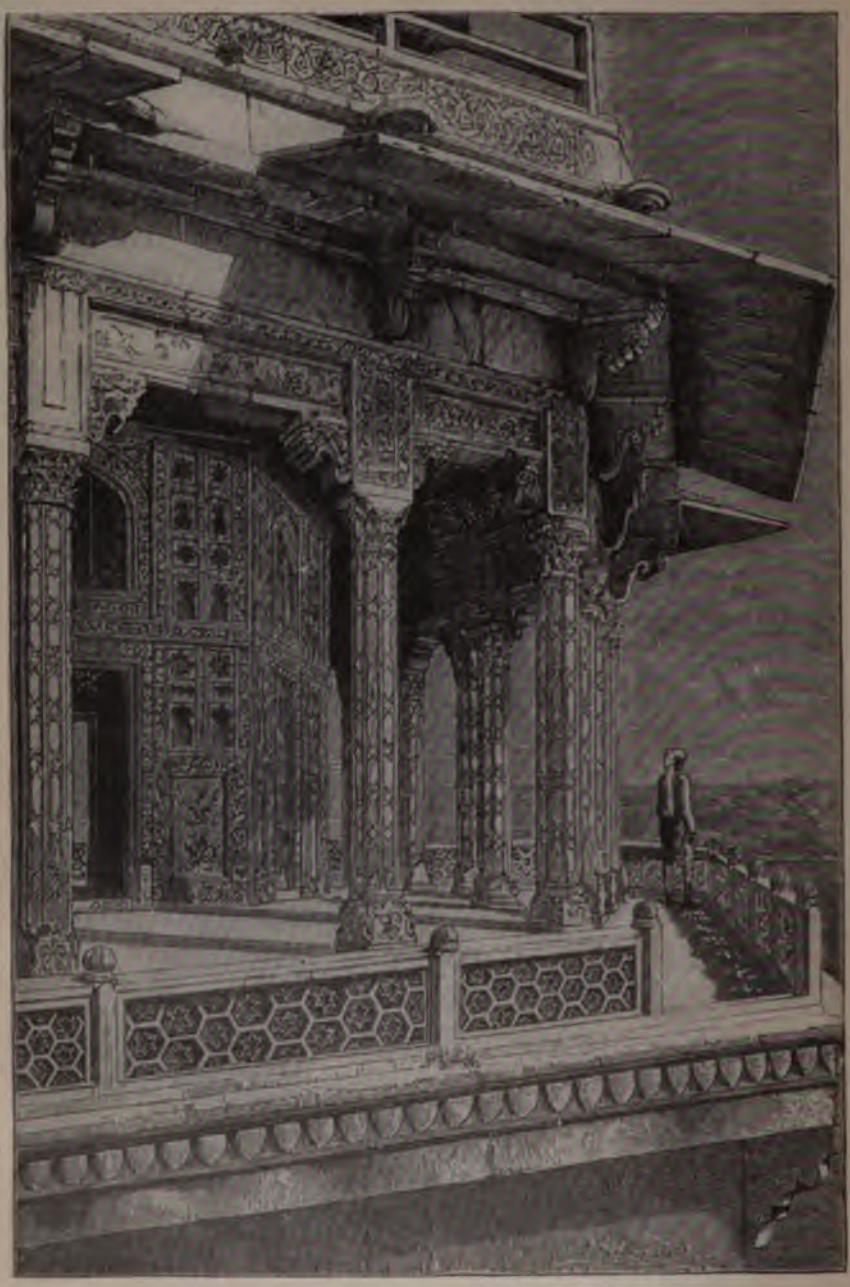
FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

AKBAR, THE GREAT; HIS CHOSEN CAPITAL, AGRA.

MRS. ARTHUR L. SMITH.

This wise man was the third descendant from Baler, the founder of the Mogul dynasty and was born in 1542 when his parents were fleeing from Delhi. The reign of Akbar, contemporary with that of Queen Elizabeth, is one of the most glorious in history. Great in war, politic and merciful in victory, greater than all in peace, a liberal patron of learning and industry, standing high above all race and creed hatred, and drawing to his service able men of all races and creeds, Akbar might well be the model and example for every government. His chief city was Delhi, but Agra was his chosen capital, and it was at Agra that the Mogul wealth and magnificence were most conspicuous. Jehanghir, son of Akbar, is noted for having raised to the throne, the beautiful Nur Mahal, who was a striking exception to the usual seclusion of Oriental women. Her reign was nearly contemporaneous with King James I., of England. She excelled Queen Elizabeth in womanly virtues and courage, was accomplished in painting and needle-work, and also wrote Persian poems. After her marriage to Jehanghir, she became the chief personage in India, managing the affairs of the realm, and all grants of land to women were bestowed under her seal. Her nobles would present themselves as to a king, and listen to her dictates. Gold coins struck in her name by order of her husband, gained, he said, one hundred splendors by having the name of Nur Mahal upon them and that it was impossible to describe the beauty and wisdom of the queen. Arjmand, also called Muntazi Mahal, who married Shah Jehan the grandson of Akbar, was a niece of this famous queen The matchless tomb the "Taj Mahal" at Agra, was built in her memory by Shah Jehan who loved the mother of his nine children. Sir Edwin Arnold, writes of this gem, "It is the proud passion of an emperor's love, wrought into living stone, which gleams and soars with body of beauty, shining soul and thought. All white, snow white, cloud

THE TAJ MAHAL FROM THE RIVER JUMNA.



EXTERIOR OF THE ZENANA, THE FORT, AGRA.

white." . . . . She was the last of the great queens who shared and directed the fortunes of a Mogul emperor; she had no public history, but the love of her husband and the genius of her children attest her worth. Her daughter succeeded to her mother's place in her father's heart. During the remaining twenty-seven years of his reign she guided his policy, controlled his palace, and through the eight years of his dethronement she shared his imprisonment. She built the "Rest House" at Delhi, and died unmarried at the age of 67, with the fame of her past beauty still fresh.

Along the banks of the Jumna stretches the great fortress of Agra, whose massive wall, one mile in circumference, encloses the palace and audience hall of Shah Jehan, the pearl mosque and Akbar's throne in pure white marble, cut into all manner of fret-work and design so gracefully, that it would be impossible to describe the sights of this magnificent city. One of the marvels of architectural finish and magnitude is the red sandstone palace of Emperor Jehanghir. The great octagonal towers, pillared halls, stone roof, wonderful marble baths, vaulted chambers, monolithic cisterns of light porphyry, quiet marble nooks and pavilions overlooking the stretches of the Jumna valley, make it one of the most magnificent monuments of Mogul splendor. The palace of the empress is concealed by rich lattice work of finest marble. A grape garden of two hundred and eighty square feet, where the ladies of the court lived in luxury, is seen, and near by the pavilion where Shah Jehan (when imprisoned by his son) could look out a mile away, and see the beautiful tomb of his beloved wife.

The most remarkable place in the immediate vicinity of Agra is Sekandra, the burial place of the great Akbar who died in 1605. The very *gateway* is a triumph of architectural skill; at each corner rises a white minaret sixty feet high; this tomb is surrounded by others built for various members of his family. The whole structure above and around this imperial dust, is more like palace than tomb; corridors, pavilions, marble lattice work, indeed all archi-

tectural devices known to India's architects three hundred years ago, are here employed to perpetuate the memory of the great builders of the Mogul throne. The Pearl Mosque, though not the largest, is perhaps the most exquisite in all India. It is lined with white marble veined with blue and gray. At each corner rises an octagonal tower. A marble tank beautifies the center of the court; fifty-eight slender pillars support a marble cloister, which runs around three sides of this court. The central doorway is open, but all others are closed by screens of marble lattice. One of the attractions of Agra is the sandal-wood gates of Somnath, taken at Ghuzuee, which proved so troublesome to Lord Ellenborough. Enough of deep interest to fill a book, could be told of the architectural treasures in the old streets of Agra. The great red sandstone fort was most gallantly held during all the time of the dreadful mutiny and many gallant deeds were done. Long after the gates of Delhi were battered down, the city of Agra held its own and is today one of the most interesting to travelers.

A descriptive and statistical account of Akbar and his great empire, which he divided into fifteen provinces but left the affairs to the self-governing institution of the people, and his enlightened administration in India, may be found in a work called Ain-i-Akbari, translated from the Persian, and published by the Asiatic Society of Bengal. This work is referred to by R. C. Dutt, C. I. E. in his valuable primer, "The Civilization of India." This book gives an account of the emperor's household, and valuable information in regard to the industries and occupations of the people in the Sixteenth Century; also of Akbar's "Divine Faith" which was based on natural theology and comprised the best practices of all creeds. His enlightened and sympathetic soul caught the spirit and ennobling idea of the *One* God of the universe, manifesting himself in various forms and receiving worship under various names.

MARIE B. SMITH.

WORLD-MENDING.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

"The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."
—*HAMLET.—Act I., Scene 4.*

It has been, from time immemorial, the ambition of individuals with more or less of generous impulse and disinterested motive, to repair the defects and right the wrongs which seem to predominate in human society. From heroes like Curtius, statesmen like Confucius, and sages like Buddha, down to the seedy politician of the ward, and Mrs. Jellyby with her immense correspondence, the civilized world has been in all ages overrun with benefactors. One time a nation has been delivered from actual or impending calamity; at another, the peace of a family, neighborhood, or social circle, has been invaded and even completely upset by some individual or group of individuals, resolutely determined to set things right, which quieter or more stolid persons had not supposed to be going wrong.

Doubtless, we ourselves have, at some period of our lives, had an attack of this peculiar enthusiasm. As we are bred or constituted, every one looks in his own direction for a remedy. The average American expects it in the exaltation of his political party to power, or in the election of his favorite candidate to office; as though human nature was not essentially alike in men, however they might be factitiously arranged, classified and ticketed by order. The country is "ruined" periodically, at every general election, according to somebody's view of the matter; the people, nevertheless, the majority of them, really appear to enjoy the unfortunate condition. We are led to conjecture that they possess blunted sensibilities, or else that the calamity which they experience is not as serious as had been depicted. The election of the candidates whom we oppose does not blight industry, prostrate our liberties, or inflict upon us the horrors of war. Steadily, but not

in the way that partisans expect it, the country moves forward to accomplish its career. A mightier force than the passions and caprices of the hour is at work in public affairs. Voting will hardly make or unmake commonwealths; a moral power exists behind them all, and the several parties seldom do more than play in puppet-show.

Others endeavor to solve the problem by religious methods. The Bible has been ransacked from end to end to find rules, lessons and examples for our direction. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," we are everywhere assured; "happy is the people whose God is the Lord." These are convictions which we should treat with respect. Besides, we should regard the right of private judgment as equally sacred. Indeed, it would seem that the Moslem is more earnest and even sincere in his faith than the average Christian. The latter has stated recurrences of religious periods, such as Sabbath-worship, set times of fast and festival and revivals of religion. The Turk and the Arab on the other hand, though duly observant of hours of prayer and other rites, nevertheless repose everything in the keeping of the Almighty. Whether they go to battle, pursue the daily calling, dally at home or engage in some lawless enterprise, it is all the same: *Allah hu akhbar*—God is great! The stage, the world, all, belongs to the infinite wisdom and not to finite sagacity; and all must move as it is propelled. Hence at the present time, Islam seems to have in it more faith, and hence more of moral force than its Christian rival. It is accordingly making more headway. Siberia and Africa appear to be becoming Mohammedanized, while Christianity makes little perceptible inroad upon Buddhism or Brahmanism, or is able to counteract the disintegrating influence within its own bosom.

A third class comprising individuals of Sadducean proclivities, little regarding any opinion higher than the world of sense, would propose culture and civilization as the surest remedy for human troubles. In their view, religions do not differ essentially, and political affairs in all countries tend to become substantially alike

in the principles of administration. Men change, but the facts at the bottom are the same. I am vividly awake to these considerations. I have myself been somewhat of a world-mender after my own ideal; yet it appears plain that institutions, free or otherwise, will hardly go far toward an improving of the condition of mankind. Nor do opinions go much further. The several religious bodies are as eager for ruling as the veriest tyrant, only they often lack the organization by which to make them dangerous to freedom of thought and action. The leader of a sect is generally a despot in temper and if he is not, he is followed by someone that is. We find as much intolerance with those who profess liberal sentiments, as in the more arbitrary sects. Reformers, whether political or religious, are often malignant as fiends toward those who do not subscribe to their notions without reservation and at the sacrifice of individual conviction. The imperial palace and the democratic platform, the Vatican and the conventicle, exhibit alike the satanic love of ruling. All religions, all modes of government, all institutions, however divergent in their inception are very sure to meet eventually in a similar channel. The Unitarian and Trinitarian, the Jew and Pagan, the Reformer and Conservative, the Moslem and Christian have a like disposition to tyrannize over their fellows.

What plea can be made in the behalf of culture? For civilization has moved with steady progress from older to newer realms, from China and from India, Babylon and Egypt over Asia Minor, Northern Africa, Greece and Italy to the other regions of Europe and to the American continent. It gives costly houses, gaudy clothing and the servile homage of multitudes to the rich and powerful. But always the diamond betrays its speck. Close at the palace-gate, before the church-door, within the temple itself where the glories of this civilization are displayed, the poverty-stricken Lazarus comes with his sores. In metropolitan New York with its palatial abodes, its churches, its schools and libraries, a vast number of the population lives in miserable abodes. Other

places are little better. English cities are worse. Europe, Catholic and Protestant alike, has a damnable record. The miseries as well as the pleasures and enjoyment of human beings seem to have been vastly enhanced. The men who build gorgeous temples do not go to them to worship, and the laborer that constructs the palace does it for another. The very culture that makes men skillful is often attended with conditions that render their talents virtually misfortunes to them. Millionaires, like mountains, may crush down millions. This state of society is faulty from dome to foundation. What was true in ancient times in respect to oppression and profligacy continues still true, except, perhaps, somewhat in form. A civilization which subsists by the degradation and destruction of human beings is, at best, only a qualified good.

What have the world-menders done? Mohammed, failing to make the mountain come to him, went over to the mountain. Christianity, not succeeding in the endeavor to eradicate the Pagan worship, adopted its rites, its divinities and its philosophies, naming them anew. The man who fails to lift the sheep from the mire, too often turns his attention to plucking out the wool. Many who find the time out of joint are apt to substitute personal advantage in place of effort to set it right. Large bodies are hard to move, and enthusiastic endeavor is liable to become weary and disheartened.

The beginning of a remedy for these conditions is to be sought in more careful attention to little things. Our individual strength may not be much, but it will do all that it can by performing what comes in its way. No man ever did a great thing well who was not attentive and accomplished in regard to the details. In the parable it was the one who was diligent and faithful in a few things that became ruler over many things. The little things which are so often depreciated constitute the elements of the greater ones. Thus Paracelsus said that the body of a man was composed of the same material as the planets, and was therefore allied to them. Half-taught men derided his assertion, but the spectroscope veri-

fied it. The physical man and the noblest luminary are from the same origin.

What if the magniloquent beginning of this paper appears at first seeming to have an insignificant ending? What, though the mountains in the fable produced only a mouse, or as the witty John Phillips Phoenix parodied it—"a ridiculous muss?" That mouse had a history by no means contemptible. The lion found himself in toils from which with all his prodigious strength he was unable to extricate himself, but the mouse gnawed them asunder one by one and set him free.

The story has likewise another moral. The prospect of good fortune turned the little animal's head. He rushed on to his own destruction by demanding the lion's daughter in marriage. By a careless step the regal bride crushed her plebeian consort to a jelly.

Here, then, is our lesson. History teems with illustrations. We fail by attempting what is beyond us, but are likely to succeed by resolutely doing what we can. Pope wrote with a sagacity almost divine:

> "Honor and fame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Too much stress can hardly be laid upon the performing of the little things. Neglect here is often fatal. Every enterprise, for example, however magnificent, will be inevitably ruined that does not have a ledger faithfully kept. Moses in the book of *Deuteronomy*, enforces the sentiment which we are maintaining: "This word is not hidden nor far off; it is not necessary for thee to ascend into the sky nor to journey beyond the sea to bring it; but it is very nigh to thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart."

Let the world-mender let go his endeavor to do his wonders outside of his own field of action. He can do great things in it by doing the small things well. Earthquakes may not be at his command, yet as a simple miner he may overturn mountains from their roots. His name may not live in history where the deeds of Alexander occupy but few pages and those of Napoleon are

dwindling to smaller dimensions; but he will live perennially in what he does; and the future, by virtue of what he has achieved will be evolved with a hundred-fold greater splendor from that cause than by any emblazoning of his name. All great things are accomplished, not by individuals simply, but by hearty concert of action, every one doing his part. It is not necessary to seek from others the order of command; every one may hear for himself. Happy for him, happier for the world if he will do that which is heard!

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

ARBITRATION.

The trend of enlightened law-making toward arbitration as a settlement of suits and controversies, is signally demonstrated by the Parliament of New Zealand. The famous measure which has been in force for several years has been successful in preventing strikes of any magnitude, and bringing about a better relation between employers and employees. It has recently been amended by curtailing the powers of the Court of Conciliation and making the direct appeal, compulsory arbitration, easier to obtain.

The Government of New South Wales has gone farther still. It has enacted a Compulsory Arbitration bill, which abolishes the Boards of Conciliation, vests all power of deciding disputes in the Court, makes strikes and lock-outs penal offenses, and even declares the discharging of the employees so as to suspend the industry and remove a dispute from the jurisdiction of the Court, to be a misdemeanor.

Perhaps, however, the recent conference between representatives of the large manufacturing corporations and officers of the industrial associations may prove more salutary than enforcement by statutory enactment. When men like Senator Hanna, Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and others can formulate a plan of mutual concession and fair dealing for both sides, it indicates a long advance in genuine civilization. A. W.

"WHERE TRUTH ABIDES."

A writer in a late magazine speaks of prayer as "talks with one's self," assuming that however temporarily useful it may be, time spent in this and kindred devotional acts is time wasted. Where, I wonder, are we to look for God, if not within the "inmost center" of our being? What else is typified by the Holy of Holies where only the priest might enter clad in garments of clean linen, symbolical of purity?

"Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" cried the patriarch, after listening to the wonderful words of counsel from Eliphaz the Temanite. This wail, says Austin Phelps, has been echoed through living hearts down through the centuries, and a consciousness of the absence of God is one of the standing incidents of religious life. And why? Because men have looked for Him where He is not to be found. They have sought Him in dogma and creed, in form and ceremony, in a vain show of their own good works, and forgotten to look within, where alone He may be found. God is Truth and Truth is God, and,

> "Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
> There is an inmost center in us all
> Where truth abides in fulness."

The materialist is ever on the look-out for facts; the spiritually-minded, for truth. "Truth is God and is everywhere all the time—it can only be called forth from within the *real self* of each one." Our true selves, that which we were meant to be, is so often hidden beneath the rubbish of that which we seem, that we know little of ourselves and our friends know almost nothing of us. To this fact we owe nearly all the mistakes and failures of our lives. "Sometimes there comes to us the picture of this thing that we might be," said Phillips Brooks. "Then we uplift ourselves and claim our liberty, or dastardly and cowardly shrink back into the sluggish imprisonment in which we have been living."

I think it was Harriet Martineau who strongly advised young

people to become acquainted with themselves. How can people live at their best who have no idea what their best may be; and yet one's best to-day must not be his best to-morrow, and the pleasure of acquisition is but a foretaste of the joy of eternal progress. Is it not strange that souls which were meant for the highest pleasure, should go on contentedly through the earth-life in the sole pursuit of sense-gratification?

Shall not you and I be among those noble souls who, as Phillips Brooks suggests, are "determined to be unsatisfied, until these fetters shall be stricken off, and we have entered into the full liberty which comes to those alone who are dedicated to the service of God, to the completion of their own nature, to the acceptance of the grace of Christ, and to the attainment of the eternal glory of the spiritual life, first here and then hereafter. . . So let us stand up on our feet and know ourselves in all the richness and in all the awfulness of our human life."

For what were we placed among men? Look through all God's universe and see if you can find one thing which seems to have been made for itself alone. And if it is so with the material, how is it likely to be with the spiritual? To live at one's best comprises, then, one's whole duty. "To thine own self be true, thou canst not then be false to any man," neither will you be false to God.

Innumerable are the ways in which you and I do violence to that Spirit which dwells within. The least over-indulgence of the senses tends to coarsen the medium through which alone we have access to another soul, thereby lessening the power for good of that subtle thing called influence. The slightest indulgence of irritability or uncharitableness toward a fellow-creature, raises an impassable barrier between us and them, and again our good is turned into evil and the voice within is hushed. When trouble threatens ourselves or our loved ones, how quickly we open our hearts to apprehension, clouding the intellect and rendering clear spiritual perception impossible. Thus do we disobey the Scripture

injunction, the Holy Spirit is grieved and we are left to the mercy of the baser elements of our nature.

All advancement at the present day is based upon the belief that great thinking makes great living; but Lowell, wise beyond his time, affirms that

> "All thought begins in feeling—wide
> In the great mass its base is hid,
> And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
> A moveless pyramid."

Savants are trying to determine whether thought is the basis of emotion, or emotion the basis of thought, but has not the critic poet decided the matter for us, and that, wisely?

> "Nor is he far astray, who deems
> That every hope which rises and grows broad
> In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
> From the great heart of God."

From the "inmost center" of our being, where dwells the Divine, comes every impulse, by which, through us, the world is to be made better. When the poet begs each of us to be true to self, he means that better self which was created in the image of God, true to self—true in every particular, never for one moment stopping to listen to the voice which may always be recognized by the avenues through which it attempts to seduce its victim to walk. Did the Creator mean anything less than this when He launched you and me upon the sea of life? Shall we disappoint Him? Shall we be that for which we were not designed? Shall we not, rather, spend much time with the holy thoughts which link our hearts to the Source from which they spring? This is communion. This is real prayer.

Only they who feel at home with the Divine Immanent are capable of recognizing in nature "the presence of a Spirit which infinitely transcends the material order, yet sustains and indwells it the while."

It should be worth our best effort to be of those of whom it is said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

SUSAN E. KENNEDY.

THE PANORAMA OF SLEEP.

SOUL AND SYMBOL.

BY NINA PICTON.

(IV.)

A MIGRATION.

A half-consciousness—reckoned as neither waking nor sleeping—came in the far advance of night-time. Some invisible power seemed rocking the couch on which I lay—rocking slowly, yet uniformly, until a buoying, as from a sense of flight, became known all at once to me. I felt encouraged to rise, to float to a clime beyond mortal ken or perception.

In the dim-lighted room, I saw a spark—small, glowing and rising from my body's place. " 'Tis part of me," thought I, as it still hovered.

A numbness took possession of my body—that which I reckoned as "me." And I knew no more till the free breath of the Spring evening blew upon me, and the glittering spark had elongated and rounded into a form that held *my* consciousness, *my* reason.

I looked about. High in heaven the moon traversed her pathway. Some fleecy clouds were in her wake, and one small star that seemed pining for companionship. The air was mellow, life-giving. The breezes came through surrounding tree-tops, like faint fetchings of dryads' songs. Even the leaves, bursting from the dark tree-branches, murmured a tremulous note of gratefulness for new birth.

Soaring, conscious of elation and election, I flew toward the zone of Heaven. Then, all at once, a brightness bespread that part of the sky to which mine eye was attracted. The glory grew and grew, till I almost withdrew my gaze. But the fascination of first sight was too powerful—and I looked again.

A Hand, thrusting itself from behind some billowy cloud-caps,

was seen. Between the long, supple fingers a pencil of flame was balanced. Slowly, legibly, it began its mysterious tracing. Each letter was tipped as with flame, each word scintillated and burned into my spirit-sense.

"Fly higher," urged a Voice.

Then I saw that the letters were becoming smaller, and nearness was compellant. Toward that mystic message I flew. It was for me, I was convinced, for no other beings were visible. And now I seemed poised on the cloud-caps, which surrounded me like a succession of fleece-steps. And the Hand was near, quite near, and potent with personality.

A line was traced upon the blue sky-surface. Another, and yet another, until the message, written in a language I understood, filled me with awe. Why was it given to me to stand there? Why was I, the least of creatures, face to face with the Power?

Out upon the stillness, high where no human ear could hear, I voiced a sentiment.

Then the Hand withdrew.

But the message of flame? Deeply it rested in my spirit-self; I had understood; I had accepted. Wheeling downward—in circles made swifter by thankfulness—I saw the city.

The tree-tops still waved to the dryads' song. The silvered leaves yet crooned a midnight murmuring, and *something* in a room beyond, through an open window, in a familiar dwelling, called to me. Had the severance been too long, or was I in an earth-abode where the something craved its counterpart?

I heard more keenly the call. Faster I flew toward the gabled house-top, to the window, open and inviting.

Something still lay on the bed, quiet, voiceless and alone. It opened its eyes. It spoke: "What a beautiful flight!"

And I heard myself. I was cognizant of having been transported somewhere, some time during the last hour-lapse.

That was all.

THE ONE AT THE HELM.

The boat was waiting and I stepped in. Whither it was to carry me, I knew not, nor had any sign been given to me. As when in life, amid a dense throng one sees a face toward which the spirit trends, so looked I on the countenance of one that stood at the helm.

Never before had such intelligence, resoluteness and sympathy been embodied in a face. It was rugged and lacking in youth-fire; but the light of a master-mind gleamed from the eye, and the tenderest lines harbored about the mouth.

No word was essayed me as the vessel left the shore; and for that I murmured not. Out on a stream, placid, mirror-like, we floated. Fresh with the harmony of my environments, I looked about. Some mountains—tall, but deviating in height—encircled the outlook. By that night-time influence, they were softened and strong. Toward their peaks the stars leaned, as if holding converse with those high altitudes, while groups of fleecy clouds scurried away from one another, as if in glee.

The spell of the hour was on me—something witching, yet wonderful. I saw the shore recede, like the delicate limning of a dream. I saw bush and low-lying verdure, tossing tree and giant branches, lose their proportion by distance and the lessing light, but I knew no repining at the separation. For I was going somewhere. My course must have been mapped out long ago, else my feet would not have so surely trod to the water's edge.

Did the Pilot know? Or either of those two figures that I suddenly viewed, that stood to right and left of him?

The three, clad in dark and flowing garb, made not sign nor answer, but, ever as the vessel pursued her way, looked straight ahead, as if some beacon-light attracted them. The vessel was quaint and apparently olden, carefully manned, and, in spite of the creaking now and then of her timbers, was safe and weather-proof.

Evenly she pursued her course. Straight as a die her figure-head

led, and a curious figure-head, by-the-by. From my place in the aft I could catch only a faint outline, but I could see that the figure was white, of graceful proportion and like unto a woman. The carved drapery seemed floating in the gentle stirring of the breeze; the huge anchor against which she leaned was ruddy-colored, like a nugget of gold, and high in the right hand a golden key was held. All this I saw in the moonlight.

"A strange barque and freighted with peculiar people!" and I gazed more intently at the figure.

At my exclamation, more audible than I knew, one drew near unto me. "Hast thou no fear?"

"None."

"Nor wish?"

"Nor wish," I humbly answered.

"It is well! If thou hadst beset us with queries, we should have deemed thee doubting. Thy trust is an aid to us, thy presence a pleasure. Much lieth beyond, to which thou must carry a stout heart. Art thou able?"

"I am in thy hands," I replied, overcome by surety and delight.

For answer he gazed intently, as if reading my utmost spirit; then, calmly moving on, he continued: "Look thou well to thy beliefs; they will serve thee hereafter."

Once more I was alone gazing at the stars, which leaned toward the mountains; hearing the lulling sound of the vessel's course, and drowsy with peacefulness.

How long I slept, I could not determine; but, aroused by a sudden plunging of the vessel, I sprang to my feet. Everything was dark! The stars leaned no more against the mountain-heights; the calm blue of the summer sky had gone, and clouds, portentous, grim and heavy, hung over our heads.

Voices floated across the water; some high-tuned in despair; others fretful and impatient. The whole surface of the lake was agitated; from time to time, a lightning-flash would reveal a choppy heaving, while the waves ran high against the figure-head.

"The Pilot knows!" I murmured, holding my hands in quietness.

And, with the belief, on sped our vessel, cleaving her way as straight as an arrow, while the voices still traveled toward us. And I could see by the lightning's glare that many were struggling in the frothing waters. How frenzied appeared the faces! How vindictive the glances of others!

So absorbed had I become, I had not noticed the falling of heavy drops, until the tall stranger—one that had heretofore addressed me—led me to a shelter, where I was screened from the rainfall. Immediately he resumed his post, after first scanning with greater curiosity my face, to behold if therein any fear found lodgment.

I judged not, so soon did he leave me.

A light began to break—a soft, mellow light that made my surroundings clear again. I now could see the mountains; the stars leaned lovingly against them. More white clouds scurried than before, and between the parted cloud-curtain, the moon looked out, timidly, yet as of one loth to hide herself.

And I knew that the tempest was over; that the white figure-head, leaning on the anchor, meant something to me; that the rugged Pilot and the ones on either side were necessary to my voyage; that I would soon reach port.

THE MYSTIC CHART.

Through a corridor, long and narrow, I took my way. The ceiling was high and of peculiar coloring, while the walls on either side were ivory-tinted and flecked with gold. So deep was the pile of the soft, rich carpet upon which I walked, my foot-steps were scarcely known. I looked about me fearfully.

No one was nigh. To the far end of the corridor I traveled, when, lo, I found myself in a circular hall, from which three other corridors, similar in width and length, led. Looking up, I beheld a vast and convex dome, azure-tinted, and akin in appearance to God's heavens when the night-time coloreth them. A light, mellow and far-reaching, was there, and the vast dome seemed a map over which the finger of God had traced his signs.

And now men walked about the circular way—majestic looking Masters clothed in white samite and wearing long beards, pristine as their robes. They stood afar, near the eastern corridor, and were looking upward, where the blue color was, where myriads of stars twinkled, and where the mellow light fell upon their faces.

Then I listened.

Voices, thrilling with purport, came to my ear. A chant, as mystical as the runes of long-extinct bards, became the burden of their lay.

And I heard a Voice as if in answer. Clear, resonant and ringing throughout that vast hall came the tones. But I learned nothing from its message. The language was not known to me, but to those Masters alone, for they bowed submissively as they chorussed a reply.

Then the Voice became silent. But not I. Something had stirred every pulse of feeling within me, and a whisper like a prophecy came unto my sense: "Why standest thou there? A privilege is granted thee. Look and explore."

Turning to the east, I bethought me of the Masters. Not one was visible. Into some sanctum they had vanished. A chime, like silver bells, sounded afar off. The tintillations roused me to advance.

"It may be a call," thought I, "or a shrine at which I should prostrate myself."

Looking about me, I perceived none to whom I could speak. Silence—mystical, potent, eloquent—enveloped me like an element. Still the silver bells sounded, breaking, as if at stated intervals, upon mine ear.

"It may be some service takes place," I meditated—"something free to all," and I longed—oh, so earnestly—for one to walk with me; the solemnity of the place was weighing mightily upon my spirit.

Then behind me I felt a force like a rushing wind. With a wave of wind-power, it impelled me. To neither right nor left I looked;

on, on, till I had made the circuit of the hall, when I veered suddenly to the east, and followed down its corridor.

Then afar I saw one walking, as if in earnest thought. Upon the floor his eyes were bent, and his hands were crossed upon his breast. And the silver bell still sounded.

Before the Master was aware, I stood before him.

Why looked he up so suddenly, I could not surmise. I only knew the strange and subtle power that pervaded the circle about me, and a great nearness that came from him.

"Come, I have awaited thee. Heardest thou not the bell? To every one summoned within, it hath a meaning."

I bowed meekly my head.

"Do not fear," quoth he, observing my hesitating step. "Feel that thou art chosen, and advance."

I followed at once. Then I beheld a door. At the entrance-end of the corridor it stood, and on its face queer symbols ran. A password of ancient origin came from the Master's lips.

Slowly and noiselessly swung the door upon its hinges.

"Come," invited the Master. "Tarry not long."

Into that strange and narrow apartment I walked. On the walls maps of all kinds were hanging. I looked upon them; but the names were new to me. On the ceiling zodiacal signs were placed. Under the one where I stood, a chart rested.

"It is thine," said the Master, looking up at the ceiling to see my precise location. "Take the chart into thy hands, and discover its meaning."

Then I bent me forward and raised it from the floor. Strange to relate, it was light as air. Cube-like in shape, its surface appeared porous, while each side was black as ink.

"I see nothing," cried I, in wonder.

"Place thy hand upon it—so."

I obeyed.

"Now pass in circles until I bid thee cease."

His word was law.

Then all at once a flashing became apparent. The Master ceased. Quickly I withdrew my hand. On every side of the cube, electric sparks shone out, enabling me to perceive hieroglyphics that stood out on the surfaces like letters of flame.

With eager eye the Master read, and as quickly transferred to a tablet in his hand.

The chart became black again.

"Couldst thou but know at once!" cried the Master; "but to none is such fortune given. Take hold within thy hand, for in *this* life's secret lies. All in time shall its meaning come. Neglect not one of its laws!"

To the door I followed him, murmuring my thanks; for a peace as tranquil as an evening hour was upon me.

I left the corridor alone. At its further end I saw the sunshine. An open road, of shrub-lined verdure, beckoned me.

Far behind me came the tinkle of the silver bell.

NINA PICTON.

(*To be continued.*)

TRUTH IN SUPERSTITIONS.

Take any one of what are called popular superstitions, and on looking at it thoroughly we shall be sure to discover in it a firm underlying substratum of truth.

It is my confident belief that all law is law by divine appointment, and that all force is the ever-active Divine Will.

—*James D. Dana.*

We know little of the laws of Matter because we know little of the laws of Mind. —*Buckle.*

Mankind born into its lowest state, has always discovered that Superior Mind acts in the Universe. —*F. W. Newman.*

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XXIII.)

"What is it, Snowdrop?"

The base of a rather steep hill had been gained after a scramble through what seemed to be almost a primeval forest, and here the little party had stopped to rest before the climb that lay before it was begun. Snowdrop had found a mossy seat at the teacher's feet, and was looking expectantly up at him.

"You said you would tell us what the other word was—the word that meant the character people thought folks had."

"So I did, and thank you for the reminder. The word to which I referred is 'reputation.' It has a trick of getting those who use it to believe that it is just as good a word, and stands for the same thing as 'character.' It comes from the Latin word *reputare*, and means 'to count over—to think over,' the counting and the thinking being done about us and by other people. It is their opinion of us, Snowdrop, not that which we really are, and it differs in a way I shall endeavor to explain to you.

"Our reputations may be built up or torn down by other people; our characters can never be touched by anything they may say or do. Its building and its tearing down is done by ourselves—by our own acts. If desire to do evil assail us, and we are too weak to resist the temptation, we lower our characters; if, on the other hand, a desire to do good inspire us, and we bring what strength of soul we possess to the performance of a righteous deed, we lift our characters to greater heights.

"Character will abide by us through all sorts of trials; reputation may be banished forever by a breath, even though that breath breathe a false utterance. Character is the 'real part' of a man which cannot be taken from him, while reputation is merely the costume in which the thought of the world clothes him. At times this same world, innocently or willfully misconstruing some act of

the man, tears his reputation to pieces; the garments it has allowed him hitherto to wear to tatters. Does this affect the real worth of the wearer of the rags?

"If the character of this victim of the world's rage be weak, he hides himself, or commits suicide, rather than meet the eyes of scorn; if his character be strong, he smiles his contempt of the false estimate given him, and goes his way in peace.

"Character has its seat in the soul, and the soul imprints its character upon the physical man. Every particle that goes to make up our earthly tenements bears the soul's impress, and so plainly is it written there, that even those who run may read in our faces the truth we cannot hide. Our bodies are the expressions of our selves—our real selves—and are our own signatures upon the pages of being. We stand for what we really represent, and although the world at large may not yet be wise enough to read each page correctly, among its multitudes are those to whom our beings are an open secret. These knowing ones 'count over—think over' us to some purpose, and the reputation *they* give us is one with our characters."

"You say, sir, that character has its seat in the soul; will you tell us just what you mean by 'soul?"

"In the asking of that question, Blackie, you have brought yourself to the very outermost confines of what we recognize as the physical world. To enter the realm of the soul is to advance to regions beyond the cognizance of the material senses. But I desire to lead you along the path which leads to the beautiful domain of the soul, and if you will be guided by me, will consent to halt upon the way as many times as I shall bid you, I shall be more than glad to show my bright Urchins the way."

"Oh, let us start, sir, at once!"

"It is no new road, Snowdrop," smiled the Wise Man—"this apparently mysterious one we are about to take; indeed, we have been journeying toward it and for some time upon it during all the while I have been enjoying the delightful privilege of talking to you

about Man. As 'all roads lead to Rome' (you have heard the old saying), so any of all the lines of thought the earnest thinker may follow, must, in due time, bring him to this beautiful path that leads to the radiant realms of the soul.' "

"Have you been there, sir,—do you know?"

"Yes, Violet; I have been there, and I know."

"Then take us too! Are we old enough to go, do you think?"

"'Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven'—and this, my little ones, is the realm of the soul. Unless the mature man, endowed, as he may be, with mighty intellect, is at heart a child, he may never hope to enter the beautiful kingdom that is yours by inheritance. Intellect, coldly clear and brilliantly keen, can never of itself reach the domain toward which we journey. Intellect, excellent in itself, can do no good and get nowhere if allowed to depend upon its own actions. It is to me like the numbers in arithmetic, which, potent in themselves, are yet impotent if not used by a master of their powers to prove to himself and the world a mathematical truth.

"As numbers by their proper use assure us of a mathematical fact, so the intellect when brought to bear upon these facts that lie beyond our sense-perception—facts reached only by those faculties peculiar to the intellect—are we assured of the correctness of our conclusions. And as all the numbers in the world, though they give us the knowledge of any measurable thing, as, let us say, the distance from us of a star, they do not help us to cross that distance—to arrive at that star; so all the intellect in the world, though we argue and reason and reach ever so logical a deduction in regard to any subject in question—the kingdom of heaven, let us say—does not help us to find that heaven nor to 'enter in' But let the Real Man make us of his invaluab e possessions, and he may 'cross the distance' and 'find the heaven,' for no limitation is set the soul in space or in time."

"What does the word 'intellect' come from?"

"*Intellectum*—a Latin word meaning to understand. It is a

faculty of the mind, and is used by the soul to perceive things, to judge things and to comprehend them. It is the crystal lens through which the divine rays concentrate to shine upon the heart of man and set alight the holy flame of love. The glass itself is untouched by the fire, being simply an instrument of transmission of light or understanding. It is necessary (as all things that are necessities) for those who would make use of it as they make use of numbers; for the best heart in all the world could avail nought were its possessor mindless. The soul needs its mind as it needs its heart to make itself of use to the world."

"But what *is* the soul?"

"Blackie, did you ever see anything die?"

"Yes, sir; my beautiful greyhound."

"Tell us how the change called Death appeared to you."

"I have often thought about it since I saw my dear dog die. He seemed almost like a person to me, sir, he was so knowing, so affectionate, so kind, so true and *gentle*, just like a real gentleman every way. We used almost to live together, and he slept under my bed at night. I always imagined that he knew my thoughts, for he'd never start off in the morning without first putting his paws upon my shoulders and looking straight into my eyes. His own were real human eyes, only they seemed to me to often and often be seeing things human eyes couldn't. Well, he'd look for awhile, and then he'd start off with a bound, always going in the direction I had meant to take. Do you think he *could* have known what I was thinking?"

"I am sure that he knew."

"Well, he grew to be more like another boy than just a dog. He could do all but speak, and even that he had a way of seeming to do. When the accident that resulted in his death happened to him it seemed to me I couldn't have felt worse if it *had* been another boy. He didn't die right away, but lingered for many hours. Father said if he had been in misery he would have had to shoot him. That would have been terrible to me, and I was thankful that he

had no suffering, and could die as he deserved to die—in my arms."

"How was it that he didn't suffer, Blackie?" asked Goldie, sympathetic yet curious.

"Father said the parts hurt were all paralyzed by the accident, and had no feeling in them. I held him as long as he lived and I shall never forget how I felt when I saw his dear eyes growing dim. It was like a light going slowly out, and I remembering wondering what he'd do in the dark when it was all over and the last spark of the dying-down flame was gone."

"You wondered what *he* would do, my boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you didn't believe that the going out of the light was the end of all?"

"Never for a second, sir. I just *knew* he couldn't be a—a—nothingness—there was too much of him *that knew* to go to nothing. All that is good in people lives on, we are taught, and why should Jack's goodness and all that made him as knowing and kind and loving and gentle as other folks—lots more than some folks—not go on *be ng*, no matter if I couldn't see it?"

"It could—it did, my boy."

"Well, at length the light went out. It seemed as if his poor dim eyes lighted up for a last look at me, and then—all I held was a beautiful form which didn't seem as if it had ever been Jack when I looked at it. It was somehow so different after the life had gone out of it. My companion was gone—somewhere—and the body he left seemed to grow strange to me. Some of the family cried over it; I couldn't."

"Why! You must have loved him more dearly than they."

"I loved him a hundred times more than any of them, for we were together always. But to me it was as if he, the real Jack, had just gone away somewhere, and that I should see him again some time. Do you think that I ever shall, sir?"

"I know that you will. Well?"

"And one can always bear a separation. *They* felt that he was

gone forever; his death didn't mean that to me; it *couldn't;* and so I could bear it better."

"You recognized the fact that the soul could leave the body; for that was what took place, my boy, when the light seemed to you to go out."

"But they say animals have no souls."

"'They say' many things which are not true."

"Then Jack *has* a soul? A *dog* a *soul?*"

"What was it that illuminated the form of your friend? What shone in his eyes, spoke in his whine and bark, manifested itself in an ability to guess your thought?"

"It *couldn't* have been anything else!"

"And after this gentle soul—this good, kind, loving something which was the real Jack left the body, did you never feel his presence, Blackie?"

"Yes, sir, *I did.* I'd start often, imagining Jack was beside me. Sometimes, without realizing that he couldn't answer my call, I'd whistle to him without thinking; yet when I did stop to think, and did realize it, I felt that in spite of it all he did hear me surely, and must know how I missed him—just *must* know it."

"I think as 'surely' that he did. And that which you believe has never perished—that which would have answered you if it could—was the soul of your pet. 'To die like a dog' is a saying of the ignorant. Nothing lives that has not a soul—not anything in all the universe lacks that imperishable part of itself—that vital spark—that divine essence—that eternal, indestructible something that lives on and on, occupying different forms and conditions as it rises slowly by means of its lessons taught by the great universal teacher, Experience, until, after millions upon millions of years, it arrives at the lowest round of the ladder, which Man, as a conscious being, begins to climb.

"The soul of a flower—the poet is not mad who sings of it, and I am with you, Blackie, in your belief that your faithful greyhound had a better right to a 'human' condition than some souls now

occupying them. Jack will go forward, the others backward; for all souls are the universal soul in manifestation, and no garment in which that soul is arrayed tells for or against it.

"As the physical form may be said to be the tenement of the soul, so the soul is the tenement of the spirit, and to those who see with the eyes of the soul (and there are those who see thus) is as material a thing as is the material form to our physical sight. It is the connecting link between spirit and matter, and by it the Real Man can make himself manifest in the lower forms of life.

"And those who thus see do not mistake the little crumbling, ceaselessly disintegrating earth-forms for the eternal substance. All the beauty there is of soul they see—and alas! that there need ever be such sights for their clear eyes to rest upon, the soul's unloveliness. To the soul-gazer it stands bare—'naked and all forlorn'—shorn of all pretense, all illusion, a picture to the divining eye of all that is, all that has been, all that will be.

"Thus the celestials see us—nor can we hide our shames from their holy eyes. If we could have a picture, my Urchins, of all the clothes a man has worn from his earliest infancy to the day of his quitting this stage of life, doesn't it seem to you that from a physical standpoint we could form a pretty fair idea as to what sort of a man the wearer might have been?"

"I should think so. It would be like a sort of pantomime that needs no words to make us understand all about it."

"A good simile, Ruddy. Well, my little ones, thought stands for the finer garments of the soul, and these garments are never destroyed, but stand forever pictured in the World of Reality. Those who are the Seers of this world see our real selves as pictured by those thoughts which go to form our characters. Think of it—each thought an immortal thing, fixing our status—our position in the great universe!

"With what horror would people turn from the black and hideous thoughts they now entertain did they but know that they must at some future time acknowledge them as their own; that the sins

which they now commit only in motive will meet them face to face, jibing monsters created out of their own evil choosing.

"Oh, the ignorant world! How can one know the awful truth and not feel one's heart swell with human compassion for the evil doer! The Man of Sorrows—the gentle Nazarene felt this emotion of pity when he wept over the sinful city. He, the Divine Seer, saw the wicked thoughts of its inhabitants, and seeing, wept for very sympathy for those who must in time meet and face their monstrous creations. He might well call himself a Man of Sorrows; but as he sorrowed with these, he also rejoiced, with those whose clean thoughts, good and pure and sweet and unselfish, made radiant and beautiful pictures in the World of Reality.

"Children, that which we make ourselves is the only heaven and hell we need ever hope to fear or find. Even in this life we may enjoy or suffer which we choose, since by our own thoughts alone we make these conditions—for heaven and hell are *conditions*, not localities, as I have already tried to explain to you. And even in this life we may make pictures for ourselves, which we, by the aid of the fairy, Memory, may call before us to our sorrow or our joy."

"That's so! I always think when I'm doing something that makes me feel happy that it isn't just in the present doing that I am going to get the greatest good out of it, although it is very pleasant then; but it's the remembering it all over and over that seems to make it worth the most to me.

"And a fellow would give anything on earth to forget some things he has done; but he *can't*. Sometimes the things he is doing are important enough to shut out the picture of that which he wishes he could forget, and it grows so dim that it's more like a ghost of a real thing than itself, and he has almost forgotten about it when—presto! up it comes again, and the old worry begins all over for him. It needn't be downright *sin*, you know, sir—just a foolish action that has hurt some one else enough to make the actor awfully sorry every time he thinks about it. But that *is* a sin, isn't it, to hurt any one's feelings?"

"If the Golden Rule be a true working model by which to form one's actions, I should call it so, Brownie. I am glad to hear you confess that this little sin makes you sorry; for it shows that you will not allow yourself, so long as the little ones cause you to suffer in remembrance, to be plunged into torment by the doing of great evils.

"Fight the first little foes to peace with all your heart and mind and soul, and know that as long as you keep those trifling would-be disturbers of your happiness at bay, that the big ones cannot get near you.

"Once upon a time—but this is a story that must keep until we have had our luncheon and have climbed to the top of this great hill. Will our little ladies feed us, please? Come, boys, fetch the pail and I'll guide you to a spring of the coldest water in the country." EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

A WHITE PANSY.

'Twas one August morn when the earth lay fair
And blushing with flowers that scented the air,
That a little white blossom first opened its leaves,
And drank in the breath of earth's sweet scented sheaves.

A little white pansy, so fair and frail,
Too lovely and pure for life's harsher gale,
It bloomed for a space, then closed up again,
And the little white thought passed out, to remain.

MAUD DUNKLEY.

DEPARTMENT
OF
INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.*

EDITED BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

THE MESSAGE OF METAPHYSICS.

We trust the readers of this department will assist the editor in every possible way to make it a feature of importance. We hope correspondents will write us freely, offering suggestions, presenting ideas, engaging in discussions of relevant themes, so that the readers of this magazine will fall in the habit of turning to this section for the perusal of especially practical theses which apply to the daily life.

The problem which shall become the burden of our studies and discussions in this department is how so to interpret the essential principles of metaphysics and philosophy as to reduce them to the ordinary demands of public and private life.

Has metaphysics a message to the philosopher who vaguely foresees a solution of human problems but relegates it to some far-away millennial time?

Has metaphysics a message for the social agitator and reformer who ever cries "the time is out of joint; O cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right?"

Has metaphysics a message to the time-serving politician, the irreproachable as well as the bribe-taking legislator?

Has metaphysics a message for the fossilized pulpit, for decayed dogma and irreligious religion?

Has metaphysics a message for the age that will thrill it to the core and turn its eyes to loftier aims and its heart to purer purpose?

These are some of the themes we hope to discuss in this department.

We want you to discuss them with us; fear not to question,

* This department is a continuation of the *Independent Thinker*, edited and published by Doctor Henry Frank, and will perpetuate the work heretofore conducted therein.—ED.

correct, suggest and argue with us if you think our eyes are yet blinded to the approach of any great truth.

We are at your service, friends.

Let the burdens of the age find relief in the sentiments and hopes expressed within these columns.

A FORELOOK.

I began the publication of the INDEPENDENT THINKER a few years since with the object of advocating the Higher Metaphysics, Practical Psychology, Scientific Religion and the fearless discussion of Sociological Problems. I desired to show that the students of purely intellectual questions need not relegate them to the realm of mere speculation or academic discussion. I believed they were practical, positively applicable to the daily life, and necessarily involved in the sociological issues of the hour. I believed that Metaphysical Idealism should be brought down from its lofty height, where so long it had held aloof in its exclusive aristocracy, and be made to mingle in the haunts of men with the pulsing problems of the hour; that it should become the Saviour of the Age by showing to all men that those fierce conflicts, which for now half a century have been dragging mankind to the edge of civil war, could be settled peaceably and to the advantage of all classes, if they were carefully studied from their scientific side in accord with the highest philosophy.

I was more than pleased to note the general encouragement which I received in my humble effort, and it caused me to believe that if a larger field were available, a better vantage ground from which the ear of the public could be more readily secured, a lasting impression could be made upon the times, and pure Idealism be permitted to fill an office to which it has ever been uniquely adapted.

To reduce the passion of the poet, the dream of the artist, the love of the humanitarian, into practical forms, clothed with the habilaments of living men, acting their several parts in the great drama of life—surely this is the crux, the burden, the ambition of true Idealism.

It is the fate of the gods that abide in the clouds to remain forever unknown. Only the gods that descended into human form and became living men have been the Saviours of the world.

The Idealism of the *clouds* has had its day; the Idealism of the *clods* has come to stay.

That philosophy which is able to turn mere clods of clay into breathing forms of life, which is able to inspire men with the belief that they are not mere machines, subject to the fate of time, but throbbing souls kindled with the flames of heaven, quickening them into active factors in the progress of the world, is the philosophy which is fit not only for the college lecturer and the academic student, but for the common toiler, who seeks his just level in the ascent of society.

To present this problem intelligently was my hope; to have my share in its equitable solution, was my ambition.

To know that the formative faculty of the human imagination is one of the most effective forces in Nature is a secret which might revolutionize the sociology of the ages.

Yet it is true, and not until this secret is recognized and appropriated can we have a scientific sociology or intelligent economics. Man is master of his fate and his fate is moulded by his thoughts and mental images.

To conceive noble thoughts and build images of peace and justice; to strive for the harmony of mankind by a discernment of the unity and harmony of the ultimate reality; to see that the universe is a unit, nature a contiguous process and man and the world a perfect whole; this is the conception that will inspire the hope of human brotherhood and expose the folly and futility of social superciliousness or industrial inequality. To realize that there is one absolute mind which may be conceived as the pattern and perfection of human ideals, and that the ascent of mankind is ever toward this ultimate perfection in proportion as the human mind conceives and realizes this unseen Reality—this is the law whose propulsive power is driving man consciously or unconsciously toward the supremest possibilities of his being.

To digest, expound and promulgate this simple truth is the self-appointed mission of this journal. It may be said that we have a new science—at least new to this age—and that is the science of Metaphysical Sociology.

In the principles of the science we believe lies the possibility of bringing together the ends of the industrial world and spreading the spirit of fraternal interests and social harmony.

And that there is such a solution from the pure Metaphysical point of view, I devoutly believe.

Is there a scientific metaphysics, and if so, can it be practically applied to the needs of men?

This is the *crux*—the storm-center of the philosophy of the ages.

That Metaphysics need not be unscientific, speculative and wholly impractical is coming to be a popular belief in our day.

A scientific metaphysics is a logical and analytical interpretation and application of the realm of the invisible universe. It is a discernment of the forces that operate in natural and human agencies to generate the world which we perceive. A study of the invisible has become scientifically possible because the old error of the absolute separation between the visible and invisible has been totally exploded.

We know that the path of the visible is leading us constantly into the invisible, and that the invisible is constantly becoming visible. In short, that which was undiscoverable yesterday becomes the common information of to-day. There is no such thing as the absolutely invisible and no such thing as the absolutely unknowable.

All things are subject to the search and grasp and comprehension of man. The infinite is ever descending into the finite, for the finite is ever prophesying its infinity. The mind of man is not limited to that which is seen, known, felt or comprehended—it lies in the plane of the infinite and its potential comprehension is as vast as the universe.

Therefore, the grasp of the invisible forces is man's most serious effort. The dynamics of mind is a far more important science than the dynamics of matter.

SUCCESS.

The laws of success are as determinable in human life as are the laws of the physical world. There is no accident in Nature. All proceeds in accordance with fixed and discoverable principles. Luck is a misnomer. There is no such thing. The luck that falls into an individual life is merely the sequence of forces which had been put into operation in preceding lives. In the life of the lucky individual they have reached a culminating point and find a favorable issue. Only by thoroughly comprehending the princi-

ples of psychology—that is, the powers inherent in the human mind—can we forestall success and win by shere resolution. The man who fails has no one but himself to blame. It is his ignorance alone which is his excuse. But in this age of enlightenment a man is criminal who permits himself to remain in ignorance.

* * *

Learn to use your mind as a machinist uses his tools; make the forces of the will and the imagination as pliable to your purposes as the inventor does heat, electricity and magnetism. Each human mind is furnished more elaborately than the best equipped industrial factory. Only when we learn how properly to turn the switch of the motor and set all the belts and spindles and looms to work, do we appreciate our possibilities and accomplish our ambitions.

* * *

To be successful is the end of life. He who does not succeed in whatsoever he undertakes, is a failure. But, on the contrary, there are many successes that are in themselves nothing but failures and disappointments. The attainment of a mere ambition is not the chief end of existence or the quintescence of success. Efforts may succeed, but ideals be destroyed. It is better to fail and give birth to an ideal than to succeed and demolish the temple of the soul. The life of Jesus Christ was a failure, because his followers were but a handful and all deserted him in the hour of the crucifixion. Nevertheless, none of us to-day questions that his was the most successful career in the light of the Ideal to which he was devoted that earth has yet engendered.

* * *

Nations like individuals succeed in fact only when they exalt a lofty purpose and strive after righteousness. The nation that loses its ideals is already dead. England and America must both beware lest they lose their heritage and sink into moral decay. Many think they discern the most abject ultimate failure in the career of both these nations because of the present threatened obliteration of the ideals which inspired their inauguration and primitive development. Because England may succeed in thrashing all the inferior peoples of the earth and frightening the more formidable ones by the serried array of her matchless navy, she does not prove that her career is yet a success. England as a gov-

ernment is not a success when by mere brute force she suppresses the struggling heroes of Ireland, and in cold blood wrests from the unhappy burghers of South Africa the liberty and civic ideals for which they have suffered, fought and died. If America should learn to imitate the policy of Joseph Chamberlain, she would in but a hundred years tear off the crown of honor she once placed on the brow of George Washington, and invite the fate which has befallen all nations that have disobeyed the eternal laws of right and justice.

Nor is the mere accumulation of wealth an evidence of success. It is by no means an evidence of industrial or civic success when in our own country to-day less than four thousand individuals actually possess all the available wealth of the land and are the virtual owners of seventy millions of people. The problem of success which still confronts us, despite our unparalleled commercial progress is, whether the development of all this wealth involves the demolition or exaltation of ideals devoid of which any people, however great, must ultimately fall. If the alleged magical success of our limited aristocracy of wealth tends to make us a sordid, avaricious, and grasping people; if it tends to arouse our desire for mere worldly possessions—for gold and silver and houses and lands and brick- and stone-piles, regardless of the method we must employ in acquiring them; if it tends to increase the army of Wall Street gamblers and pool-room plungers, robbing the widow and the orphan and swelling the ranks of the tramp and the pauper that a few may thrive upon the largess of good fortune, while the many grovel in degradation and poverty—then all our boasted progress is but deterioration and our success the most abject and appalling failure.

* * *

He is not only the true hero, but the world's most exalted success, who hoists a spiritual ideal after which people may pattern their lives, even though he die a beggar and despised. He who grasps in his rugged hand of barter the chances of commerce, and by cunning and indirection appropriates to himself that which has been created by the sweat and toil of others, though he be rich as Crœsus and majestic as Solomon, has lived a useless and tainted life, unfit to be a pattern to coming generations.

A MEDITATION ON SUCCESS.

Faint not in the battle of life whatever be thy lot. Hold on despite adversity, though clouds beset thee and storms surround. Aim at lofty ends; resolve to win, and stay with thy resolution till victory attend. The danger of defeat lies only in the faltering of the heart. If thy desire be pure, if thou art bent not on self-aggrandisement, mercenary end or perverse aim, but only on the good thou mayest attain and on others confer, then is thy triumph sure if thou but fix thy face in the teeth of the storm and buffet thy way through foamy seas without faltering or fear. Fear is the only shaft that may pierce thy vitals and sink thee in the deep. Buckle on the armor of hope, and with the shield of courage go forth, defending thyself with the flaming sword of earnestness, and thou shalt prevail. A god resides in every human soul; he is the god of Victory. Do thou but conjure him with resolution and defiance and not all the powers of earth or hell can compass thee.

* * *

Braveness is not boasting; beware of vainglory. A little victory makes us mad; much victory but makes us modest. When thy tongue is free to boast, thy heart is still a coward. Defeat still stares thee in the face, as a grinning menace, when thy lips are blatant with the praise of self. First win and then rejoice; else thy dear-bought victory may bring thee tears. He whose heart is of flint when the battle is on, but like melting wax when warmed by the zephyrs of peace, is the real hero and universal friend. Study to be self-composed that the waves which emanate from thee shall soothe thy neighbors and bind them to thy heart with unseen chords of tenderness. When the stress and strain of trial shall come they will unconsciously abide with thee and fight thy battles in thy stead. But if with nervous excitation and reckless expenditure of vital force, thou seek to lash them into sympathy and bind them with hypnotic spell, they will be restive till they snap their bonds and then will turn and rend thee. Nothing is final but justice, which alone is crowned with love. Thou must succeed if thou rearest thy edifice on the foundations of righteousness, the bricks whereof shall be truth, justice and mercy. Make this thy daily prayer:—"Give me peace within and

power without. Teach me to desire only the good. Restrain my hand if it fall in hatred and clothe my heart with charity. Help me to recognize myself—other than I daily see—the god within—whose power, majesty and might are mine. Now I know I am strong and no evil can prevail against me. Success is mine and I AM SUCCESS."

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

One of the greatest events of the century and one which should call forth universal rejoicing has recently occurred. It may be said that the most munificent Christmas gift in the history of organized labor was presented to it in the Yuletide of 1901. It will do more for the dignity and manliness of the honest toiler than were all of Mr. Carnegie's wealth evenly divided mong the members of all the labor leagues of the nation. It will add a thousand times more to the ultimate happiness and prosperity, not only of the millions of workers themselves, but to that of the entire nation, if not the world, than all of Mr. Carnegie's free libraries, notwithstanding the avowed benefits they bestow.

For nearly a century past, labor organizations have been looked upon with disfavor. They have been derided, maligned, ridiculed and wantonly abused by those with whose material interests they seemed to interfere. They were not believed to be peace-makers, but strife-producers. It was quite generally believed by the uninformed that every labor agitator and walking delegate carried in his breast a dynamite fuse which he was ready to light at the slightest provocation. There was a time when these men were thought to be the greatest menace to the security of society, and against whom laws were sought to be enacted which would disintegrate their organizations and destroy their power.

But to-day we witness a marvellous reversion of sentiment. The capitalist—the supposed eternal and unyielding enemy of organized labor—meets its representatives on equal grounds recognizing its influence, the justice of its claims and its unassailable and redoubtable strength. What is this but the repetition of history? In all the past the down-trodden have only acquired redress of their wrongs by insistent and unremittent agitation in the face of ridicule, scurrility, defeat and disappointment. But

in the end the fortuitous power, which for the time being held the reign of authority, has been forced for the sake of its own continuance, to make the very concessions for which the lowly and demeaned have for ages struggled.

The day of the redemption of organized labor is manifestly at hand. The end of strikes and industrial warfare has doubtless approached. For this let us truly all be thankful; for it means not only an epoch of commercial and industrial peace, but it means that during the approaching period of peace, men of all grades of society will have leisure to study more deeply and earnestly the great problems of the economic world. It may yet be truly said of the industrial struggle that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

This struggle does not relate merely to the capitalist and laborer, but to every man and woman who lives on the globe. It must be ended right for all the people and not for any one or two classes of men. Should the great proposed Conference result in merely adjusting the contesting claims and conflicting interests of employer and employed, so that peace would prevail in the industrial world, it would by no means bring a final quietus to the economic issues of the age. The stopping of strikes is but one step, and that preliminary to the solution of those deeper world-problems which are crying for the attention of statesmen and legislators in all the nations of the earth.

The Meeting of this Conference and its subsequent Board of Arbitration is a bald revelation of the fear which has seized the capitalistic element of the age and proves the terrible power of organized labor to check the development of industries and paralyze the combined wealth of the world in its effort to adjust its rights and seek redress of its age-invested wrongs. But capitalists fear more than this. Their ears have been close to the ground and they have heard the horrible mutterings of the downcast and discontented. They fear that if the strain continue much longer all privileged legislation will be henceforth impossible, the mass of their accumulated wealth will be torn in shreds by an infuriated mob, and the stability of society be permanently menaced. Hence, their eye is to the future as well as is that of the laborer. They think, doubtless, by making concessions at this juncture, and by thus avoiding the popular agitation which ensues from industrial

strikes, they may succeed in silencing the growing cry of the better informed that the entire existing social system must be disrupted and organized anew upon a basis of higher justice and universal privilege.

Nothing has so much aroused the attention of the age to the necessity of the municipal and national control of public utilities as the constant shattering of the industrial peace by the swift recurring strikes of the past. If the strikes should cease, doubtless those whose interests are opposed to such a social reformation hope that in the ensuing peace the popular mind will become less interested in the agitation and less danger of immediate change would confront them.

But this struggle can never be finally closed by mere compromise or temporizing measures. The tap-root of all the trouble must be removed or there will never be industrial or commercial peace. Not till society is so constructed that a man's honest earnings shall be his own, to be possessed and enjoyed, unsubjected to the legalized marauder who now seizes the loaf and throws to him but a thin, stale crust; not till all the created wealth of a nation shall flow not into the narrow channel of the fortunate few, who now guide it to their own use or abuse, but by just and natural divisions shall flow freely and universally to all the multitudinous factors that have contributed to its accumulation; not till poverty and shameless beggary shall be removed from the earth and all men shall recognize in the brotherhood of human kind the mutual advantage of co-operative unity, and seek to establish an industrial paradise wherein all men shall work and none shall be hungry or idle;—where men shall not exhaust the greater moiety of their lives in acquiring the mere pittance of existence, but by working a few hours each day shall earn sufficient to give them the comforts and wisdom of life; not till some such an issue ensues from the persistent and age-long conflicts of the past can there come a final and lasting close that will satisfy all the classes of society and establish that divine and perfect peace for which the race has ever yearned. But it will come,—it will come; and the recent great conference may be the first happy forecast of its approach.

"THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE."

Religion has for ages been complexioned with supreme selfishness. The appeal has been direct to the individual, and the over-

ture has been the gratification of his personal wants and desires. The Christian religion has suffered from this misfortune no less than other religions both of the past and the present. In the ancient religion of the Jews the emphasis was placed upon the personal righteousness of its devotees, and that of the theocratic state. But the bait with which they were drawn to the promised millennium was the land of Canaan, which flowed with milk and honey; and when the physical Canaan was at last attained, then the offer of a spiritual realm, of which the temporal was but a symbol, was set forth by which to allure the children of the House of Israel to the faith of their fathers. Mahomet, who so nearly imitated both Judaism and Christianity, held his followers in the grip of his magic power, by portraying to them the delights of a heavenly paradise to which he would lead them, where every physical appetite and sensual passion would be abundantly gratified. Even in the far-off religion of Buddha, which so emphatically denounced the false devotion to the personal self, and sought to fasten the attention of the worshipper on the universal but invisible self around which the universe centered, there was an emphasis put upon the benefits which would accrue to the individual of the next incarnation, who sought to live the life of renunciation and pure Buddhahood.

And precisely this same peculiar disposition in the heart of the worshipper has been cultivated in all the teachings of the Christian religion. The offer has been to the individual. The burden of the offer of formalistic Christianity has been: "If you obey the teachings of the faith, if you pursue the proper acts of a true devotee and make sufficient sacrifice for the glory of the Lord, you shall reap your reward in the next world where a crown of righteousness is laid up for you by your Lord and Master. Be good that you may be rewarded. Give alms here that you may have abundant riches when the Father shall greet you in the realms beyond. Do right by your fellow-man here that you may not suffer punishment in the hereafter."

This is the chief burden of the doctrine of Christianity. And I desire to-day to denounce it as utterly selfish, demoralizing and perversive of the higher life attainable on this earth.

The evil in all religions has been that they have sought too eagerly for post-mortem advantages and a paradise beyond the

grave. They have, therefore, encouraged in the unfortunate of the earth the misfortunes which have befallen them as if they were unavoidable acts of Providence, to decry which is but blasphemy and profane indulgence. Bear the lot you now have patiently, and the Lord of mercies will award you in the hereafter a thousandfold for what you have endured. Are you poor now? You shall be rich in the paradise of gold that awaitst you. Are you the slave of industrial oppressors and the victim of commercial bandits? Lift not your voice in vain opposition, for the hand of the oppressor is merciless, and God would not let you suffer so unless it were a discipline you require for your soul's salvation. Therefore, be patient. Remember, were it not for the rich there would be no vast accumulation of funds demanded by the cause of missions and practical religion. God, therefore, suffers some to be rich that they may be stewards of his wealth and distribute it according to the needs of mankind. Remember, what you need more than money, or houses, or lands, or gold, or silver, or all the riches of a Crœsus or a Rockefeller, is the eternal salvation of your individual soul. "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

This is the manner in which Scripture is twisted and common sense distorted by an age of selfish religionists who, seeking their own advantage in every throw of the dice of fate, would blind the eyes of the weak and unfortunate by calling God to witness the sanctity of their declarations.

Now, I insist, that form of religion must die. A religion which emphasises only post-mortem paradises, which keeps the eye of human-kind fixed on the stars till they are hypnotized into a belief that they must suffer here in order that they may rejoice hereafter; which insists that discontent is the temptation of the Devil and must be exorcised from the human breast by religious enchantments; which dares not lift the finger of denunciation against the glaring social wrongs that exist lest those who best sustain the cause become estranged and refuse to liquidate the bills; which fears to champion the rights of the oppressed and curries favor with iniquitous tyrants, heeding not the groans of the widows nor the tears of the orphan; that religion, I say, must and shall be overthrown, even though every vestige of faith be swept from the earth and naught be left but desolate disbelief

and baldest atheism. That religion has taught the world uncharity, avarice, malice, greed and all the fruits of selfish competition. It cannot be the gift of God, if God be good. It must be the imposition of the Devil, if Devil there be.

Nor do I find this same danger lurking only in popular Christianity. I find that even among liberalists and spiritualists, the same disposition becomes prevalent so soon as their eyes are fastened on some selfish purpose. The Liberalist is so absorbed in smashing the gods of bigotry and superstition within the church that he seems to find no time to complain against the god of greed and the devil of commercialism which prevail in all the world and establish the social infamies of the age. The Spiritualist is so hypnotized by the presence of invisible angels whose language he so ardently aspires to comprehend, that he cannot hear the groans of his brother in the flesh who suffers in the industrial purgatories which surround him.

Idealists, too, are wont to shut themselves up in the exclusiveness of their theories, and enjoy the mere intellectual pleasure which accompanies their contemplation, unconcerned as to the fate of their fellows, and grimly satisfied with their own achievements.

Hence, the ranks of the New Thought are crowded with a horde of mere venders of spiritual goods, who seek their own mercenary ends and bend their knees in the worship of crass commercialism. Their religion is self-aggrandisement—their philanthropy is the expansion of their pocket-books. They are dragging sublime ideals into the mire and staining the pure breast of a philosophy which can only thrive where greed and selfishness cannot abide.

It is time we awoke, swept off the cormorants from the sea of truth and once more enshrined the god of love and justice in the hearts of men.

That will be the future religion which is more concerned in building a paradise for mankind on this planet than in laying the foundations of an imaginary world beyond, to which the smaller moiety of the race shall migrate. If there be any virtue in seeking a paradise hereafter, there must be far more immediate virtue in seeking it at present. If there be any post-mortem salvation for individuals, there must be an ante-mortem salva-

tion in which the whole race shall be permitted to indulge. If universal wealth be desirable in the Kingdom of Heaven, it surely must be equally desirable in the Kingdom of Earth. If man is to be blessed beyond by being set free from the hand of the oppressor and the robber, what good reason is there for not anticipating such blessings by freeing him now, at once and forever! If man is good enough to be made an angel in heaven, he ought to be considered good enough to be made a *man* on earth. If religion does not concern itself as well with the interests of the man in the gutter as of the man in the palace and the bank, it has no excuse for existence and the sooner it is wiped out the better. In these few words I have given a brief hint of the cause of the wide-spread atheism of the age, and wise indeed are they who heed the truth. Mammon, to-day, is the universal god, and nowhere so much as in the church. But there is another and a greater god upon the earth. He sleeps, but soon shall wake. Like another Hercules he will rise to slay the monsters of his age. And that god is—THE PEOPLE.

NUGGETS OF LOVE.

Love is the fire which, while consuming life, enkindles it.

* * *

We live as we love and he who loves not is dead already.

* * *

Love is the pure ichor that flows in the veins of the gods; and he is god-like who most loves.

* * *

Love is the mother of tears; on her bosom all sins are washed away.

* * *

Pity and love are mother and daughter; he who would win the latter must often court the former.

* * *

Love and hate are like the poles of a magnet; though mutually opposed they pull together in the struggle of life.

HENRY FRANK.

(To be continued)

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

Beginning with this number we present to our readers a newly acquired feature of advanced-thought work which we believe will prove helpful. We have effected an arrangement with Doctor Henry Frank by which *The Independent Thinker* has been consolidated with THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, and the work formerly conducted by Doctor Frank in his publication is to be continued in this one, in a special department to be known as "Department of Indépendent Thought," and edited by Doctor Frank.

In this department the various subjects of the day will be treated fearlessly but fair and just in criticism, and always with a view to understand their true inward nature from a metaphysical and philosophical standpoint and to bring forward, in language that can be understood, the practical features of metaphysics, and to show their usefulness and value in life. We believe a good work can be evolved along these lines.

Subscribers of record to *The Independent Thinker* will receive THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE to the end of the subscription period previously paid for. Any possible misunderstanding about periods will be adjusted upon notification. If those who have been subscribers to *The Independent Thinker*, but are not now on the list, will send their addresses, sample copies of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE will be sent free for examination.

AGASSIZ' QUESTION SOLVED IN A DREAM.

The late Professor Agassiz was studying a fossil fish in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, but was unable to determine satisfactorily the species. He dreamed one night that he caught the very fish and solved the question. As he awoke he expected now to have no further difficulty. But on again examining the fossil, something in the dream had escaped him and he failed in his endeavor. The next night he had the same dream, but with no better result. He determined to take a pencil and paper to bed and make a note as soon as he awoke. The dream came the third time. To his surprise on awakening Agassiz found the drawing made with three bones displayed which were not visible in the fossil, that solved the problem. Going again to the Jardin des Plantes he obtained permission to cut away a scale of stone, beneath which were the bones that had been represented in his drawing.

THE DIVINING ROD ACCEPTED AS SCIENTIFIC.

For hundreds of years the "plain people" have seen and proved the "divining rod," while callow scientists decried the belief in it as a baseless superstition. Mr. Peter H. Brown, of Chicago, has wrought out an explanation, and actually invented a rod of metal. Those who refuse to believe what they do not understand, now perceive the belief to be scientific, or, in plainer speech, orthodox.

TRIUMPHS THAT BEGAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The four great triumphs of the beginning were the introduction of the cotton industry, the acquisition of the Mississippi River, and by the same act of so much as we hold to the west of it, the introduction of the steamboat and afterward of the railroad system, and the success of maritime America in getting possession for the first half of the century of much more than its share of the commerce of the world. —*E. Everett Hale.*

INDIFFERENCE RATHER THAN COMMERCIALISM.

The commercialism in politics is now in the ascendant. It is bold and aggressive because it seems to be sustained by public opinion. But in reality the opinion that sustains or excuses the system is based upon misinformation or ignorant indifference. There is in existence, and fortunately it is rapidly growing, a sound and intelligent public opinion and understanding of public affairs that in time will brook no subterfuge, no deception of trick and falsehood, but will compel the transaction of public business in the open, and the expenditure of public funds for the benefit of all the people, leaving no percentage of profit for the daring and dishonest speculations in commercial politics. —*C. Coler.*

THE THERAPEUTICS OF JESUS.

Against the medical superstitions of his time he directed himself with a progressive independence which commands our highest admiration. Perceiving that the people who appealed to him suffered more from the abuses of the profession than from the effects of the disease, he took high ground.

He antedated by two thousand years the efforts of modern science to reduce the abominations of a benighted past in the practice of medicine. He threw away all drugs, all nostrums, all nauseous traditions, all the disgusting superstitions of the age, and brought his patients up to pure living and high thinking as his simple code of therapeutics. —*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

MAX MULLER ON REINCARNATION.

"Personally I must confess to one small weakness. I cannot help thinking that the souls towards whom we feel drawn in this life are the very souls whom we knew and loved in a former life, and that the souls who repel us here, we do not know why, are the souls that earned our disapproval, the souls from which we kept aloof, in a former life. But let that pass as what others have a perfect right

to call it—a mere fancy. Only let us remember that if our love is the love of what is merely phenomenal, the love of the body, the kindness of the heart, the vigor and wisdom of the intellect, our love is the love of changing and perishable things, and our soul may have to grope in vain among the shadows of the dead. But if our love, under all its earthly aspects, was the love of the true soul, of what is immortal and divine in every man and woman, that love cannot die, but will find once more what seems beautiful, true and lovable in worlds to come as in worlds that have passed, This is very old wisdom, but we have forgotten it. Thousands of years ago an Indian sage, when parting from his wife, told her in plain words: 'We do not love the husband in the husband, nor the wife in the wife, nor the children in the children. What we love in them, what we truly love in everything, is the eternal *atman*, the immortal self,' and, as we should add, the immortal God, for the immortal self and the immortal God must be one."

SMALL FEET IN CHINA.

Madam Wu Ting Fang, wife of the Ambassador from China to the United States, declares that the practice of binding the feet of young girls is becoming changed. They are not subjected to it till they are five years old. By that time the operation can be performed without being very painful. It has been said that the custom began with the conquest of China by the Manchus. The conquerors abused the women, and the Chinese, in order to exempt their children from this, adopted the expedient of binding their feet in infancy, so that they might not expose themselves away from home.

Madam Wu insists, however, that small feet are by no means so harmful as little waists. "My vital organs are not affected in any way by the confining of my feet in childhood," said she; "but the health of many an American woman is ruined by the compression of her waist."

THREE NEW COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt judge with the minds of twelve men and the heart of one woman.
2. Thou shalt keep the faith of food and blanket.
3. Remember thy own wife and her sorrow.

—*Gilbert Parker.*

DEGRADATION OF A PROFESSION TO A TRADE.

The demand of the age is for Liberty and opportunity. Except we have these in the exercise of the Healing Art there will be but its degradation. Being thus no longer a profession, it becomes a mere trade like that of the cobbler or the cooper. Indeed, even now, there is so little confidence entertained by medical practitioners in their own skill that many of them choose the deadly risks of operative surgery in preference to their own efforts.

—*A. W.*

THE UNCOMPREHENDED SOMETHING.

Every fact is underlaid by something that we cannot comprehend. Scientific phenomena are not everything, as some assert. It is good to study them; but what is it that does the studying?

WHY HE DID NOT ATTEND CHURCH.

A man in New York declared to a friend that he did not attend church in the city because the rich men built the churches for themselves, and he had no disposition to interfere with the arrangement.

BEHEADED, YET LIVING.

Doctor Cinel, of Paris, was of the opinion that the head lives three hours after being severed from the body. It nourishes itself from the blood that is left after the process; but as the nerves which serve for transmission of orders from the brain have been severed, it cannot indicate the horror of its condition.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE DOOM OF DOGMA AND THE DAWN OF TRUTH." By HENRY FRANK. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 1901. For sale by The Metaphysical Pub. Co., New York.

This book fairly expresses its purpose by its title. The author is well known as the independent preacher to an independent congregation, and his forcible utterances upon questions of the day are familiar to our citizens. In this volume he has brought dogmatic religion to the test, weighed it and shown wherein it is wanting in what relates to the needs of human beings, yet he is not an iconoclast for the sake of tearing rotten structures down, but rather a man ambitious to find the good and the true with which to build something permanent and useful to men.

To form a just opinion of the book, one must read it through. It is sufficiently entertaining to hold the attention of a thinking, serious person, and the subject is vital to us all. We cannot afford to leave it unconsidered. It analyzes carefully past things and points out the better way.

All thought, the author declares, is old; all inspiration is ancient; all religions are alike; the Christian religion is nothing new. Augustin of Hippo made a similar affirmation. But, Mr. Frank adds, "religions," like all else human, like nations and the race, are born but to die. This sad fact is true of Christianity as of all else human and earthly. It nevertheless remains a fact of history that the Church is the living offspring of a Founder whose life, as pictured in sacred literature, breathed forth and sublimed the lives of most who were encompassed by its influence. The story of the ideal life which the Gospels depict may not be historically true of any one person who may have existed on this planet; nevertheless, it is a true story, for it portrays human life, its experiences and its possibilities; and every human character which has been patterned after that ideal has certainly and safely found the narrow path that leads to eternal realization.

Mr. Frank makes summary work with the rites and ceremonies, as well as the dogmas now current. They are but quaint memorials of a dead and silent past, of religions long since extinct which are perpetuated in our customary Christian cult. The doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement is traced to its source, and salvation explained in the sentence, "He that doeth good is saved." None is condemned except as his deeds condemn him, and against those whose lives are correct there is no law.

The ante-Nicene age was the anti-theological age of the church. After learned Pagans entered the church, the idealized fancies of the Scriptures were wrought into dogmatic systems. There were two great classes; one, the Gnostics, the Esoterists, the illuminati; the other, the Alexandrians, a philosophical party, from which came the doctrine of the Trinity, "a mere audacious jumble of meaningless words."

Chapter V. is entitled "*The Myth of Hell, or the Human Heart Explored.*" The imagery is familiar to all. "The quenchless fires of vengeance in the human breast gave rise to the thought of the quenchless fires of punishment hereafter." It was never hinted at in the Bible till Jewish thought had mingled with the Persian. Then the personal Devil entered into theology, the sulphurous Hell and all the sufferings of the Gehenna-fire. But Origen taught that the combustibles are the sins themselves of which the conscience reminds us, and that the end of the punishments was to heal and correct, and thus finally to restore the sinner to the favor of God.

The subject of incarnation is elaborated to its full extent, and a brief notice cannot do it justice. "The so-called idolatry of the ancients was but a phase of the conception of incarnation." God was sought in the objects of nature and human workmanship; but the descriptions of his appearance in the Bible are symbolic only. "Ye heard the voice, but saw no similitude." Philo, however, at the beginning of the present era, first propounded the doctrine of the Logos as "the first-born Son of God," the "constructor of worlds," "the Mediator," the "High-priest and Advocate, who pleads the cause of sinful humanity before God and procures for it the pardon of its sins." This Logos is usually rendered as "the Word," but the author of "*The Round Towers*" gives the term an origin in *logh*, the spiritual flame. The personification was afterward identified with the man Jesus, after the manner of divine begettings with which Pagan mythology abounds. But, in fact, "we are all incarnate children of Deity; each atom is an incarnate spirit."

The story of the Crucifixion and Resurrection "entered very late into the legends of Christianity." It bears a close resemblance to the Secret Rites of the Mysteries, which were mystic and conveyed an arcane meaning to the initiated. The obsequies of Adonis, his interment and resurrection on the third day, which were represented in Syria and Egypt dramatically every spring, appear to have furnished the model.

The Creed of Christendom was promulgated by councils where mob law dictated the proceedings, and spontaneous conviction had no part. "The streets ran red with the blood which they (the paralolani of Cyril) shed without scruple." Thus orthodoxy was established, and for centuries begloomed the intellect of Christendom.

The superior genius of John Calvin created a very important period of the history of creed-development. The Roman church had been in supreme power; giving life and imposing death. Individual liberty was dead; the church had swallowed up all, and ignorance lowered upon the earth like a cloud of midnight blackness. This could not always be. Men like Roger Bacon, Huss and Wyclif assailed the foundations of authority, so that Luther,

Zuinglius and Melanchthon found them already honeycombed. There came forth numerous erratic sects that undertook "to solve the great problem and mystery of life by shattering every conventionality, and laughing at the tyranny of all antiquity." Calvin found himself occupied with combating them. His *Institutes* were written to confute them, and like the other Protestant Reformers he did not scruple to employ persecution and the death-penalty to crush them.

Thus from the earlier centuries of Christendom in the conflicts over abstruse doctrines, "thousands of lives were lost, wars were waged, rivers of blood were shed." In the early church however every believer shaped his own theology, if he had any.

When men begin to fight for a creed they forget the purposes of religion. The history of the Westminster Confession illustrates this. After three hundred years of cruel contention it has died out of everybody's belief. The great study now is how to evade or construe it by some meaning which the creed-makers did not intend, but which will persuade those who discard it to refrain from open disavowal.

But Truth employs no custodian, empowers no authority. Its presentation is always relative and wholly dependent upon the medium through which it is seen. Revelation comes only to the individual. He who sees Truth through the lens of his own experience perceives that truth which is essential to his happiness and welfare. "There are only two great guides and laws in life First, KNOW THYSELF; second, TRUST THYSELF."

"Authority is the blight of Reason and the prison-cell of Hope The individual is the crown and glory of civilization. If you crush the individual, you crush the advance of thought and the revelation of truth. Truth is never revealed *en masse*, but to the few at first, and often to but one alone."

THOUGHT-POWER; ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE. By ANNIE BESANT. The Theosophical Publishing Society, London and Benares.

In the *Foreword* Mrs. Besant states the object of the little book to be to help the student to study his own nature so far as the intellectual part is concerned. "And," she remarks, "those who would fulfil the maxim 'Know thyself,' must not shrink from a little mental exertion, nor must expect mental food to drop ready cooked into a lazily opened mouth."

Thought is explained as a reproduction within the mind of the Knower of that which is not the Knower; a picture caused by a combination of wave-motions, an image, quite literally. The mind, however, is not itself regarded as the Knower, but as the result of past thinking; "all the results of our past thinkings are

present with us as mind." On a subsequent page is a valuable corollary—that we should read less and think more.

In the chapter on Thought-transference, we are told that the pineal gland in the encephalon is its organ. If anyone thinks very intently on a single idea, with concentration and sustained attention, he will become conscious of a slight quiver or creeping feeling —it has been compared to the crawling of an ant—in the pineal gland. A quiver takes place in the ether which permeates the gland and causes a slight magnetic current. The vibration sets up waves in the surrounding ether, which in turn produce undulations in the ether of the pineal gland of another brain, and are transmitted thence to the mental and astral bodies, thus reaching the consciousness. Or, the thinker, having created a thought-form on his own plane, may direct it immediately to another thinker on the mental plane. Besides these, we are all affecting one another by these waves of thought sent out without definite intent. What is called public opinion is largely created in this way.

Memory is also explained on a similar principle. When a connection between a pleasure and a certain object is established, there arises a definite desire to again obtain the object, and so repeat the pleasure. Or, when the connection between a pain and a certain object is established, there arises a definite desire to avoid the object and so to escape the pain. The desire sets free an inherent power of vibration, pushes it outward and thus gives a stimulation to the mental body. The pleasure or pain thus re-tasted in the absence of the object is memory in its simplest form. The persistence of this is not due to a special faculty, but to the general quality of the mind.

The remaining topics—The Growth of Thought, Concentration, Strengthening of Thought-Power, Helping Others by Thought—are all treated with like clearness and profundity, and are both suggestive and instructive.

FACT AND FANCY IN SPIRITUALISM; THEOSOPHY AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By G. C. HUBBELL. The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati.

This work consists of a series of lectures delivered before the Ohio Liberal Society of Cincinnati. The first chapter is devoted to Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophical Movement. The individuals best known of her associates and followers are variously described, and she herself judged and condemned on the testimony of the Coulombs and V. S. Solovyoff as elaborated by Dr. Richard Hodgson. Theosophy is declared to be "like the philosophy of ancient Greece and Rome, fruitful in high-sounding words, but barren of practical benefit." Nevertheless, after all the denunciation, the author professes "only the highest admiration

for the lofty morality inculcated by it." He even in another page assigns to it a rivalship to spiritualism which has lessened popular interest in the latter. A genuine Spiritualist, as well as the Theosophists, however, would question his candor, regarding him as already committed to decide against them in advance, and really not intelligent in regard to the subjects which he criticises.

Mr. Hubbell is, however, more favorably disposed toward the labors and conclusions of the Psychical Research Society. He concedes the rancor and bigotry of "science," declaring that "so-called scientific men have their 'Index Expurgatorius' and their 'Confessions of Faith'" and make their martyrs as well as religion. The subjects which they arrogantly and superciliously refused to consider, the Society for Psychical Research was organized on purpose to investigate. It has already made a good case for the "spirit-hypothesis." The action of the human mind at a distance from the material organism is admitted, and the acknowledgment is made that "at all events, the presumption heretofore existing against a future existence may be considered rebutted." The fact of telepathy or thought-transference is also established, and that "the stories of haunted houses and ghosts are not all superstitions." It is also demonstrated that individuals have projected a semblance of themselves by an exercise of will.

Another topic which is dwelt upon at considerable length is the "subliminal self," the sub-consciousness, secondary self or subjective mind. This is declared to be the key to many unsolved problems in Psychology. To it was attributed the production of A. J. Davis' great work, "Nature's Divine Revelations," and likewise "all those strange phenomena which the ignorant and superstitious have deemed supernatural, and the powers of perception termed clairvoyance and clairaudience." The disclosures made through Mrs. Piper as the medium are relied upon as substantiating these declarations, and it is upon the achievements of the Psychical Research Society, evidently excluding evidence from other sources, that the author bases all that he expects will be learned from the realm of spiritual being.

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THE TAJ MAHAL FROM THE GARDEN

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TOLSTOY'S OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM.

BY J. BERNSTEIN.

"The methods of production of material life generally condition the social, political and intellectual process of life. It is not the consciousness of men that determines the form of their being; but, on the contrary, the social form of their being that determines their consciousness."

—KARL MARX in Preface "*Zur Kritik der Politischen Oekonomie.*"

"Our grandfathers cannot rule us from their urns. Each generation must face life for itself—none must bind the others."

—I. ZANGWILL in "*The Mantle of Elijah.*"

In his late book, "The Slavery of Our Times," the great Russian novelist, Count Leo Tolstoy, not only expounds his own social philosophy—anarchy—but also makes an arraignment against the basic demand of Modern Socialism—the substitution of public for private ownership in the means of production.

If I undertake to analyze Tolstoy's objections to Socialism it is not because they are new or original; for they are neither. Most of them have been uttered over and over again long before. But I do so because they come from a man who, as an artist, has probably no compeer; whose motives and sincerity no one will dare question and who has a universal reputation for his zealous endeavor to bring about human happiness and well-being—to establish, as it were, "The Kingdom of Heaven upon earth."

Tolstoy's objections, under the screaming headline: "The Bankruptcy of the Socialist Ideal," may thus be summarized:

(1.) How is production to be apportioned and how are the hours of labor to be regulated under Socialism?

(2.) How are people to be induced to work at unnecessary or harmful articles?

(3.) Who will decide which articles are to have preference?

(4.) Slavery under Socialism.

The student of modern socialism will at once recognize that these objections are much like a demand for a detail plan of the future, the socialist, state of society. But in making this demand, avowed or implied, Tolstoy betrays the crassest ignorance of modern or scientific socialism. It shows that modern sociology is to him a "*terra incognita;*" that he does not understand the laws that underlie the evolution of society; that, like the early, Utopian socialists, he is under the belief that social institutions are reared in obedience to private whims and individual desires; that these institutions are, or may be, the result of the arbitrary figment of the brain of man.

Modern socialism, on the other hand, teaches that a given society, in any historical epoch, is the result of social evolution; that the underlying causes, the main motive-power of this development are not the ideas of man, but the methods of production, distribution and exchange of wealth; in short, the economic development of that particular historical epoch. "This economic development is in steady motion; it brings about new forms of production, which require new forms of society; it starts new wants among men which compel them to reflect over their social conditions and to devise means whereby to adjust society to the new system under which production is carried on."

Accordingly, it is impossible for any man to draw an exact picture of a future state of society. Nothing said with reference to it can be the subject of positive prophecy, but only of conjecture.

Like all hitherto existing forms of society, the socialist society of the future must be considered as an organism in a constant process of development and transformation. While it may be possible to recognize the general tendencies and directions of this development, it is absolutely impossible to foresee the detailed or minute forms which that society will assume in its static stage. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that no matter how one

may picture the forms of future society in his imagination, in reality they will always turn out different. For he who undertakes to draw a picture of the future state must necessarily ignore a number of factors that cannot be foreseen, such as the progress of science with its accompanying inventions and discoveries. It is for this reason that the modern socialist refuses to indulge in the consideration of "plans" for the future; and it is for this reason that he, while not hostile, has assumed a critical attitude towards such works as Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and William Morris' "News from Nowhere." From his, the materialist's, conception of history, all that is necessary in order to recognize the aims of the proletarian struggle for emancipation, as far as the practical purposes of surgeneration may require, is to study the economic anatomy of present society and to discover therein those germs and tendencies that promise, in the course of development, to give birth to the new order of society and then adapt himself accordingly in his political activity.

In the dissolution of the middle class; in the constant process of concentration and centralization of the means of production into fewer and ever fewer hands; in short, in the growth of trusts and monopolies, the socialist clearly sees the downfall of the present capitalist order of society—nay, the germs of a new society.

The question is not whether socialism is possible or practicable, but whether the victory of the proletariat and the downfall of capitalism are inevitable. The socialist contends that they are unavoidable; that socialism is bound to come, not so much because men will desire it, but because, through the evolution of economic factors—from simple into ever more complex—capitalism *must* grow, as it were, into socialism. In other words, socialism must come in accordance with the immanent laws of the development of economic forces. "Along with the constantly diminishing number of the magnates of capital, who usurp and monopolize all advantages of this process of transformation, grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, exploitation; but with this, too,

grows the revolt of the working-class, a class always increasing in numbers, and disciplined, united, organized by the very mechanism of the process of capitalist production itself. The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter upon the mode of production, which has sprung up and flourished along with and under it. Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. The integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated."* When, in the course of economic evolution, we shall have reached the stage that "centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor . . . . . become incompatible with their capitalist integument," then none but a socialist method of production will be conceivable. Socialism, therefore, is an historic necessity, since the present industrial development presses toward it with a natural inevitability. And as Karl Kautsky says: "That, however, which is shown to be inevitable, is thereby not only shown to be possible, but also the only thing possible."†

With the above philosophy constantly before us, we may now proceed to look into each of Tolstoy's specific objections to socialism.

Tolstoy sees in the socialist commonwealth an insoluble contradiction. The alleged contradiction is this: Since, under socialism, the people are to own the means of production, they would want to "obtain all the comforts and pleasures now possessed by the well-to-do people." Now, those comforts must be produced; the production must be apportioned and "it must be decided how long each workman is to work." Statistics, Tolstoy tells us, cannot show how much is wanted and what articles are needed. "The demands in such a society cannot be defined, and they will always infinitely exceed the possibility of satisfying them." So far Tolstoy.

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* Karl Marx, Capital, Vol. I., p. 487.
† Das Erfurter Program.

It needs no elaborate statement to show the absurdities and fallacies of the foregoing argument. To begin with, his original proposition upon which the entire argument rests is based on straw—is a product of his imagination. Socialists do not expect that in their ideal society all should "obtain all the comforts and the pleasures now possessed by the well-to-do people." The slightest familiarity with socialist literature would show Tolstoy that extreme wealth, like poverty, is condemned as having a degrading influence and sought to be done away with. The extravagant luxuries of the parasitic few are held in abhorrence. As to statistics being unable to determine the wants of society, just the reverse of Tolstoy's assertion is true. Statistics can show how much is wanted and production can, therefore, be adapted to the demand. In trustified industries statistics are performing this function already to-day. Many industries are controlled from a single point. A few trust-magnates come together in an office and decide how much coal shall be mined; how much steel shall be produced; how much sugar shall be refined, etc. In a systematically organized industrial society, the demands could all the easier be ascertained and in accordance with that demand and the productive powers of society, production would be apportioned and the hours of labor regulated. The well-known critic of socialism, A. Schaeffle, says: "A complete and officially organized system of collective production could undoubtedly include at least as thorough a daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly or yearly statistical registration of the free wants of individuals and of families, as under the present system these effect, each for themselves, by their demand upon the market; and the national production could thus, both in respect of quantity, and of quality, adapt itself to this free demand."*

The assertion that "the demands in a socialist society . . . . . will always infinitely exceed the possibility of satisfying them," is too preposterous to be argued. That will depend upon the

* The Quintessence of Socialism. Humbold edition, p. 23.

degree of development of the productive powers at the command of society and no sane man can to-day foretell what that will be. Suffice it to say that by doing away with all the useless labor that is now being squandered unproductively; by eliminating the enormous wastes of competition, and by the application of ever improved machinery, the degree of productivity of a socialist society will exceed many-fold that of to-day and with infinitely shorter hours of work at that.

The next objection Tolstoy raises is this: "How are people to be induced to work at articles which some consider necessary and others consider unnecessary, or even harmful?"

It is to be taken for granted that a socialist society will not consist wholly of cranks. If there will be some such cranks who will absolutely refuse to work at articles they would consider harmful, there would be no need to compel them to do so. They could work at articles that would not be objectionable to them. On the other hand, there will always be sufficient people that would not consider those articles harmful or useless, and who could easily be induced to participate in their production. Let it, however, be said right here, that articles detrimental to public health could altogether be suppressed in a socialist society. To-day the capitalist may produce anything that will yield a profit, even though it should prove detrimental to the community. But under Socialism "it would, no doubt, be in the power of the state to check entirely all demand for what seemed injurious by simply not producing it. . . . . But to keep the whole community free from adulterated and pernicious goods is no small advantage, and the task of guarding against the abuse of this power (for instance, by unreasonable temperance men) could safely be left to the strong and universally developed sense of individual freedom."*

The next objection in order is: Who, under Socialism, "will decide which articles are to have the preference? Which are to be

* A. Schaeffle, *ibid.*

made first and which after?" On reading this strange objection one might feel inclined to ask whether it was not uttered by some angelic child of some fairyland. For Tolstoy must undoubtedly have heard of "supply and demand." In accordance with this principle, the overseers of production, in the socialist commonwealth, will easily solve the problem. The article that would be in greatest demand would be given preference to all other articles. The next greatest in demand would follow, and so down the whole line.

Again, "Which men are to do which work? Evidently, all will prefer haymaking or drawing to stoking or cesspool cleaning. How, in apportioning the work, are people to be induced to agree?" In other words, how will the less desirable and the positively disagreeable work of society be performed in the socialist commonwealth? This problem, too, will easily be solved. To-day the dirty and dangerous work is being performed by men who are driven thereto by the lash of hunger. How would it be under socialism? I believe that a socialist society could easily induce people to perform the disagreeable and hard work by giving them certain advantages over those that work in less hazardous and disagreeable occupations. The advantage offered could be in the shape of, say, shorter working-hours. And these working-hours would be regulated by the degree of social productivity and the law of supply and demand, which, in the new social order, would be stripped of its present freedom-crushing features.

It may be added that with the constant inventions and improvements of machinery, the day will yet come when all so-called dirty work will be done by machine, and human labor, in all vocations, will be reduced mainly to superintendence. I say, therefore, that by short shifts, from one line of work to another (thus doing away with monotony), by the spirit of fraternity and by all-around pleasant and agreeable environments, all sorts of labor would, in a socialist society, be associated with pleasure, ease and comfort instead of, as it is now, with pain, weariness and dislike.

There is one more point that I wish to touch upon. In several places Tolstoy insinuates that socialism would mean slavery; that it would "inevitably introduce laws of compulsory labor—that is, they (the socialists) must re-establish slavery in its primitive form."

Considering Tolstoy's political environment and his recent subjection to Russian despotism, it is little wonder that the specter of tyranny and slavery should be hovering before his vision. It seems that he cannot conceive of an efficient democratic organization of society. This is probably due to the fact that the so-called modern democracies have, in view of economic servitude obtaining there, become a farce. But apart from that it is obvious that Tolstoy has not the slightest conception of the origin and nature of the state. He fears that the "State" would enslave the people even under socialism.

Let us see.

To begin with, the state, which we know to-day and which is as old as civilization itself, will not exist under socialism. I submit that the state and democratic collectivism are two incompatible institutions. The state is, and always has been, a (ruling-)class institution; its chief characteristic is its coercive function, which it exercises in the capacity of what Lassalle called *eines Nachtwaechters* (night watchman). It was the division of society into classes that begot the state. As soon as society was divided into classes, the privileged class needed a power to protect it against the non-privileged classes and thus the state was born. "The state, therefore, is not of eternity. There have been societies that got along without it, that had no idea of the state and state-authority (*Staatsgewalt*). At a certain stage of economic evolution, which was necessarily connected with the division of society into classes, the state became, by that division, a necessity."*) Obviously, therefore, the state cannot exist under

* Frederik Engels, Der Ursprung der Familie, des Privateigenthums und des Staats, p. 182.

socialism; for if socialism means anything at all it means the abolition of classes—of class-distinctions and class-privileges. "We are now rapidly approaching a stage of development in production, at which the existence of classes not only ceased to be a necessity, but where it becomes a positive hindrance to production. They (the classes) will fall just as inevitably as they first arose. And with them the state, too, falls. Society, which now organizes production on the basis of free and equal associations of producers, relegates the entire machinery of the state there, where it will then belong—into the museum of antiquity, beside the spinning-wheel and the bronze axe.")*

When I say that there will be no state under socialism, I do not wish to convey the impression that there will be no social organization. The two are not synonymous. The former will be superfluous; the latter is an absolute necessity.

Accordingly, the terror that haunts Tolstoy so much will not be there to oppress anybody. And as to slavery, why, that is a mere phantom. There can be no slavery under socialism. What is a slave? What is slavery? August Bebel defines slavery as the economic dependence upon the oppressor. Herbert Spencer says that the criterion of a slave is the question: "How much is he compelled to labor for other benefit than his own, and how much can he labor for his own benefit?" In other words, slavery means exploitation and economic dependence. But neither of these can exist under socialism. There can be no economic dependence, for the all-sufficient reason that the producers themselves will be the owners of the means of production. And there can be no exploitation, since this pre-supposes class-ownership of those means of production—a thing that is the very antithesis of socialism. In a socialist commonwealth each will receive his full *pro rata* share of the total production, notwithstanding that a certain part from the total national product would have to be deducted for the fresh supply of instruments of labor, for the maintenance of "not

* Fr. Engels, *ibid.*

immediately productive, but generally useful, institutions . . . . by which in the long run all citizens benefit."* I maintain, therefore, that to speak of slavery under socialism is a contradiction in terms.

With regard to introducing "laws of compulsory labor" under socialism, Tolstoy and other critics may rest at ease. There will be no need of that. The Christian ideal—"if any would not work, neither should he eat"—will for the first time be realized under socialism.

J. BERNSTEIN.

* A. Schaeffle, The Quintessence of Socialism, p. 18.

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

BY MOHAMMED SARFARAZ HUSAIN.*

I propose in this discourse to treat of those inward faculties, by the right understanding and employment of which a door is thrown open to every legitimate advancement of mankind, and human life is made precious and a fit subject for thanksgiving.

Among the known activities of life in man, the imaginative faculty occupies a position of high importance; so much so, that in most of its phases a large part of man's existence is built up of the mere results of sentiment. If the effervescence of sentiment is caused by the fermentation of some genuine and wholesome matter, then a man's life will be established upon thoroughly sound and enduring principles; and if the contrary be the case, a contrary result will ensue. An emotion of the highest order produced within the soul of man from some wholesome cause is what we call "faith." To the development and expansion of faith we give the name of "religious conviction;" and the effect which these two, acting in concert, produce upon the sentiments, and the manner in which a life is built up under the shadow of those sentiments, are what we understand by the word "conduct."

At the bottom of our nature there is a genuine reality, of which the impact, whenever an emotion is produced in it, strikes directly upon the target of the soul, and from that point the whole struggle in man's being originates. It behooves us then to ascertain, first of all, what thing that genuine reality is in its nature; and since the existence of all that is solid and good in the world proceeds from its impulses, what are the means by which it can be set in motion?

The life of all the world—nay, the life even of life, the depth below every surface—not the bed of that depth, is one single Superior Nature, wherein are hidden all those energies which, after they have assumed a visible form in the world of phenomena,

* Translated from Urdu, by G. E. Ward, Esq., M. A. (*Retired, Bengal Civil Service, South Sea*).

are the aggregate of the laws governing creation and the survival and extinction of created beings. The Superior Nature pervades and permeates every visible thing, and it is for this reason alone that man, so far as he represents the Superior Nature in the highest degree, has power over the causes which are at work. We may call these causes the aggregate of the laws determining creation, and the survival or extinction of created beings. To make a complete list of these causes, to have a right understanding of them, and to act with due regard for them—this alone gives mankind any right to the title of "Lords of creation."

If the Superior One were not single and unchangeable, no notion of totality could have arisen in the world. The concepts of Unity and Invariability could never even have occurred to societies and individuals. If the Superior Essence were something purely inert, and the causes mentioned above did not have a continuous existence in His discretion, no individual life could obtain warmth from Him, and thus lay hold upon its own development. There would not be this stir and movement in all the visible world, but a state of things which one might fitly call an absolute stagnation. Our very consciousness of each other is sufficient to show that such a state is an absurdity. The mere statement that "Man seeks advancement" is evidence of the fact that the Superior Nature is in a state of activity, while the latter assumption makes his own advancement an incumbent duty upon man. Thus each of these facts is a proof of the other.

From this statement of the case we learn that the genuine reality in the soul, of which we spoke, is the Superior Nature, and that its prime impulse is advancement, which is the very faith of man. We learn also that the pivot of advancement is not outside but inside of man:

"I traversed all the world in hope to find Thee, yet I found Thee not;
"Then in my heart I looked at last, and there Thou didst reveal Thyself."

The next step is to examine the causes which are the main factors in the government of the world, and to consider what faculties

there are within man himself, which are able to grapple with these causes. To search these causes out, and to bring into play, outside of us, those faculties which are capable of mastering them, is to put into motion the interior energy of our souls. It is the only thorough means of effecting this object. We have remarked that to seek advancement is in truth man's religion. But it still remains for us to consider in what matters advance is to be made, and what means for our advancement exist within us.

The origin of all created things, and, if I may say so, the original secret of creation, is Love. The whole of nature's stock is pervaded with this principle. A proof of this assertion is that in individual lives, by comparison with all their other constituent parts, this part is by far the most universal, and the most engrossing. Love is the ground-plot of the whole theater of existence. In the setting up of love, a sense of justice is called into activity, and this is the reason why every living thing shrinks from unmerited harshness, and why even a slave retains in his heart the hope of justice. As a security for the setting up of justice, we have been endowed with courage; and since the first word was spoken to the present day, not even a cart has been moved—nor ever will be moved—without courage.

Love, justice and courage then, may be viewed as the essential and dominant factors in the government of the world, and all the others as ramifications from these. It is the duty of every man possessed of faith, that is, of every man who seeks advancement, to make himself sensitive to the operation of these parts of his existence, and to welcome the full effect of their influence upon his sentiments. Since these ruling elements pervade the whole world, every individual life is susceptible to their influence. Wherever we see a result which is at variance with this, we may be certain that there are antagonistic circumstances which prevent their influence from being felt in the inner nature. The highest satisfaction in living is to observe these elements performing their work within oneself in their finest and most effectual manner, and to give unstinted recognition to the fact of their connection with

their fountain-head. In the inner world, these elements are reproduced in the guise of faith, religious convictions, sentiments and aspirations. In the outer world these, and no other than these, assume their manifestation in deeds at their own proper times and places. In each case, both in the visible and the invisible world, it is their energy which is at work; and since they themselves derive their force from the Superior Nature, therefore it is an admitted article of faith: "He is the Outer and the Inner."

Our making advancement is simply this: that love should expand within us; that justice should be our rule of action; that courage should be at all times our forerunner; that, as these are blended in us, we should exert our faculties; and that, so far as they are mixed up with the outer medley of life, we should give them free play. In this matter, we have the means within us for being successful, in that, in the first place, we believe ourselves to have been originally and specially designed for advancement; and next, the Bounteous Creator, by the effulgence of whose bounty love, justice, and courage are sustained, is ever present to us as the "Ideal" of life; nay, He is that very "Ideal" which seeks manifestation in our lives. In accordance with the text, "Verily I am the forming vicegerent in the earth," it is our duty to bring Him into outward action in the highest degree attainable. After we have reached this conviction, what remains is for us to endeavor to the uttermost to keep that Ideal before our eyes. He Himself will incite an impulse in our hearts, of which the effect will be, that even the extrinsic causes of advancement will be furnished to our hands.

So far we have been discussing principles. I now wish to say a few words as to their practical application. In what way does it behoove us Mussulmans of India, to restore their lustre to love, justice and courage? What use are we to make of them in practice that will be suitable to the tendencies and requirements of the present age? Our actual condition, in which we fail of making due advancement, both heaven and earth seem to be straitened upon

us, is because of our own fault. It is on that account that we are in a state of abasement. By conformity with those laws of right and justice it is possible for us to rise. The reason of our fall is that we have acted in opposition to them; that we have dissipated and weakened His aptitude for love; that we have turned our faces away from justice; and that we have clothed our courage in women's garments.

Our prospect of rising is also in our power, if we gather up our scattered affections and concentrate our energies upon the advancement of our own people; if, in obedience to the dictates of justice, we govern our whole conduct by the recognition of what is due to the Almighty and what is due to His worshippers; above all, if we stir up every particle that is left in us of courage and high endeavor, and expend it upon the happiness and well-being of our race.

In my opinion it behooves every Mussulman to renew his faith. If any one has thought that the performance of some few religious observances, by force of habit, and, as it were, mechanically, is sufficient for our salvation, while, with our eyes shut to all that is around us, we lie at rest in our present state of depression; if he thinks that for *this* God is well pleased with His apostle, it behooves him as quickly as possible to extricate himself from this error. We have already shown that the duty of man is to seek his own advancement as a moral and spiritual being. Every Mussulman should be aware that he will be worthy of salvation only so far as he seeks advancement in accordance with the design of God and His apostle.

There was a time when in pursuance of the attainment of this design, and to please God and His apostle, Mussulmans had to give up their lives, to be robbed of their wealth, to be turned out of their homes and from the doors of their friends. Not one of these bitter trials now presents itself to the Mussulmans of India. The objects we have to work for are few and well defined. Having once realized in our hearts that improvement of our own condition

is pleasing to God and His prophet, what we have chiefly to bestir ourselves about is the loyalty of our government. the advancement of education, the preservation of our mental and bodily powers and the practice of economy. For the outflow of our love we have a vast field immediately under our eyes in the mass of uncared for, thoughtless and ignorant Mussulmans. It needs but a little attention, a little piety, a little true humility on our part, to create a bond of love and sympathy with them.

Among the followers of Islam, pictures have from the first, not existed; or, if they have existed, the instances have been very rare. But specimens of calligraphy, portraying the names of God, or notable sayings, or sublime verses, were generally to be found hung up in the chambers of well-to-do people, and the intention was that they should from time to time incite an inclination toward the practice of virtue. Now that the list of virtues which are specially adapted to the present age has been reconstructed, it is but fitting that we should keep that list before us in representations of various kinds; in specimens of calligraphy; in texts of ordinary handwriting; in pictures; in short, in whatever way we can which answers the purpose. Here let there be some advice for keeping in our memory our duty to orphans; here some lament over the ignorance and bigotry of the people, to soften our hearts; here some ghastly picture of the results of extravagance, to make us tremble; and here some sketch of infidelity which may bring tears into our eyes. Make a trial of this plan and see how long it will be without effect. At first, perhaps, you may laugh at the notion; but it is a thing to be done; and among the recognized methods of bettering the soul.

I would merely add a slight innovation upon it, which is this: Let a man at certain times, when his mind is unoccupied—let him, I say, sit down alone and, communing with his own soul, repeat such phrases as "The advancement of education," "The preservation of our faculties," "The practice of economy," etc. After a short time, by virtue of its own habit, a man's heart will

spontaneously give room to these aspirations and receive them into itself, and when they have once obtained a dwelling in the heart, what will there be to prevent their outward manifestations? One most excellent plan for keeping the brain and the soul in health and directing their energies to proper objects is that a man should maintain the practice of lauding good things, and good deeds, and good people. The advantages of this plan, and the ease with which it operates, can be discovered in a very few days. Suppose, for instance, that any person has given up fifteen minutes, or half an hour, in the early morning to dwelling upon the beauties of some lovely object, or some fine passage in a book or some heroic action, and has afterward been fully occupied with the ordinary affairs of the world; after some six or seven hours of hard work there will come upon him spontaneously a state in which he will experience a release from all kinds of shackles, and will find himself brisk and eager to make progress. Whereas, on the contrary, if he has spent the same amount of time over anything revolting and abhorrent, and feelings of indignation or disgust have been aroused in him, then, after the same interval, he will be assailed by a sense of depression, under the influence of which he will imagine himself to be the creature of circumstances, oppressed and fettered by events; all of which notions are fatal to any advancement.

By practical devices, such as these, which we are able to bring into activity only through our inward faculties, many of these hindrances which keep our courage at a low standard will be removed, and our desire for advancement, like a bird, will begin to train its wings for higher flights.

One inward device for the attainment of active purity in life, is for a man to take frequent thought in his heart of his mother, or sister, or daughter, or other pure person, and to utter prayers in their behalf. To pray is to put one's soul into motion in connection with some irresistible thought. Suppose you repeat such a prayer as this, "O God! make me a participator in the spreading

of knowledge." To whatever extent you are locked up in the inside of yourself when you utter this prayer, to that extent will your soul be influenced and impregnated with it—and the deeper the gilding, the more perfect will be its efficacy.

For preserving the body in health, every one, when the need arises, takes certain precautions, diets himself and swallows remedies. Let me give you a very simple prescription; and if it should not do for you all that Kid's essence and double distilled brandy can do, then let me know. Do not put it by as a joke, but give it a fair trial for ten days or so, and watch its effect. This is it. For the space of time, from five minutes before every meal until five minutes after it, put yourself into a religious frame of mind and give yourself up to a sense of thankfulness. You will soon percieve what quality your heart and brain will acquire, and what perfect health you will enjoy. To perform these exercises may seem a little arduous and unprofitable at the beginning, but after a very few days the benefit of them will be realized, and your lips will give vent to the lines:

"Oh! the years wasted in pining for the Cup of Jamshid!
When my heart begged of an outsider a boon of what it owned."

It is not that we do not *know* things. We know our backwardness; we know the progress made by others; we are aware of the blessings of religion; we receive constant evidence of the benefits we owe to government; we understand what things they are which we stand in need of, and what the rules are under which they are procurable. What is lacking to us is simply this: that our power to *do* the things is not as great as it ought to be. The plan of arousing the public by lectures and discourses is *one* method of increasing our stock of practical energy, and since it was first begun, the nation is day by day pulling itself together.

Let us suppose the case of a man with desultory habits of thought, who is unable to achieve some good work which demands singleness of aim. We give him, say, some book to read, in which the evils of distraction and the virtues of concentration of effort are set

forth. We get him to hear lectures; we incite his ambition; we recount to him the instances of persons who have failed in life through the dissipation of their energies, or who have attained their objects by fixity of purpose. By all these efforts we try to rouse him from his lethargy, and to a certain extent we obtain our object. These are what I call *external* devices; and what I say is, that there are *internal* means of ridding oneself of distraction and creating a fixity of purpose, which are independent of these external measures and by many degrees more efficacious. To a man of that kind I at once prescribe certain strict rules for his daily life, and teach him to call into play his internal faculties. The times when nature is mostly in a state of repose are the evening and the early morning, but more especially the latter. Let him retire at such a time for a brief period, and, having sat down, let him meditate in silence upon some word, some text, or some thought of his own; then let him abandon it and occupy himself diligently with his other affairs. Let him do this again the next day, and so continue doing it for several days. He will acquire the *habit* of concentration. The easiest plan of all for a mere beginner to start with, is to count the movements of the breath. In each breath there is one movement downward and one upward. Let him fix his attention upon that, and by degrees he will acquire the faculty of concentration.

There is a regular science of these meditations, disciplinary practices of the imagination, by learning which a man may become the master, instead of the slave, of himself; nay, he becomes a real man. We possessed the art at one time, but it has perished. In America large numbers of men put it in practice to this day, and no stage of advancement seems to them to be impossible. In confirmation of this, I will relate an incident of my personal experience. Some years ago, there came to India an American gentleman of great abilities, a doctor well versed in natural science, who has a leading reputation in many of the States. When he was at Nainital, I, among others, visited him. Some ten or fifteen

persons, both Mussulmans and Hindoos, were present. The conversation related to the want of patriotism in the country. He remarked that he could tell us of a practical inward remedy for that. The next evening he took us all into a separate room and made us sit down in a circle opposite to him, then he told us to close our eyes, and looking inwardly to our souls, to imagine that a tree was springing up from us and giving shade to the whole world. We did this for about ten minutes, and even so our attention gave way now and then. But we did experience a marvelous exhilaration. Since his departure from India, several of us individually have held similar seances, and have found our faculties greatly brightened by the comparison with the past; and our stock of courage, and sympathy, and other similar instincts were greatly increased.

Those who wish to be doing something for their own sake, for the people's sake, for the country's sake, for religion's sake, should not fail to give some attention also to this art. For beginners, moderation in diet is beneficial. They ought to avoid those kinds of food and those associations and occupations which lead to any excess. Moderation is in itself natural to man. Wherever he has these counter-influences under his control and his internal energy can burn with a pure flame—then look how high the fire-balloon of his life will ascend!

By the most beautiful of coincidences and the most admirable of preordainments, religion tells us of a treasure house of absolute perfection, open to us at all times, no other than God Himself, to whom, in all our fancies, and anxieties, and aspirations, we can resort for every need of our own and for the illumination of our spiritual faculties. If we wish to enhance the fervor of our love, what higher source of love can we think of than God? If we wish to make our sense of equity ripe for action, to whom can we go save to Him? And with whom is the key of high endeavor to be found, if not with Him? In short, the more we cherish within ourselves the contiguity of God, and the nearer we approach to the water of life, that is, to the Divine Nature, by making our

thoughts and words and prayers subservient to this one object—so much the more will our lives prove useful and beneficial to society. Is the task easy? I answer Yes. Is it full of difficulty? Again I answer, Yes.

MOHAMMED SARFARAZ HUSAIN.

THE FIRST OUTCRY AGAINST JESUS.

The state of medical education in the East at that time was such as to emboss the methods of Christ in strong relief upon a background of almost incredible folly and charlatanry. The heads of mice, the brains of an owl, the eyes of a crab, the fat of a viper, a bat, a grasshopper, might be among the popular remedies. If a man had a cold in the head, his physician ordered him to kiss the nose of a mule. For certain disorders one carried about a particular species of small snake reported to possess the accomplishment of traveling backward. The cuttings of vines not four years old, burned in seven ditches, were believed to contain therapeutic virtues, provided one sat in the smoke of seven ditches, in turn.

Such a *materia medica* was the offering of the regular medical schools to suffering humanity. At such a stage and into such a phase of medical science, the healing gift of the Nazarene entered quietly. Its simplicity, its good sense, its delicacy, its efficacy, its amazing results, threatened to overturn the therapeutics of his time. The physicians were derisive, then disgruntled, then alarmed. Their consultations were neglected; their *clienteles* thinned out; their patients deserted them for the new healer. The danger was that the sick public would go over *en masse* to the courageous and singular man whose prescriptions required of his patients only clean lives and faith in himself. The most learned and fashionable physicians in Palestine were set at naught. A growing uneasiness came through their ranks. Before he had aroused the serious opposition of the clergy to which the heretic preacher was inevitably fatal, the humane and gentle man who began his life's work by such a love of the sick and such a sorrow for their sufferings as has never been equaled in the records of human sympathy, brought down upon himself the enmity of one of the most jealous classes in society. He had to meet the antagonism of the whole medical profession.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

MATERIALISM.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

Materialism is a philosophy dating fom the days of Leucippus, Democritus and Epicurus. It is a system which claims that all energies, from the revolution of the planets to the cellular movement of consciousness, are material causes of themselves—an inherent property of matter—a force independent and void of all spirit.

This physiological interpretation of the cause of all the mysteries of the mind and the universe, so incurred the animosity of the dialecticians of the Stoic, Academic and Peripatetic schools, that the system of sensuous materialism has made the Epicurean to this day a synonym for sensualism.

The Latin exponent of materialism was Lucretius, whose poem on "The Nature of Things," deduced, very convincingly, a theory of atoms, describing them as infinite and eternal, thus making all physical nature independently eternal.

There are many reasons that lead one to believe in materialism. The physiological psychologist will point out that every emotion of man is the result of a change of certain "ganglionic cells in the gray bed of the brain," or unconscious cerebration; that a cellular disturbance in the brain by unconscious reflex action is a motor mechanism which controls our muscular movements and creates, independently of a will, our actions; while some that admit voluntary and deliberate movements, definitely locate the cells that cause the thought and will, following the white nerve-matter to the gray cells which are disturbed by the physical action, and claim that this is entirely physical. We must admit that when parts of the brain are injured or diseased, there is a concomitant or corresponding loss of the functions of the mind.

This microcosmic idea makes man the creature of the world-soul, the physical nature of all things. This is the system of Lotze and

many others of the Darwinian school. Haeckel, in a late work on "The Riddle of the Universe," reiterates his belief in Darwin's "Origin of the Species" and proceeds to deduce that all the mysteries of life are to be solved only on the plane of organic evolution; that the cell which is disturbed by the metaphysician's speculation is evolved indefinitely from the protoplastic cell of the protozoa, which expands in its embrace of food-particles, and by development originates species.

This results in the question: Is the soul immortal? Philosophers like Haeckel cannot find the elements of spirit to assure such a state and assert that all the mysteries of the mind are but a climax of heredity, which millions of æons have produced in the "struggle for survival." From the ape we have inherited the animal functions which that species in turn have received from other mammals, who through reptiles and fish were evolved from the protoplasm created by chemical affinity—the cellular life which came from the chemical, through water, earth and gas, so the highest has sprung from the elements of matter and hence is eternal only in the sense that matter is.

We must remember, however, that all inorganic matter is not inert; there are wonderful rearings of crystal-formation; there is also the tremendous force expanded from water when heated—steam. Many inorganic substances produce natural electricity. Chemistry shows millions of changes and affinities of inorganic matter and gases, that are well nigh infinite in their powers and energies. Then, also, it is matter that bears and develops with vegetable and animal life, and it is the material body which reveals the actions of the soul, thought and will. So, he who asserts that motion is not latent, must speak as one who declares the absolute properties of matter.

Materialism, therefore, when assailed, must face the evidences of a dualism—matter and spirit, or pure idealism. The mysterious intuitions of the mind in which we feel, think and know, are denied by the materialist, thus leaving his opponent no foundation with

which to begin. Therefore, to assail materialism, we must not proclaim the spirit of idealism, but unweave the fabric of their theory, which so long has denied man's noblest intuitions and hopes and seared the impalpable but eternal image of Truth.

All reasoning must rest necessarily on Space and Time. Space is infinite; we cannot imagine limitation of it. It is uncreated, unevolved, yet nevertheless real. Intuition reveals space; its reality cannot be denied by the materialist, yet we cannot see space, neither can we feel it. It has neither position, length, breadth nor thickness. (We can conceive space without object, but cannot represent it non-existent.) In the same category, deity and soul are denied credence, yet we know space only by intuition and acknowledge it, while there are a thousand reasons why spirit should be acknowledged in the deeper and more convincing feelings of consciousness.

Time is immeasurably more immaterial than space. Time is not a condition; for it is unchangeable in its infinitude. Time never changes, it is only finite conditions *in* time that change. We cannot conceive a beginning of Time, or an ending. We see it not, neither do we feel it; we fail to describe it or fetter it with limits; we cannot measure it, except relatively. It has neither length nor breadth, neither can it be divided. We are forever in an "everlasting now."

Yet the materialist denies the superhuman only in the manner that would annihilate space and time. Let the materialist deny these, if he will, yet despite all efforts space and time will be. The attempt to make time finite, as "different times are not co-existent but successive, as different spaces are not successive but co-existent," is deceptive reasoning; it is not an immediate intuition, but a partial representation and cannot arise from pure conceptions alone.

For space and time, the materialist, evolutionist, or agnostic, from intellectual necessity, have no beginning. It is this reason

that forces many to assert infinity of matter. However, the self-evident impossibility of this precludes all argument.

The materialist, as evolutionist, must next present a dialectic idea of abstract motion. Matter is not infinite. Reason must always conceive a primal atom or a first cosmos. At the very foundation of cosmic evolution is the law of motion. The first element, let it be either atom, gas or nebula, cosmos, it is claimed, had motion. Now motion is not an inherent quality of matter. Experience cannot show that absolute matter has this quality inherent. It is rather a *condition* of the body.* The first law of motion is: "If no force acts on a body in motion, it continues to move uniformly in a straight line." But mark the words *in motion*. If no force acts on a body not in motion it certainly will remain permanently at rest. As Thomas Aquinas aptly said: "From the principles of motion, there must have been a *primum movens*," something that created or originated all movement.

Absolute motion in absolute space is impossible. Abstractly, for the first atom or body, there could be no motion, for space is without boundary, direction, etc.; in what manner then could a body move? There would be no direction in which to move or revolve, as there is no direction in absolute space; all space would move with it, thus counteracting all motion. Space cannot be contracted to a finite position, in which the evolutionist may proceed to revolve his primordial element.

Emil du Bois Reymond asserted that there is not one, but seven world-riddles: 1. The nature of matter and force. 2. The origin of motion. 3. The origin of life. 4. The orderly arrangement of nature. 5. The origin of simple sensation and consciousness. 6. Rational thought and the origin of the cognate faculty, speech. 7. The question of the freedom of the will. He considered the first, second and fifth as transcendental and unsolvable. Ernest

*Newton remarked that no one with moderate reflective power could imagine that gravitation of the elements is due to any action of the atoms themselves.

Haeckel considers that his materialism solves those problems and that the third, fourth and sixth "are decisively answered by our modern theory of evolution;" and that the seventh is "dogma based on illusions."

Cosmic evolution, as scientific, is supposed to deal with the origin of matter and motion. Through lack of absolute knowledge, no one can accept as accurate any theory so far advanced. The foremost materialists, for want of a better, have taken the *nebular hypothesis* as the most probable. As to accounting for the origin of matter, this theory makes no attempt. It supposes all space to have been filled with a mass, neither liquid nor solid, but gaseous. This is assuming of matter an infinite capacity. Reason refuses to conceive or imagine matter thus unlimited. Unlike space, there must be a limit to anything perceptible; but with nothing, there is no limit.

To the superficial student, the evolutionist asks:* "Are there such gigantic rotating masses in the heavens now? Certainly there are; there are the nebulæ. Some of the nebulæ are known to be gaseous and some of them at least are in a state of rotation." Now this is illogical. First, absolute space is conceived full of this mass; then for illustration, a comparatively small limited nebula is advanced as a comparison. To be without cause, the mass must fill all space, which we have shown is illogical. Now to originate motion, the former part of the hypothesis is demolished. Imagine, if you can, this mass "filling all space" shrinking. Shades of Kant and Hegel! We have Space shrinking into a small limited sphere. Where is the imagination that will conceive it? We would not credit ancient Pythagoras with such a notion. Shrinking, thereby whirling more and more rapidly, inertia accelerates the speed; gravitation will hold every particle until the speed becomes so great that the mass throws off rings or fragments.

If the original condition ever was, that is, all space filled with this mass, will the foremost scientist explain how the nuclei of the

*Oliver Lodge, *Pioneers of Science*, page 268.

innumerable universes originated? Surely an infinite mass cannot shrink into a finite mass or masses. Newton himself would be baffled where to place the centers of gravity in such a conception. It is impossible to conceive, logically, matter and movement originating in this manner. Attempt it if you can. Even allowing the extravagant idea of an infinite space filled with finite matter, there can be no conceived origin of the first movement, except from some other agency. Motion is not an inherent quality. An object once accelerated, if not interfered with, will sustain its course forever, but the movement is not originated in the body itself. The very idea of space confounds the theory. There are nebulæ and saturns, but no one knows that they have not been nebulæ and saturns from the beginning and will so remain until annihilated. Nebula never becomes solid, for the simple reason that it is only distinguishable with the spectroscope by the absence of the elements that make up solids.

The ether of space is cold in the extreme; indeed far colder than any part of the earth's surface has ever experienced. It is a question for the imagination to conceive nebula contracting into a fiery mass. Experience tends to demonstrate, that if not interfered with by lower temperature, a molten mass would expand into a gaseous state, rather than congeal.

However, to continue with the theory, rings were thrown off and these rings formed nuclei and continued whirling, throwing off satellites, gradually congealing into solid masses, cooling slowly and by so doing, condensing the surrounding vapor into steam and thus forming water. We do not understand how heat in the cold depths of space originated in this system, but like all other origins, we will assume that it is an inherent quality; thus we have our cosmos. However, the nebular hypothesis only removes the cause one degree back; the creation or origin of the gaseous state is just as incomprehensible as the creation of solid matter.*

*Professor Ritchie, lecturing at the Yerkes Observatory, at Williamsburg, Wisconsin, spoke of the star Nova that has lately appeared in the constel-

Lord Salisbury, in his Presidential address to the British Association, 1894, said: "If the earth be a detached bit whisked off the mass of the sun, we cleaned him out so completely of his nitrogen and oxygen that not a trace of these gases remains behind to be discovered by the searching vision of the spectroscope."

As to chemical evolution, we will quote the late Professor Le Conte in *The Arena*, March, 1897: "Chemical affinity was overpowered and held in abeyance by the intensity of primal heat, which we know disassociates all compounds." "As the cooling of the earth progressed, chemical affinity came into play and compounds were formed. These by combinations and re-combinations became more and more complex and unstable—until protoplasm was achieved." Huxley, in his Presidential address to the British Association, 1870, said: "If it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time, to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions, which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from now-living matter . . . but . . . I have no right

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lation of Perseus. He spoke of dense wisps of nebulosity as shooting out from the star in all directions. Professor Eric Doolittle, of the University of Pennsylvania, speaking on the subject, on the 20th of November, 1901, remarked: "I am sure Professor Ritchie has not given out all that the papers in the West have attributed to him. He is careful, accurate and an authority on his subject. The nebular theory of stars is not new, *nor has the discovery aided in its absolute solution.*

"He has done a great service, however, in showing for the first time blasts of nebulosity shooting out from stars. This is the first record of such a phenomenon. It would be impossible, however, for a nebulous mass after cooling down and forming a star to again expand and shoot out great tongues and blasts of nebulæ. When the energy or heat of the nebulæ has once gone there is no place for it to get new energy.

"The most plausible theory of the matter is that the new star Nova, in Perseus, is nothing more than two meteoric masses in a head-on collision in the region of that constellation. That the meteoric masses were not seen before the collision is not hard to understand. Both masses may have been apparently black, and hence not made out through the telescopes. Traveling at the fearful velocity which these meteors travel, and striking, produces a friction which make both incandescent."

to call my opinion anything but an act of philosophic faith."

One advantage of evolution is in this: it assigns a beginning to life on this planet. Organic life shows certain activities, the cause of which is unseen; the physiologists call it life and physical, a purely chemical agency, but the reasoning mind of man can never be satisfied with that explanation. "Life is the cause," said John Hunter, "and not the consequence of organization." The chemist can no more give a dead blade of grass new life, than he knows what elements, if any, will restore to a human body the life it has lost.

We must acknowledge that spontaneous generation is a collapsed theory. Boiled or distilled infusion or water hermetically sealed will not produce life. Pasteur, by his discovery of germs in the air, settled that fallacy. Scientific research has failed to analyze precisely the elements in living protoplasm. The chief substances of the cell are protein and they are complex compounds of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen; and sometimes a small quantity of sulphur, phosphorus or iron has been found. But these are inert chemical elements. In the dead protoplasm they are unchanged before disintegration, but the element of life and motion is a mystery which the analyst cannot fathom, and cannot bring into being in the precise elements that but an instant before contained life.

It is ridiculous to assert that the chemical affinity of a past and wonderful chaos could fortuitously form the combination that created the nucleated cell. The elements are here to-day and the cell is being reproduced infinitely, but no new chemicals are required; the preceding cells are the only visible cause; the life is not a chemical. The human cell may seem simple, but the organism of the human body lies hidden in some manner in the embryonic plan. The cell of the protozoa contains the system of its genera and all the cycles of eternity will fail to evolve anything dissimilar from the original species.

The embryonic development of the ape may resemble the embryonic development of the human child; but the nucleated cell of

the ape may be reproduced for a thousand millions of years and would invariably fail to produce anything higher than the capacities of the ape, for the centrosome of the same species is required for the division and development of the nucleus of the being. "The truth is," said Agassiz, "our domesticated animals, with all their breeds and varieties, have never been traced back to anything but their own species, nor have artificial varieties, so far as we know, failed to revert to the wild stock when left to themselves."

In the plan of organic evolution, the terms *pressure of changing environment, use and disuse, natural selection, sexual selection, physiological selection*, are used in a way that would infer an intellectual selection, when only a blind or instinctive selection is possible with the lower orders of animal life. The evolutionist claims that man—the fortuitous product of all the gradations of action, instinct, sensations, thought and intellect—was the effect of a blind physical selection, a survival of the highest possible characteristics. Appropriately, Cicero answered the Epicureans regarding the assumption of fortuitous concourse of atoms, as the cause of forces or bodies, that if any number of the twenty-one letters of the Latin alphabet were thrown on the ground, chance would not favor them ever forming the words "Annals of Ennius," or a single verse. If chance could not do this, how less likely would it be to produce life from chemicals. The student of cellular life will not conclude that evolution is the plan of nature because of resemblances in the different orders. In the words of Professor E. B. Wilson: "The study of the cell has on the whole seemed to widen rather than to narrow the enormous gap that separates even the lowest forms of life from the inorganic world."* Chemical evolution is an evolution of thought from spontaneous generation. Materialism will bring up theory after fallacy against creation; the more mystery in their assumption, the harder will they be to refute.

That the evolutionist may compare the frames of vertebrates and by the comparison infer evolution, is not always logical. That parts

**The Cell in Development and Inheritance*, page 330.

resembling fingers, limbs, wings, etc., lost in the disuse of centuries would demonstrate evolution, we think rather infers degradation. It is impossible to conceive of a system more perfect than is embraced in each order of the animal kingdom. We are unable to imagine a digestive system that is dissimilar or that would excel the cell-function. The similarity rather tends to prove the complete creation as the work of *One* Master-Mind. "The Creator," as Le Conte said," foreseeing the end from the beginning, provides for every possible contingency in the original conception."

Natural selection is the inheritance of slight physical variations. It is vain to assert that this can ever originate species. In plant and animal life, such variations and monstrosities are known to exist, but they are not free agencies; and left to an unintellectual selection, they will inevitably revert to the original type of the genus.

Regarding natural selection, Professor Le Conte has said that "Geological evidence is undoubtedly in favor of some degree of suddeness—is against infinite gradations; the evidence of geology is that species seem to come in suddenly and in full perfection, remain substantially unchanged during the term of their existence and pass away in full perfection. Other species take their place, apparently by substitution, not by transmutation."

"The whole history of geological succession shows us," said Agassiz, "that the lowest in structure is by no means necessarily the earliest in time, either in the vertebrate type or any other." Agassiz remarked, in a study of the Jurassic, Cretaceous and Tertiary periods, that they followed close upon each other and that the large mammalia make their appearance suddenly; that the deposits containing them follow immediately upon the Cretaceous in which no trace of them is found. All over the world where these deposits are found, investigation has shown no evidence to suppose that any intermediate forms existed, from which these large quadrupeds were developed.

If natural selection ever occurred (even in a single species)

without leaving a vestige of its continued variations or sustained and higher developments, it is a greater miracle than an act of special creation. While the prototypes of species are found in fossil strata, all the infinite myriads of *slight variations*, which would be sustained if they had produced superiors, we have no trace of, either fossiliferous or living. Nature is hard in preserving remains of known species and exterminating all evidence of the "millions of infinite gradations" between.

"Natural selection can do nothing," said the Duke of Argyll, "except with the materials presented to its hands. It cannot select, except among things open to selection. Natural selection can originate nothing; it can only pick out and choose among the things which are originated by some other law." President J. G. Schurman, in 1893, said "Natural selection produces nothing; it only calls from what is already in existence. The survival of the fittest is an eliminative, not an originative process."

Regarding human evolution, Spencer wrote: "If a single cell, under appropriate conditions, becomes a man in the space of a few years, there can surely be no difficulty in understanding how, under appropriate conditions, a cell may, in the course of untold millions of years, give origin to the human race." (*Biology* 1-350.)

To Robert Chambers in *Vestiges of Creation*, 1844, that "Embryonic progress is the grand key to the theory of development," Hugh Miller replied: "Gestation is not creation, nor a life of months in the uterus, a succession of races, for millions of ages out of it. . . . Embryonic progress is fœtal development. But on what is the assertion based that they form a key to the history of creation?"

The greatest argument of the evolutionist in support of this hypothesis, is the similarity of the frame of the ape and the comparison of the weight of the largest brain of anthropoid apes with the smallest brain of uncivilized man.

The average weight of the brain of man is about fifty ounces.* The human brain is the largest in the animal world, with the exception of the whale and the elephant. The preponderance of weight in the brain, however, is not the cause of superiority, or this would place the elephant and whale above man.

The brain's activities are higher in proportion as its weight is to that of the spinal cord.† Comparatively, the brain of the fish averages two to one, the reptile's two and one-half to one, the bird's three to one, the mammal's four to one, while the intellectual brain of man averages twenty-three times the weight of the spinal cord. Huxley said, "There is a very striking difference in absolute mass and weight, between the lowest human brain and that of the highest ape," notwithstanding that "a full grown gorilla is probably nearly twice as heavy as a Bosjesman." "In savages of the quaternary age, who fought the mammoth and the cave-bear with rude stone weapons, the size of the brain case was above that of the average modern man." This hardly argues a development from natural selection.

The evolutionists lay stress upon the length of time to produce this survival of the fittest—untold ages. It is as likely that man has been but a few thousand years on the earth.‡ It has been

*Exceptionally heavy brains: Cuvier 64 1-2 oz., Abercrombie 63 oz. and Daniel Webster 53 1-2 oz. Kant's brain was found to be exactly the same weight as a hod-carrier's, who died on the same day and was on the same dissecting table. An unintellectual London brick-layer's weighed 67 oz.

†Hugh Miller, *Footprints of the Creator.*

‡Prof. F. G. Wright of Oberlin, in *Geology and the Deluge, McClure's*, June, 1901, writing of the tremendous deposits of loess, in Asia, sometimes a thousand feet in thickness, which he attributes to the Deluge, also writes: "In the year 220 B. C. Puta, China, was a seaport; now it is fifty miles inland. During the Han dynasty (about 200 A. D.) Tien-tsin was a seaport; now it is forty miles inland."

Prof. M. B. Riddle writes: "Miletus, once the capital of Ionia, was then (A. D. 58) an important seaport, though now ten miles inland."

Turko-Grecian War Dispatch 4th mo. 22, 1897: "The next line of defense in ancient times was Thermopylæ, but the pass at Thermopylæ has disappeared, and the alluvial deposits of the River Spercheios make a broad plain, where once these a washed almost against the mountain."

the experience of investigation, that nothing has been fossilized, except where it has been suddenly entombed. Landslides, eruptions, commotions of floods and other phenomena, were more likely to produce fossils than all the "infinite ages" in which carcasses would decay, before the drifts of time cover them. In a deluge, it would be the simpler species that would first succumb, while the higher animals would probably float longer and be buried higher in the alluvial or deposits of its commotions. Why is it that no variations between the species are found in any discovered fossils?

Evolution may be plausible, but why should we accept a theory that conserves our mind to the elements, offering as a cause of the climax of man's history, a blind survival of brute instinct, a sexual selection of the fittest animal? Verily, all the finer sensibilities of the soul, all the higher planes of thought, all the purer ideas of love, shudder to think that they are of the earth, rather than God-given. In reference to the physical character the evolutionists give to the elements of thought, Du Bois Reymond said: "It is absolutely and forever inconceivable that a number of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen atoms should be otherwise than indifferent to their own position and motion, past, present or future. It is utterly inconceivable how consciousness should result from their joint action."

Evolution may be the answer to the riddle of the universe, but we can scarcely point to our modern art as excelling that of the Greeks. They could offset our Newtons, Bacons and Shakespeares with Euclids, Archimedes and Platos. Though the twentieth will be a grander century than all the others combined, we must remember it is the result of man's combined efforts for ages, and as Hugh Miller said, it would be difficult for us to gather from all the capitals of the world, a symposium of intellect, such as Aspasia commonly held in Athens. "Since genius first began unconsciously to register in its works, its own bulk and proportions, there has been no increase in the mass or improvement in the quality of the individual mind."

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

THE PANORAMA OF SLEEP.

SOUL AND SYMBOL.

BY NINA PICTON.

(V.)

THE MOUNT OF PURPOSE.

The top of the mountain was lost in the clouds.

I stood at the base and looked up—up to the zenith in my clear vision, up where a light shone that almost blinded mine eyes. The sun seemed centered there.

In the valley about me—cool and delightful and winding here and there with silver rivulets—a number of people were gathered. Happy and merry was their discourse. Care seemed as far removed as the skies that smiled above them; and in groups of two, three and more, they stood and cast their eyes to where I stood, lone, hesitant, and silent.

The scene was one not to be forgotten. To the westward lay the homes of the valley-seekers. The sun touched the vines, which clambered to the cottage-roofs. Like a tissue of gold it lay on the smooth, green sward.

"Art thou alone in this land?" asked one, advancing toward me and looking upon me with friendliness and interest.

"It seemeth so," was my reply, looking about and beholding no familiar face.

"Then stay and rest. It is pleasant here. One needeth not to struggle nor strive, but take the hours as they come. We eat and drink and are merry. Nothing disturbs, and we count light-hearted ones here."

"But I am sent for a season only," I replied, promptly and decisively.

"By whom?" sneered my listener. "Payest thou tribute to any man? Not I!" and he snapped his fingers.

"Only to the Director of my being," I answered, stung by his sneers and doubting looks.

"And where proposest thou to wander?" he asked mockingly.

"Up there," I answered, looking far up the height where one or two toilers were scantily visible.

"A fool's errand," quoth he. "We have marked some ascending, but they always came back again; and so wilt thou. One or two, however, have perished there. The returning ones have told us queer tales of whitening bones, of broken staff, and shreds of cloth."

"It daunteth me not," I boldly rejoined. "Were it given me to choose between *that* and thine, my course would be there," and I stepped forward.

"Thou wilt return," cried the speaker; "thou wilt be like the rest," and he looked pityingly at my slender stature.

"I think not. A voice surer than thine assures me of safety. Wait and know!" To the path I stepped. It was narrow and shelly and my feet felt little surety at the first pacing.

"Foolish one!" shrieked the valley-dwellers. "Come back to us! Come and abide in pleasantness and comfort!"

But I only nodded in negatives and stepped higher. Steep and frowning loomed the mount. No bush grew near for hand-holding, no sapling by which to forward my body's length.

Then I thrust my nails into the earth-mold. I loosened the earth and climbed surely upward. Into the tendons of my slim white members new strength was infused, and I gripped the soil with an iron clutch. The air became rarer, but I did not care. A light streamed down upon me and its tiny radii seemed arms outstretched and electric-lifting. I became hopeful and exultant. I traveled faster. No human being was near. I was solitary and silent in my journeying. But the light was always there, and it helped me. I dared not look back.

Once I paused to rest, but a forward gaze was continually with me. Deadly would a backward glance be, I felt and reasoned.

And now, as if to reward me, I discovered a path that wound about near the peak of the mount. Unhesitatingly I stepped into it, my hands were bleeding and fatigued. It became wider, more accessible and the air seemed softer, for its former rarity did not pain or affect me now. Small green herbs appeared and little clumps of verdure. Each foot of soil looked life-giving, rich and propagating. Tiny mountain-blossoms, from time to time, attracted my eye; some star-like in appearance and coming into my thought like the children of hope. Others, faint in tint as the early dawn-streaks, sent color and cheer into that lonely path.

Looking up once more I caught the outline of a form that stood high up on the mountain's peak and was limned on the blue sky-surface like a delicate tracery.

"A human one, and here!" I ecstatically breathed.

'Twas an incentive too great to be unheeded. To think that I, formerly solitary, silent, should soon be there, and hold converse with one of my kind! Carefully stepping, joyously singing, I proceeded.

Other forms now arrested my vision. Perhaps they had just arrived, perhaps they were awaiting me. Both queries were thought-holding. Ere I was aware, I had scaled the mountain-side. Feeling as if the universe was mine, stretching out my arms to the grandness of space with longing, like a wild bird for flight, I stood.

Then I marked a small company that appeared waiting, expectant and smiling.

"Come," called one, advancing toward me. "We travel beyond and have awaited thee," and he pointed to a plateau of land proceeding near the mountain-top and jutting out at one side.

And I, sure, elate, and intensified with success, followed fleetly, no query on my lips, no fear within my heart.

IN THE MOON'S CIRCLET.

Twelve women sat in a row on a rude wooden bench. The twilight shadowed the earth and the finger of repose had touched each plant and shrub, each flower of the field and wayside.

I sat with the twelve at the far end of the row, waiting, watching, with that sense that foretells the prescience of some event. Nothing had been prophesied, nothing made known, but the waiting moments were full of expectation, suspense and impression. Words were not given us in that night-time sitting: one accent would have jarred the soul-current. Therefore, vision, keen, intense, and yearning became the sense most alert; and with quiet hands, but throbbing pulses, we remained.

The sky was blue as the heart of a violet-bud, and the clouds sifted over its surface like snow fallen free from the Frost-King's hand. The moon uprose from the mountain's peak and, with its sober face, looked like the genii of the mountain. But the dark mass remained immovable, and the face rose higher in its course. Toward that lunar body the eyes of the twelve traveled intently.

It appeared the same light that had radiated the heavenly region as the nights rolled round, yet a tiny silvery spot, scarce larger than a dewdrop's shining, became visible in the dark space turned toward the earth. Growing, brightening, it held our vision, until stamped upon the shadowed surface and encircled by the moon's thin ring-tracery, a cross of gold appeared.

I, like the rest, became awe-struck and silent. What phenomenon was to occur in that far-off element? What vision granted our expectant eyes?

The mystery held us. A fascination, proceeding from the contact of the eye with a bright object, was all we knew, yet further developments would assuredly be known. For what other purpose were we there?

Some feathery clouds dispersed with the force of an unseen breath, and slowly uprising from the space behind the moon, came

the outline of an angel-head. For a moment it rested upon the darker side, dulling the brightness adjacent and sending over the blue part of the heavens, a mellow light, not unlike the glow from a meteor's flight.

With hearts tumultuously beating and eyes wondering and intent, we stirred not, until a form, all white and shining, poised itself upon the slender horn of the heavenly body, like one ready for flight. Even in that far-off view, the lustre was too great. For we covered our eyes, that all at once were aching with the far-off gazing. But the inclination to look became so strong, the hope of something to be given us so impelling, that every eye was drawn to that o'erhanging blue, where some phenomenon was taking place.

The angel bent forward.

A thrill sped through each watcher. Was he about to descend to earth? For the attitude was surely that of downward flight. Lifting the cross from its dark blue resting-place, the angel uprose and held it on high, as if waiting some mandate from beyond that sealed space.

The cross moved; the messenger carried it forward; and—as if choosing from among us—by a downward sweep of that glittering cross, that symbol of faith to which I was surely striving to rivet my soul, as well as eyes, indicated certain ones that sat beside me.

But the doubting that assails all mortals, that heeding of the imps of perverseness, clamored in my ears and told me to fly. Nothing further would be known. Why not dismiss all hope, from which no joy would arise? But my consciousness stayed me, and I closed my ears to the doubter's words.

"Will he pass me by?" thought I—"I, the yearning one at the end of the line, that fear no observation, knowing my inferiority?"

The pause became painful and I lowered my eyes; it seems hardly given me to expect.

Some one touched me lightly on the sleeve. It was the one next to me, who had evidently seen a further marvel.

"Look!" she murmured; and my eyes were upheld.

The angel's head appeared turned, the ear arrested, as if awaiting some message. With clasped hands and heaving breast, I waited. I saw the tip of the golden emblem; I saw it come toward me and strove to grasp the slender barb of gold that fell athwart the white wool of my gown.

Three times it descended toward me. Three times I gave thanks and fell upon my knees. The vision was too ecstatic for silence. Thankfulness brimmed over and escaped me.

How long I remained there I did not know. How long the others were away I could not surmise. I seemed only to wait, on bended knees, in the solitude and silence of that night-time hour, and wonder at what had come into my life.

When I withdrew my eyes from the dew-gleaming sod and held them high to God's entrance-gates, the angel had gone. The moon presented its usual exterior. It was a calm summer night—nothing more. I must have been asleep, alone, out there, with no friendly soul to share my solitude. Yet my mind regained its clearness, the mist of mystery disappeared 'neath the lumin of faith and I remembered the wooden bench, my companions, our vigil.

"Gone!" I exclaimed in wonderment, and I pondered at their flight.

Through the fast closing night I betook my way toward tne distant lamp that threw its beacon-rays upon my forward path, and seemed a star in my cottage window.

"The number was three," I cogitated; their's one. What meaneth the difference?"

"Three is His holy number," came a whisper, "and signifies a true call. Thine was the one, therefore; for in it all chosenness lay. Forget not the distinction; it is rarely accorded."

And I left the night; I left the doubting and the fearing: the lesson had been lowered into the depths of my heart.

THE COUNTERPART.

Three times I had met the figure. Once, when the lanes were white with blossom, and the twilight had closed the gates of day. It stood—as I looked up and met its gaze—down near the silver poplar that showed its shining leaflets to the sister-trees.

The figure startled me then, though it spake no word; for it appeared not a creature of flesh and blood, only an illusion of the optical nerve And I hurried on, looking neither to the right nor left, nor backward, but gazing with that direct and persistent gaze that comes to the suddenly awed. But I had caught a side-glimpse of the face. It was one I knew more nearly than any other. It was one that held me, willing or unwilling, do what I might.

When I met it again the glitter of hundreds of lights streamed down upon a hall, in which a goodly company was assembled. Twinkling feet, forms swaying and circling in mazy measures, tuned to the rhythm of harp-swept strings and orchestral instruments, made gay the scene. Then the figure stood very near me, and, in a voice made audible to me alone, thus addressed mine ear:

"Why dost thou remain? One can see that thou art restless; else thy face would assume the satisfaction this hour brings. If happiness be not here, seek it elsewhere."

"Who art thou?" asked I, overcome with curiosity.

But the speaker's face was turned a trifle away, and, though the turn of the head, the curves in the body, and the outline seemed strangely familiar as the other, I could not vouch entirely.

"One that is always near thee," answered the figure. "Waking or sleeping, I am there, and ever shall be, till moons shall wax and wane, and I be summoned elsewhere."

The tone was grave and kindly, and stirring with soul.

"Why takest thou such interest?" was my next question, prone to wonder at such a follower. "The world is wide, and the world is careless; few turn out of a path for another; yet thou watchest me, thou hast told me.

"Yea, and always. Each step of thine is also mine. Each thought of mine I would make thine, for I know thee better than thou knowest thyself. Let me be near thee. Give heed and credence to my words. It may be well for thine outlook."

Some one drew near—one of the gay throng—and spoke to me. "You look strangely quiet," said he. "Pshaw, that won't do for a scene of this kind. Flee from thoughts that make you look so serious. Come, let us join the dance. Be like the others, please; be gay and happy."

In a moment I had accepted his suggestion. Whirling, smiling, tripping lightly, I was again "one of the rest."

The figure stood and looked at me. A pleading gaze was in the eye—a look as of one left sadly to oneself—forsaken, friendless.

"Oh, I must go!" I cried suddenly; for I saw the beckoning hand in the distance.

"*What* is it? Are you ill, or disturbed, or has *something* effected this transformation? You have been only twice round the room."

"I am not well," I replied, and he led me to a chair.

Standing for a while, he gave me a curious look; then asked, "Shall I bring you something? A glass of wine to rouse you? Let me, please!"

"No," I cried, "only bring my friend here; I shall go away with her—now—at once."

Before a half hour had elapsed, the carriage was rolling home in the moonlight.

Near me sat the figure—shadowy, but recognized and felt; felt like the presence of a protector, in whose care I should never lose confidence.

In a valley, far-removed from the haunts of men, I once more saw the figure. It rocked itself to and fro, ceaselessly, sadly. It was clad in habiliments of sadness; the long hair streamed upon the wind, and the long cloak fluttered like a black-winged bird upon the breeze.

I drew nearer, thinking to question her, for sincere and deep seemed her sorrow.

"Why do you weep?" I asked; and the sound of my own voice in that deserted region caused me to tremble.

She did not answer, but rocked the more.

"Do you refuse sympathy?" I queried. "One should appreciate it here." And I looked round at the deserted spot, where the trees leaned quietly toward me, and the seal of silence was on the lips of Nature.

"Why have you it only when here?" the figure asked. "You know me, have met me, seen me before. Dost remember?"

The voice was familiar as mine own; but the ring was sad and plaintive. Something reproachful was in the silent pose of the woman, something that awakened me to query.

"Hast thou aught against me?" asked I. "Though thy path seems always mine, yet recall I no time when I have repulsed, scorned or ill-treated thee. What wouldst thou have me do? Tell me, I pray thee!" For I felt a close link between that woman and me.

"I would have thee thyself!" she exclaimed, looking down in deep thought. "I would have thee, at all times, and in all places, the genuine stamp of womanhood. Live to have no fear, and stand not in awe of those that crush thy better thoughts. What art thou upon this planet, a reality or one tricked in disguises? Remember my injunction!"

A cold shiver, indicative of truth, came with her words. Here rested, I felt, one that knew my inmost soul and impressed me with the knowledge. That she had been sent to confront me, I felt sure.

"Tell me thy name," I asked slowly; "for I must know thee better."

"Thou knowest it. Hast heard it from the beginning of thy memory."

But I shook my head in doubt.

"I will heed all that thou directest; I will bear thee in mind," I

cried, "but I must see thee ere thou goest; some distance may yet divide us."

"That resteth with thee," she answered, and, turning, raised her face to mine.

In startled wonder, I rubbed mine eyes. In awe, in silence, I gazed full into the face. It was mine own—a little softened, perhaps, but alike in feature, contour and expression.

"Dost thou know me now? Then thou must know me always. I am thy better self." And she held my quivering hands, while a great peace came unto me.

NINA PICTON.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TREND OF THE TIMES.

Entering the portals of the new century, we stand in the golden light of a new era; mentally scanning the horizon of the future we hope and rejoice over the outlook, enraptured with the glorious possibilities in view.

> "It is the hour of Man: new purposes,
> Broad-shouldered, press against the world's slow gate."

In the lower grades of progress we have had the different ages in their order, stone, iron, etc., and lastly the electric age. Electricity has less material conditions than other material agencies; therefore, in the ascending order of progress or evolution material history is giving place to spiritual reality.

"Step by step we see the steady gain of man." Glancing back through the past century, we are impressed with the marvelous advancement made in subjugating material obstacles. Messages flit through the air without visible transit, obedient to his will; he has measured space, opened the starry revelations of the heavens, pierced mountains, probed the mighty deep, harnessed the lightning to do his bidding and annihilated distance. Soon his restless ingenuity will complete a highway through the trackless wastes of air. Even the sun, that great mystery, the light and life of our solar system, has been taxed, and will be forced to contribute its quota to man's achievement and triumph, by supplying motive power to the busy hives of industry. The steady fire of man's resistless will, focused on the frozen barriers of the far north, will soon melt a pathway into that stronghold, which has defied him and kept her secret so long.

The inventive genius is mounting his Pegasus for a stronger and wider flight into wonderland. Imagination, the embryo wing of the soul, can scarcely bear us above our present limitations far enough to catch a glimpse of that, which for the want of a better word, we call invention, now being woven in the busy looms of mind.

Ascending into the higher altitudes of thought, inquisitive man is peering into the hitherto hidden forces of nature, whose mysteries he unlocks with the magic key of wisdom, for a waiting world. Scorning the shackles of hoary tradition, ignoring the detaining hands of the dead past, he has started on a quest for truth, that will not be satisfied until that purifying search-light is turned upon the panorama of mortal life, and eternity's endless tide sweeps away the kaleidoscopic views of the world's brief show; and even then he will ever be rising higher in the realms of truth, throughout the calm forever of eternal life. Like the coral insect, each giving itself to be embodied in its work, each succeeding million climbing higher upon the willing sacrifice—thus the fair and lovely coral isle is built up from the darksome caverns of the ocean depths, into the smiling presence of sun and sky; so each generation of human toilers, add to that, which has stood the test of storm-driven waves of error, and proved true, until, over-topping the mad billows of mortality, the stately structure of truth is reared into the eternal sunlight of God's presence, a refuge for tempest-tossed humanity, founded on the "Rock of Ages," and reaching from earth to heaven.

In all man's search for knowledge he has never met the mandate, "Thus far and no farther;" on the contrary the command has been, "Search for wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding." So man finds himself ever beckoned on and on, for with all his boasted learning he is only on the outer edge of creation; still in the alphabet of the wonders which exist, each new discovery is but a mile-post to trace the march of the race.

To the thinker, who lives above the ordinary mental atmosphere, above what the "dim-eyed world has taught," the indications of the times are significant. The forces of nature seem to be drawing together, by a powerful attraction, for some final demonstration. Witness the effects of this action in the visible or external world, which is but the index of the unseen. There seems to be a crystallization or focusing of powers, and man works less as an individual, more as a whole. This is indicated by the brotherhood of leagues,

orders, trusts, etc., industrial, social and ecclesiastical. The amalgamation of mankind is taking place; it is the gravitation of soul, the adhesion and cohesion of spirit, that is federating or fusing together the inhabitants of the earth. In the perspective of the future we see universal peace, the world as one country, inhabited by the united family of Man,

"When the war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle-flag is furled."

As we draw nearer to one another, we draw nearer to God. Man's love for his brother is the gauge of his love for God. In the ratio of the approach to the source of divine intelligence and inspiration, the human mind is quickened with ability to grasp and utilize the forces of nature, earth, sea and air, and all therein. Dominion was given the "Image and likeness of God," and in just the proportion that man regains his spiritual status by conforming to the teaching of Jesus, will he acquire his rightful supremacy. All obstructions must give way before the force of spirit. Progress is based on Christianity. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Compare the progress of an enlightened nation with one still in spiritual darkness.

As the ages roll on, God's eternal purpose unfolds to man; or, speaking more correctly, man's spiritual growth qualifies him to catch a gleam of the Deific plan, though at first it is "As through a glass, darkly."

There are some natures so gross, that they live almost entirely on the physical plane, exiled from the presence and power of the higher life, and chained to the dead, monotonous level of materiality; others more advanced in the school of life, are striving to throw off the accumulated rubbish of mistakes, that dim the inner light, and be found in the Divine likeness, as far as the capacity of the present age permits. Some one has said, "What we made, we can change; what God made needs no change." We make our own imperfections and we can rid ourselves of them.

A great spiritual awakening is stirring the nations of the earth,

though it is made manifest in different forms. Old conditions and traditions, though hoary with antiquity, are passing away, and all things are being formed anew; when the transition now taking place is finished, we will have as promised, "a new earth."

"Lo, Man tore off the chains his own hands made:
Hurled down the blind, fierce gods that in blind years
He fashioned, and a power upon them laid
To bruise his heart, and shake his soul with fears."

We are entering the radiance of the resurrection dawn. We are being resurrected from the deadness of the letter, to the newness of the spirit.

"And sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Thro' present wrong, the eternal right."

The quickening command, from out the supernal eternity, "Let there be light," is arousing man from the stupid somnambulism of ignorance; and over the chaos of conflicting creeds and dogmas, theories and opinions, the Babel of dissent and unbelief, the white light of the heavenly dawn is breaking, though it may be centuries, when measured by solar years, before the "Mist shall roll away," from the grand purpose to be wrought out by the human family, yet there are rays shifting through the gloom that are potential.

"One mighty gleam and old horizons broke!
All the vast glimmering outline of the whole
Swam on the vision, shifting at one stroke,
The ancient gravitation of the soul."

LULA REGINOLD.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XXIV.)

Violet spread the oblong square of snowy damask found atop the lunch basket upon an oasis of growing ivy in the midst of a pigmy forest of ferns. Grass there was none in this secluded spot, which was, however, level and green with the thickly clustering little scalloped leaves of the beautiful trailing "alehoof."

Upon the center of the cloth the girl placed a wealth of graceful fern-fronds and where the stems approached one another, as spokes approach the hub of a wheel, she piled a pretty pyramid of fruits, the purple and bronze and rose and gold of plum and apple and peach and pear; for the master was a lavish purveyor and had gauged the hearty young appetites he loved to appease, long before this.

Then the generous, yet daintily made sandwiches of wafers and cheese, of buns and caviare, of rolls and marmalade, of bread and chopped olives—for the caterer at the big hotel as well as the Urchins had learned some lessons of the Wise Man—were distributed about the white cloth, and not more than half a dozen curious insects had begun their own private and personal investigations of the inviting repast before the boys and their beloved guide returned with their welcome addition to the feast.

There was just a moment's hush upon the part of the feasters before the banquet began. Pinkie had several times been on the point of asking the question she now propounded, the moment's silence seeming to give her quite sufficient courage to do so.

"Please, sir, do you say grace, *ever?*"

"No, Pinkiepet; I never 'say grace.' "

"Not out loud, sir—just silently, you know. I notice that you always are quite still for a moment, just before you begin to eat."

"I don't say words over, Pinkie, lass; not even silently. Words do not form themselves in my mind at that particular moment."

"*Something* does; please, won't you tell us what?"

"Certainly, if I can. You are quite right in your surmises, child; words do not form themselves in my mind, but 'something' does. I wonder if I can make you comprehend what that 'something' is. Let me try:

"First there is always—*always*, mind you, the never-ceasing wonder of my soul that so marvelously beautiful things as the fruits of the earth were designed by the Creator for his creatures. That wonder abides with me. Never do I lose the peculiar sensation, nor am I able to look with that indifference, that matter-of-course emotion most people feel for the daily repeated experiences of their own lives. And this abiding wonder wakes in my being a worship for the Giver of all good, and my reverence is so full of love that I would sing aloud if I might find the words I need to voice the glad emotions of my grateful heart."

"I should like that," said Snowdrop thoughtfully. "I think it would be fine to sing a little anthem of praise and joy—a real hymn of thanksgiving—before one began to eat. It would make the simplest, plainest food one could eat after such a song worth all the richest stuff that could be set before one."

"Why, Snowdrop?"

"Because—because—well, maybe it would seem so because if we, ourselves, were so joyous and glad it would do us more good—would, perhaps, digest better."

"Your joy and gladness would come of your effort to voice your grateful hearts' love for the Creator to whom the earth and its fulness thereof belong. With the uplifting harmony of your song would come a change of vibrations that must result in the greatest good.

"Hatred tastes bitterness in all things; love finds all things sweet; and, children, dear, it is not in the physical tongue that the power to discover such differences between bitter and sweet lies. It is in the mind—the soul of the feaster. Bring an ugly mental feeling to the table with you and the nectar will be wormwood; but sing

your little song of love and all you taste will become ambrosia."

" 'Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' Is that what that saying means?"

"Exactly, my boy."

"Isn't it odd how a fellow will hear and remember such sayings as this, and never catch the real meaning of it—never take it home to himself, as it were, until something happens like this talk we're having? And then it all comes back to him; but now it *means* something. He might always have known the words, and might always have been able to repeat them (as a parrot repeats what it has been taught); but they never had any meaning in them to him."

"That is just another 'coming alive,' Brownie. You bring your waking consciousness to bear upon the hitherto rather meaningless words as the rays of light focus themselves upon an object, and its real meaning, its application to some experience of your own, stands out in strong, true, unmistakable figures before you. A never-ending procession of marvels pass before the unseeing, unconscious beings of this world with every turn of this young earth toward the old sun. Those who are not soul-blind bend involuntary, ceaseless adoration before this eternal exhibition of Divine Love. Toss me yonder big red apple, Blooy, please."

The Wise Man caught the whirling, rosy sphere, and bade the Urchins look upon its beauty. As he held it aloft he told them the story of its remote ancestry; of the later grafting of living wood to living wood; of the light, the darkness, the sun, the dew that fed the mere green bead which at first grew upon the end of a fallen blossom's stem. What tears trickled down its sour, little face as the splashing rain fell in the cold, spring days! What blushes burned it as the sun kissed its rounding cheeks in the early autumn's rare and cloudless days! From what mysterious warehouse of most opposite flavors (that combined to form the sweetened acid of of its delicious juices) was brought hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month the luscious little particles that were

added by the magic hand of Mother Nature to the juicy perfection of the slowly-ripening fruit? Did the delicious little globules come through the stem—the slender, tough, green stem which is no larger now than when it held the roseate blossom on its emerald tip? And, if so, from whence came these flavored molecules? From the restless leaves or the boughs? From the tree's heart of wood in the dense old trunk? From whence came they that wrought this miracle?

Not an Urchin tried to answer; but into each youthful consciousness was then and there stored that which would never in all these children's lives to come allow them to enjoy a bite of a beautiful fruit without a thought of the marvelous mystery of its being.

"And here's another 'wonder,' " said the Wise Man, as he lifted a thick little picnic glass full of water to where an adventurous sunbeam had tumbled down through a parting of the leaves overhead. "Is there anything more wonderful in all the material world than this mass of liquid crystal globules?

"I never think of water without a sort of awe, and a feeling that the Creating Intelligence itself must have been pleased with this especial creation, and have pronounced it indeed 'good'. It is a symbol of so much."

"What is a symbol, please?"

"A symbol, Pinkie, may be said to be the visible sign of an invisible idea. The anchor is a symbol of hope; the cross, of steadfast faith; the crown, of the highest reward for righteous action. We do not cling to the anchor, carry the cross, nor wear the crown; there are no visible signs of these things about us; yet we use the symbols in one speech, and understand the use of each particular sign.

"Everything we see in the material world, my children, is a symbol of a spiritual truth. Earth, water and fire symbolize matter, soul and spirit; and the three in one, the Trinity, exist in the Creator's manifestation in his creatures. Do you remember what John says?

" 'And there are three that bear witness in earth—the spirit and the water and the blood; and these three agree in one.' Here the blood means things material.

"As water surrounds the earth, so soul may be said to surround its earthly habitation; for soul does not dwell inside the body, my Urchins, any more than the player of a piano dwells inside his instrument. It is the soul that attunes the body to harmony according to its power (that is, power gained by knowledge acquired through its many incarnations), and accordingly as the body is perfectly or imperfectly attuned can the Master-Player render its mortal theme to greater or less satisfaction and advantage.

"Few bodies are the grand and perfect instruments they might —nay, should—be; therefore, although there may really be that which is fine and praiseworthy in a mortal instrument, too often these are wired and not as yet keyed to a proper pitch, and the consequence is, at times, a single sad discord jangling into what is otherwise harmonious, and marring the beauty of a life-melody.

"Water is limpid; one's hand goes in between its particles with greatest ease, yet it *is* as heavy as it is penetrable. It holds together in its natural channels and basins, yet pour it out upon the dry ground and it will disappear in separate drops. It will ooze through a porous vessel, and penetrate wood, at times carrying with it into apparently dense fibre sufficiently gritty deposits to turn the submerged wood into what seems stone.

"The tenements of flesh in which we dwell, as do the houses we inhabit, possess a marvelous lot of what I am going to call 'plumbing', and in one as in the other, water is necessary for the required flushing. We bathe in it, drink of it, splash it, scatter it, waste it, thinking little of this most gloriously generous gift of Mother Nature to the children of earth.

"And as generously as the element so familiar to us is the Water of Life poured out for us. Through our beings the bright tide flows.

"We bathe in it, drink of it, waste it, thinking as little of it as of

the material flood. And both cleanse us as they pass, gathering up the particles that require removing, the one on the physical, the other on the spiritual plane, carrying away the clogging atoms, the hindering misbeliefs.

"If, for the sake of illustration, we may allow ourselves to suppose a something all impossible and unheard of, let us try to fancy a person to whom water has never been known, endeavoring by means of a worded explanation, to comprehend perfectly what water might be. Do you think for a moment that any words could make clear to him the nature or properties of this most wonderful element?"

"I don't see how just words could, sir. He'd have to wade in it, bathe in it and be thirsty and drink of it, even after he saw it in a big bulk or body in river, lake or ocean, as well as in little separate drops running down a window-pane, before he could even begin to know what the word water meant. Nobody could just take our description of it and grasp the real idea of what water is at all."

"No, Blackie; nor can any one take anybody's description of what is meant by the Water of Life and comprehend it. The Water of Life alluded to in the Scriptures is the vital word of the Creator, and each creature must drink of it—must experience it—his very own self. Preachers and teachers may talk and explain and argue and declare, but each one who listens to these explanations, arguments and declarations resembles, in a measure, the man who has never known from his own experience what water really is. No words of another can make him really know that which must come within his own experience to be even partially understood. For even then, after he has comprehended its existence for himself, he knows little more than that it does exist. The mystery lies beyond his material, his physical cognizance and must be learned by senses which recognize things other than earthly."

"But don't most preachers and teachers know how to tell us all about the Water of Life?"

"They know how to tell all about what they themselves believe to be true, but what each one, be he ever so gifted, tells you is only another man's opinion—not the real and simple truth itself."

"But how did these preachers and teachers get *their* ideas, please, sir?"

"From others, Snowdrop; from other men who chanced to live before them, and these early preachers and teachers from others earlier still. Not all—not every preacher and teacher, mind you, little ones; for always among these have there been inspired souls who so thirsted for the Water of Life that they sought the very fountain-head itself, being discontented with the, to them, unsatisfactory little draughts so muddied with the touch of ignorant human beings, who dealt in the divine flood as though it were all their own, especial and peculiar property, to deal out in such quantities to the common mob as they, the self-elect, saw fit. These, the merchants of that for which the thirsty souls will pay any price, know of the Eternal Spring of Living Water only through books written through other people or from discourses heard in some school of theology.

"Not in all the world, it is safe to say, are there to be found two individuals whose religious beliefs are identical in every respect. They are in the main, let us agree, well-intending, meaning to tell the truth to those who allow others to do their thinking for them. But they may be likened to so many bits of stained glass, each one differs a shade in tone, lighter as they approach the Divine Reality, darker as their selves dominate, and their mortal judgments allow the stain of personal preference to discolor the white ray as it passes."

"What do you mean by 'personal preference'?"

"Each person's wish that this or that or the other thing most pleasing to that person's self be true. The belief that gives each man the greatest satisfaction, from the burning of heretics, as the pious murderers call those who do not view an object from exactly

the same point of observation as themselves, to the surrendering of all that makes life beautiful for most people for the sake of the spiritual welfare of their brother men.

"Between the inhuman beings who imagine they are rendering the loving Creator a service by torturing to death his most beloved of all creations, to the splendid souls who would die ten deaths rather than take the precious life of one brother man; there are beliefs as to what is right and wrong as diverse as there are men who entertain them.

"How, then, are we to choose? And we ourselves are no exceptions to the rules; for even though we seem, to ourselves, to abide by the opinions of a (to us) most plausible speaker, accepting in the main, his arguments in favor of this or that or the other, that which we fancy we accept is bound to be sufficiently tinted by our own personal ideas as to more or less differ in tone from the originally accepted teaching. No two people *can* hold exactly the same view-point. We, each and severally, stand a little further this way or that way when we look at any object, and to each of us its perspectives naturally tend to a different 'vanishing point.'

"Let us, for example, look at the trunk of that fallen tree. I, from where I sit, see more of the side that is in shadow; you, Violet, have a better view of the side toward the light, while to Goldie there is some light and some shadow. Brownie, who stands upright before the object is taking a bird's-eye view; Blooy, lying upon the ground, looks up to see lines running exactly opposite to those seen by Brownie's eyes, yet it is all one and the same object, and, you see, there's not one of us who gaze upon it can possibly have the same view point.

"As on the material plane none of us can stand in exactly the same place of observation of any given object, so on the higher plane we occupy different places in the universe; and because we are just where and what we (by reason of our evolution) are, our ideas of that which we survey spiritually must be our very own and not another's.

"All this difference of opinion does not affect the Truth itself—the glorious Truth which can shine in all the beauty of its white splendor through only so crystal, clear and stainless a soul as that of our own dear Saviour."

"Our Saviour, sir? Our Saviour?"

"Your voice has a note of surprise in it, my child; in what way have I astonished you?"

"I thought—we all thought—that you did not believe that Jesus was our Saviour."

"Because I asked you, my little one, if you really believed that any one could save us from punishment for sins committed?"

"Yes, sir."

"I do believe that, Pinkie."

"You do believe it? Then why do you call Jesus 'our own Saviour?'"

"Because I do also believe that he is, my child. Not from punishment for sin; not from the paying of penalty for sins committed, for sin is a violation of moral Law, and the soul that sins, even through ignorance, must suffer for his transgression as surely as he must suffer for his ignorance did he know no better than to thrust his hand into the flames. Effect must follow cause, the reaping follow the sowing, and what comes to us as punishment is simply the result of good or evil deeds done in the past. The Law is as just as it is changeless; it neither rewards nor punishes; remember that, children, always. There is no punishment for sin save in the terrible effect that must always follow as terrible a cause."

"No one 'passes sentence' upon us; therefore do you, here and now, cast fear from your young hearts forever. For only as you sow *can* you reap, and the good sowing brings ever its golden harvest of heavenly peace.

"The Man of Galilee was our Saviour in that he taught the world what it could and must do to escape the suffering consequent upon wrong doing. He taught the Golden Rule, the love of men

for one another, a love that must save all who will listen and heed his teaching from the doing of evil deeds. With love for others in one's heart, could one do those others a wrong? With compassion filling one's soul for a brother mortal, could one sin against him? Only hate could hurt a fellow-man; and Jesus taught us not only to not hate, but to go further than a mere negative *not*-doing, and positively love our enemies, to pray for those who despitefully use us. He tells us it will profit us nothing to be good to those who are good to us, for thus do the Scribes and Pharisees.

"Thus he is our Saviour, dear children. Adown the ages like deathless music come the sweet tones of his tender voice; and we know that his comforting words are true, and that if we do but follow in the beautiful path of love wherein he walked for the little span of his life upon earth, that that which he taught us in his own prayer, 'Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven,' will be realized, and mankind, sad, sinful and suffering, be made free under the eternal Law."

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

A DREAM.

A dream most beautiful! A wraith divinely bright!
Thou comest and I worship thee in pure delight.

But that thou art a beauteous dream, while I adore
My heart impatient is that thou art nothing more.

Ah, well! So might I weep that yonder perfect rose
Is not a perfect woman. But fine wisdom knows

A human heart is sweeter for a sweet rose seen,
And a soul is ennobled that a love has been.

In that I've seen thee once my life shall brighter be
Although with the approaching morn thou leavest me.

ANDREW ARMSTRONG.

DEPARTMENT
OF
INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

EDITED BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

MENTAL ATMOSPHERES.

Guard the atmosphere that envelopes you. Each of us is surrounded by a zone of influences we unconsciously cultivate. If we are negative and receptive we welcome every current regardless of what effect it may produce. If we are positive and aggressive we control the currents and suffer such only to enter into our lives as exhilarate and harmonize our powers. Each breeze that greets us daily as we inhale the morning air carries a special message in its breath. It arouses, invigorates and empowers us, or it depletes, enervates and discourages. Each sound thrummed upon the great Harp of Life—the jangling voices of the street, the whir of busy looms, the rattle of the wheels of traffic, the screeching of whistles, the snorting of horses, the barking of dogs, the laughter of children, the groans of the unfortunate—each sound and sentiment of earth—emits a vibration that polarizes the forces which constitute and quicken the essence of our beings. Shun those influences that deplete, welcome those that conserve. Avoid the Growler and the Grumbler as you would the scorpion and the snake. Avoid the pessimist and the prophet of despair as you would pestilence and the plague. Cultivate whosoever laughs and smiles, grasps the hand with energy and scatters sunshine athwart your path. Cultivate whatsoever inspires confidence and courage and spreads confusion in the ranks of doubters. Cultivate whatsoever helps you to believe in yourself, and flee what belittles and demeans you as you would the fang of a viper. Make him your friend who lifts your eyes to the stars and conjures the moral forces of Nature to your aid. Carry good cheer in your heart, gentleness on your lips, encouragement in your voice, and firmness in your tread, and you will disperse cowards as the

sun dispels the fog. If you wish to be strong, cultivate the company of moral giants. If you wish for success, walk in the company of those who have succeeded. Their very presence surcharges your being with new life as does a crisp December day vibrating with electric energy.

"THE CREED AND THE CHRIST."

On the day that Jesus was crucified his religion was nailed to the cross. From that day no man has truly represented him, not even his apostles and disciples. It was but a few months after his departure that disagreements grew up among them, and during the first century following his decease there were at least three hundred and twenty different sects and schisms among his followers. Who, then, were the real disciples of Jesus—who shall say? He left no creed, no written document of his faith. He despised creeds, synagogues and councils. He held the whole Sanhedrim in disdain, as a body of futile teachers who split hairs over theological absurdities, and killed the spirit by the letter of the law. But who since his day has respected his teachings above the written Creed of Christendom, or has dared to lose his personal creed in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount? Not since the days of Christ has a single principle enunciated in that Sermon ever been put into practice in all the bounds of Christendom. His immediate followers and disciples sought to incorporate those principles in their social and spiritual relations, but the experiment was short-lived and futile, and since then but few have ever dreamed of repeating the experiment.

To obey the dictates of that Sermon the social conditions of the modern world would be absolutely transformed. There would exist no "business" world such as rules modern Christianity—the business of competition, aggressiveness and avaricious overreaching. There would be no masters of trade and commerce who, by their skill, cheat the laborer of his just earnings and pile up the fabulous wealth of individual holdings so high that monarchy sits no longer with crowned heads on legendary thrones, but with plutocrats in purchasable legislative seats and on corruptible judicial benches. There would be no pampered rich and ragged poor; the towering steeples of luxurious churches would not overshadow the rotten and reeking rookeries of the socially damned, who "look

for a city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," while they toss on straw beds o' nights and pick the dogs' share out of swill barrels by day. If that sermon had ever been obeyed the earth would not have been drenched in human blood for a thousand years, and men would have suffered their creeds to die that men might live, and their churches to rot rather than poverty should besmirch and curse the earth. But to-day, in spite of the warnings of Jesus, men are still clinging to their creeds as if they were preservers on life's ocean and sacred pages of the book of eternal wisdom.

Preachers are now seeking to awaken all Christendom with the promised revival of the twentieth century. But what will they seek to revive? Will they revive the real teachings of Jesus, or will they seek to extol Calvin and Wesley, Augustin and Luther? The twentieth century is indeed ripe for a revival, but not for a revival of the Creed which gainsays the discoveries of truth and the deliverances of science. It is not ripe for the revival of mediæval ignorance or the recrudescence of Calvinistic tyranny.

If Jesus returned to earth to-day I believe he would sternly refuse to coöperate with any revivalist who stalks in modern pulpits. There is not a creed written in all the annals of Christianity which I believe Jesus would endorse. I believe he would denounce them all, and cry to their expounders—"Depart from me ye workers of iniquity."

Let not ministers deceive themselves. There can never again be a revival of old beliefs, old creeds, old superstitions. The people have too long been enjoying the delights of independent thoughtfulness, to allow themselves again to be dragged back to the stalls, to be fed like cattle on theological straw. The religion that cannot sit in peace, side by side with Science, has forever lost the confidence of humanity. The religion that builds the prospects of a future heaven, while it neglects the necessities of the present life, is forever doomed. The only revival of religion that will ever again prevail is the revival of Truth. Men are no longer cowards, to be frightened into heaven by the tongue-lashings of impetuous preachers. Men do not ask for a Saviour to die for them, or for God to descend from heaven and humble Himself for their exaltation. Such a Saviour will never again be welcomed on this planet. Men have ceased to be as curious about God as

they are about man. Men are to-day more anxious to make a better earth than they are to construct an imaginary heaven.

Until every compulsory creed in Christendom is annihilated beyond restoration, and the simple life and character of Jesus are lifted up for the emulation of humanity, there will never be a revival of religion but that will disseminate emotional insanity, spread ignorance, manufacture hypocrites, and bring disgrace upon the honored name of the humble Galilean.

THE CHURCH AND THE SALOON.

In the world of politics and social reform, the New Year promises to be full of encouragement and material progress. The great outturning of the rascals which was the chief political feature in the Metropolis as the old year was dying out, may be but the first muttering of a mighty battle against wrong, injustice and civic oppression throughout the confines of the nation. That thieves in office should be the predominating characters in the political world at the present time should astonish no thoughtful person. In a period so fraught with mercenary ambition, with eagerness to get rich, rich from any source, by any method; in a period so prone to bend the knee of devotion to the gods of earth who loll in resplendent wealth, much of which has been acquired by questionable, if not immoral, means, howbeit legal; in a period when a few men through special governmental favors, or by seizing opportunities which should avail for the general good of all the people, have grasped the control of almost countless millions, and then in the spirit of pretended philanthropy scatter them with a lavish hand as free gifts to the truckling multitude; in such an age, I say, it need astonish no one that when men are put in offices where temptation to seize the public moneys stares them daily in the face, they should sate their pecuniary appetite to the fullest extent.

There will be thieves in political offices so long as there are thieves in business, thieves in society, thieves in the church, thieves in the homes of our land. So long as lying, cheating and deception are countenanced as correct business methods if only they win, so long will the men who represent us in office see that the social conscience shall be fully obeyed, and the people sufficiently fleeced. But when the spirit of reform becomes Puritanic and retroactive, then there is danger that the little good achieved may be speedily

lost. How strange that so soon as the moral element comes into control of political power, there should be a hue and cry raised for religious and Sabbatarian regulations, which if enforced would prevail chiefly to the disadvantage of the less fortunate of the earth—to the suppression and perhaps further degradation of the underclasses of society! Pray let me know by what argument it is hoped to convince rational beings that the enforced closing of saloons on Sundays is more justifiable than their abolition on week-days?

I do not plead for the opening of the saloons on Sunday, for, on general principles I am opposed to the opening of saloons on any day. But if society justifies the business at all, then it must allow the people the use of the saloons on Sunday if they feel that they want them. The effort to coerce the saloons into silence on Sundays will prove to be the same futile and foolish failure in the future that it always has been in the past. But there is a way to get around the saloons, at least partially, and it may best be accomplished by that very class of citizens who are most opposed to their existence. If we stop to think of the limited uses that are made of our great and expensive church-edifices we may at once divine a scheme which if operated would soon tell upon the vital interests of the saloon. All week long the church-buildings are closed tight, opened only for occasional meetings, and on Sundays these same edifices are opened only for a few hours. Meantime what use is made of these vast and expensive piles of stone and brick? They lie absolutely idle. Is there no popular use to which they may be put and which would result advantageously to the people at large? I appeal to the clergy and the religious laymen of the land to study out a plan whereby these same churches may be converted from their idleness and put to public usage. Why are not the churches all properly equipped with libraries and reading rooms, and kept open every day in the week until eleven o'clock at night, where the people shall be freely welcomed to be served with coffee and food at a small charge, and without profit to the church? Why are not the toiling people invited to the churches on Sunday where they may be permitted to enjoy organ recitals and musical exercises free of all charge, and mingle with the people of wealth of whom they now entertain such extravagant and erroneous opinions? The people do not want sermons; they want service. They do not want

preaching; they want practice. They have learned to hate the church and discard its religion because they believe only the rich and fortunate may enjoy them. They are shut out of the churches at the Sunday services, because they have not clothes good enough to wear on such occasions and they have not the money needed to purchase a seating into which they may take their wives and children. Is it any wonder they go to the saloons? It were far better for every church to cultivate a free beer garden under its own roof, and give a glass and a sandwich to each patron, than to raise the social bars against them, and then to denounce them because they seek some saloon to appease their appetites and gratify their sense of pleasure.

The church may learn a hundred lessons from the saloon, if it will only heed them. The saloon at least invites and welcomes the poor. Does the church? The saloon appeals to the cheer and hopefulness and good-will of its patrons; it surrounds them with bright and dazzling lights that thrill them as they enter; it often delights them with good music which regales their better natures; it banishes gloom, and despair, and the memory of the day's oppressive toil; it affords, however mistakenly, at least the appearance of luxurious rest. Does the church do as much? The saloon spreads a free lunch, which often carries a man through the day, and perhaps saves him from failing at his labors; gives him a table to sit by and read his paper and smoke his pipe, during the noon-hour, and charges him only five cents. Does the church do as much? While I condemn the saloon on general grounds because of the natural degradation which ensues from such traffic, I cannot but see some good in it which the church might justly imitate if it were only wise enough, and if indeed it only had sufficient sympathy with the menial and lowly to come to their relief. Why should not the church for a time concern itself less with the sins of the saloon and consider awhile some of its own shortcomings? Let the saloons remain open on Sunday and every other day of the week until the people have learned to want them no more; and let the church devote itself to cultivating more sympathy with the poor, more knowledge of the social demands of the age, more sincerity in presenting the noble teachings of its adorable Master, and in time the saloon will vanish as have other evils in the past.

The poor believe the church is a club house for the rich; the poor

seek the saloon as a humble club house of their own. Is the church willing to vie with the saloon in giving the poor a free club house so well equipped in all its necessary appointments that the poor will no longer have any need for the saloon? That is one of the most momentous questions of the age. And it remains for the religious-rich—the owners of great church edifices exempt from all taxation—to say whether these places shall continue to be the especial club houses of the privileged few, or whether they will convert them into homes for all the people where they will not be forced to endure sacred psalm-singing, but where their natural sense of the beautiful and the needful may be gratified without subjecting themselves to the condemnation of a moribund Christianity.

"THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF THANKSGIVING DAY."

Perhaps my education and study of the principles of our government may cause me to strike a dissonant note in the general acclaim of praise which is annually lifted throughout the land in gratitude for the benefactions we have received. But I am constrained to raise my voice in warning because of the sly but dangerous encroachment on the fundamental principles of civil liberty which recent national customs have inaugurated.

It may be a source of surprise to the present generation to learn that such an event as the proclamation of a general thanksgiving to God by the Federal Government, enjoining proper religious services in the several churches of the land, is not only a recent innovation in our national usages, but directly in contradiction of the principles on which our constitutional liberties were established. The rigid separation between the secular rights, duties and customs of the civil government and the religious usages of the church, was a fundamental and essential doctrine in the early days of our national existence, and one on which even more than any other our civic fathers placed an especial emphasis.

President Jefferson, in his confidential letter to the Rev. Samuel Miller, unequivocally insists that it is his belief that "It is not for the interest of religion to invite the civil magistrate to direct its exercises, its discipline or its doctrine; nor of the religious societies, that the general government should be invested with the powers

of effecting any uniformity of time or matter among them. Fasting and prayer are religious exercises; the enjoining of them an act of discipline. . . . My reason tells me that civil powers alone have been given to the President of the United States, and no authority to direct the religious exercises of his constituents."

This is a warning note from the inaugural days of our national existence, coming from the mouth of its then wisest statesman, which it would appear to be dangerous for us wholly to ignore. Of nothing were our early founders more wary than any legal confusion that might arise between civil and religious rights and duties. It was then commonly believed in the language of Thomas Jefferson that "the government of the United States is interdicted by the constitution from intermeddling in religious institutions, their doctrines, discipline or exercises." The constitution plainly declares that the Federal Government shall exercise no power not specifically delegated to it; but that the several states may exercise such powers as have not been delegated to the general government. Certainly the constitution has not delegated to the United States the power to regulate or prescribe the place or manner of religious exercises. The church and state must be kept absolutely apart; no church usage, doctrine, discipline or exercise must, either by imputation or compulsion, be foisted on the civil government; nor may the secular government assume, in any manner, to direct the character, time or place of religious services. Unless this teaching be rigidly adhered to we shall soon be forced to witness the gradual encroachment of religious doctrines upon the laws and constitution of our land, which may, in time, result in the adoption of such amendments as shall make certain forms of religious teaching and custom compulsory upon the constituency of the nation.

Already a concerted effort is persistently being made by an organized body of citizens, who sway the power of the franchise, to insert in the national constitution an amendment declaring for the existence of Deity which, from year to year, is becoming more and more insistent and powerful in its demands. Well may these people declare that the government assumes a most inconsistent and illogical attitude when, on the one hand, it pretends to impose upon its constituents the requirement to assemble yearly in religious gatherings and proclaim gratitude to a Deity, the existence of

whom, on the other hand, is nowhere specified in the national constitution. Why, pray, if it be expedient for the Federal Government to request its constituents to assemble in religious gatherings for a set and specific purpose, is it not proper for it, and in keeping with the original purpose of its constitution, to insert in that immortal document the declaration of that Diety to whom thanksgiving is prescriptively rendered?

But, if for the sake of consistency the government were finally forced to amend the constitution with the declaration of the existence of Deity, then would it be more than a slight advance for the government to prescribe the exact form of worship to be observed? And, judging from the rapid unity which is developing among the churches in forms of worship, such a national prescription need not be regarded as a remote possibility. But an injunction by a civil government cannot be enforced without the right to inflict a penalty in the event of resistance. Recalling the swift development of that recent judicial feature known as "government by injunction," it would surely be a conceivable possibility that the courts, under a certain pressure of civic events, would order all the citizens of a specific district to assemble in their churches and there engage in such religious exercises as may be prescribed by ecclesiastical authorities. And in case they resisted such an injunction the courts could impose a fine upon them all or imprison them for contempt. As the right of injunction by the courts is at present construed I cannot see why such a possibility is not immediately imminent.

What a startling menace such a judicial innovation would be to the established usages of our country! But, if we are not extremely jealous of the secular character of our national and local governments; unless we never cease to cry out at each and every encroachment, however slight; unless we follow closely in the footsteps of Thomas Jefferson and the early statesmen of our nation who, from experience, knew all the possible oppression resulting from ecclesiastical interference with civic rights, we shall, perhaps, be forced before many decades, to behold such a complete revolution in our national principles as would not only startle our forefathers, but may override every restriction which to-day safeguards our civic and individual liberty.

In this country it is the business of government to take

cognizance only of civic and secular affairs. As a political organization we are constitutionally permitted to render our gratitude only to the human agencies. These let us thank for "battles, sieges, fortunes," endured and won. Monuments to our heroes, gratitude to our valiant soldiery, honor to the human liberators of Cuba and conquerors of Spain—this alone is the office and requirement of a secular government. It is for religion, for the church, for ecclesiastical usage and necessity, to proclaim such religious exercises as shall exalt the Deity whom they seek to honor. The churches are amply able to look after their own interests without the assistance of the government. The recognition of a religious service by the government, and its request that it shall be observed, adds nothing to the impressiveness of the occasion or the sincerity of the devotion. On the contrary it weakens the hand of government; and may lead it into devious paths of uncertainty.

Let us hope the day will yet come when consistency, sincerity and honesty shall characterize our political representatives; when, with fearless earnestness they will throw cant, pretense and hypocricy to the winds and assert their manhood. Then shall we witness the restoration of the rugged principles of our forefathers whose enthusiasm generated the proudest Republic of the ages and whose example still thrills the world and inspires the oppressed of every land.

"AGAIN—THE HERETIC."

Once more the voice of the Heretic is heard in the land. Once more on the western horizon looms the dread figure, the theological doubter. This, too, in the ranks of Methodism—the world's bulwark of orthodoxy and theological rectitude. In the great university at Evanston, Ill., founded with Methodist money and manned and managed by loyal Methodist subjects, a professor in the Biblical department has had the temerity to call in question all the wisdom of the ages and the counsel of his fathers, boldly declaring that the beliefs of the past are founded on froth, and that the miracles of the Bible are as fanciful as ropes of sand!

The whole Methodist world is aroused; and clerical dry bones are grewsomely rattling in the theological cemetery! But why this fuss and fulmination? Why must the astounded professor, who has simply stated what every scholar of repute has long since

admitted to be true, be unceremoniously hurled from the seminary doors into the cold world, where he will find few to sympathize with him because they will wonder why he has been so late in discovering a long established fact. To the earnest and sincere professor Pearson, doubtless the situation is sad and discomforting. With him personally all right-minded people must sympathize. But in the outer world of practical affairs, this tempest in a tea-pot cannot but excite amusement. Who are there among well-informed people that still cling to the fossilized notions of their grandfathers about the Bible and the ancient creed? Who to-day really believes that Jonah took up his habitation for three days in the belly of a whale. Who believes that Moses with his mighty wand, created a great river by merely tapping a mountain rock? Who believes that Lot's wife was literally converted into a pillar of salt and stood as a shining warning to passing generations? Who believes that the word of Moses was so potent, that by its magic, the waters of the Red Sea were piled up like walls of glass, that the fleeing pilgrims who obeyed him could pass, dry shod, while their pursuers were deluged by the returning waves? Who believes that Jesus was immaculately conceived and literally born of a virgin mother; that he raised the dead who were already decaying in their graves; that he himself defied death, returning to earth after three days in hell, and that he ascended bodily into the heavens, where he sits to-day at the right hand of God?

If there are any who still believe these alleged miracles, they cling to them at the risk of their intellectual reputation and pose as Rip Van Winkles, still asleep in a dream-world of faith and fancy. True, this new heretic does not go so far. He contents himself by merely brushing away a few of the alleged miracles of the Old Bible, and still tenaciously adheres to the major part of the established creed. But he will not stop here if he be as brave as his logic seems to be. Once you knock out the miracles of the Old Bible, and the miracles of the New Testament become so well perforated, a baby's touch will destroy them. Hell is the foundation rock of Christian theology. Destroy hell and you have demolished the entire theological superstructure. With the passing of the fiery hell, which now there are none so poor as to reverence, you have abolished the Devil, and with his departure there is no room for

vicarious Saviour, or an outraged Deity who demands the vengeance of the law for the justification of his authority.

But with all this confusion practical men of affairs are unconcerned. The preaching of theological dogmas to-day makes as much impression on this age of progress as the bill of a little bird smiting the side of a mountain. The demand which this practical age makes of religion is not that she seeks to foretell the possibilities of another world, or forestall the wisdom of Deity in the deliverances of appointed oracles, or postpone the state of salvation to another bourne from which no traveler has yet returned; but that she withdraw her dreamy eyes from the misty realms of the unseen, where invisible spirits dwell and tread the earth, seeking to study and help men who live in the flesh and struggle for their daily bread. The doom of dogma is sealed. Men care not for it nor will they listen. Men ask for such religion as shall transform this earth into the paradise which for ages religionists have believed could be found only in heaven. Men ask for such religion as shall teach them how to live amicably in the pressure of conflicting human interests, knowing that, if they learn this secret here, when they have shuffled off this mortal coil they shall have peace aplenty. Men are willing to postpone the knowledge of angels and a descriptive diagram of the heavenly metropolis if they may now learn how to construct a city wherein righteousness shall prevail and civic justice shall have sway.

Let theologians become humanitarians and extract from the Bible and all other good books such instruction as shall beautify this earth and make it the habitation of a noble race of men, and they will find not only a more genial occupation but one which shall prove alike more profitable to mankind and less productive of hypocrisy and dishonest makeshift. All hail the heretic! But let him not halt or falter. Let him be true to his conscience and highest reason, fearlessly casting aside all the luggage and impediments of the ancient camp, and, enlisting without qualification or restriction, in the growing army of scientific students and social reformers, he shall never cry *peccavi* but be forever blessed.

HENRY FRANK.

NUGGETS OF LOVE.

Love forgives. Love uplifts. Love sustains. No mortal who loves can ever fall.

* * *

Love and Jealousy are like the rose and thorn—they oft abide together, but when one is found the other is cast away.

* * *

Love knows no idolatry; it is no respecter of persons; it adores not a frame or an individual, but the ideal these may represent.

* * *

Love seeks not *you*, but what it thinks you are.

* * *

Love is the Goddess of Liberty. Jealousy is the Slave Master of Tyranny.

* * *

Love breaks the stiff neck of Pride and melts the icy heart of Selfishness.

* * *

Love can see no sin, for her tears have washed the stain away before her eyes could behold it.

* * *

Love and Sadness, like Music and Melancholy, abide together.

* * *

Love is the most joyous of all pains, for it is the pain in the healing of life's wounds.

* * *

Love loves for Love's sake; nor money can buy, nor armies conquer, nor prison cells confine it.

* * *

Love loves because it cannot *but* love. Why does the sun shine? Why do birds sing? Why do the tides flow and ebb?

* * *

He who loves once always loves; he has tapped the fountain of his being and the waters never cease to flow.

* * *

Love and Passion are like a dream and its realization. The pleasure of gratification destroys the rapture of contemplation.

Love is like a breath of spring softening the snows of winter. Passion is like a simoon spreading desolation in its course.

* * *

The kiss of Love is like the dart of Cupid—when removed it draws with it the wounded heart.

HENRY FRANK.

I never allow another man to define my position.
—*Daniel Webster.*

In an honest bargain both parties gain. —*F. B. Perkins.*

The noblest of all charities is in enabling the poor to earn a livelihood. —*Talmud.*

Do not confine your children to your own learning; they were born in another time. —*Talmud.*

Learn first and philosophize afterward. —*Talmud.*

REFORM POLITICS AS OPERATED.

"The main thing I find fault with is that reform gets tired out. I've seen it lie down and go to sleep in every city in the United States. Mind you, that isn't saying that the fellows that go in for reform ain't on the level. I know some of 'em personally, and they're honest men. But they are all so busy with their own private affairs that there ain't any time to fight graft except when there's a chance of beating the fellows that have got the offices."
—*The Independent.*

DOES RELIGION DECAY?

"The one universal characteristic of religion is decay." [MAX MULLER.] This is the incontrovertible testimony of history. That is to say: forms die, creeds pass, rites and systems change, yet religion remains the one eternal fact of humanity.
—*Thos. Dixon, Jr.*

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.

The World of Thought

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON UNIVERSITIES.

Professor Smith, writing for *The Independent*, outlines the history and function of universities. The original object of the university, he declares, was knowledge. At ancient Athens it was not mere cultivation of the mind or the taste that was sought, but a practical rule of life. In the mediæval universities it was knowledge, even of those that made scholastic philosophy the staple; and more so of those like Padua and Bologna, where the Civil or Canon Law was studied, or Salerno, whose staple was Medicine.

In the Middle Ages the colleges were all clerical, the Fellows being obliged to take orders. All students were termed "clerks" in contrast with the townsmen, who were laics. A clerk, however, was at liberty to pursue secular studies. But with the Reformation a sharp line was drawn between those who were devoted to the ministry and those who were not. Then the colleges with their clerical restrictions absorbed the university; science and secular studies became atrophied or were banished, the ancient languages alone holding their ground. Utility thus departed, and culture was set up as the object of the university course.

In making knowledge the object of a university we are reverting to the original ideal. High knowledge it ought to be; a university is not intended to be a mechanic's shop. Academic institutions must adapt themselves to the general demand. "Business" is now everything. We must be prepared to meet and to confute the allegation that the office-boy at fourteen is worth more than the university-bred man at twenty-four.

Universities, however, will forfeit general confidence if they cannot put a check on the monstrous development of athletics. The university betrays its trust; it receives the boy from his father to be prepared for life, not for success as an athlete. It may be difficult to control the mania which now exists, but the thing must be done.

DOCTOR MUNN OFFERS $100 REWARD.

The Waterbury (Conn.) *Republican* of January 2d, contains the offer of "$100 reward for positive proof that vaccination prevents small-pox." Dr. S. B. Munn, a well-known physician of forty years' standing, offers this premium.

THE MAJESTY OF THE SOUL.

With each spirit of man the universe maintains a purely private relation, speaking not to masses as such, nor to states and churches as such, but only to persons; and each it addresses by all that it is, asserting even so far the sufficiency of the individual soul. All time, and all that time has wrought—all space, and all that space contains—is implied in every human spirit. Or if we look to that absolute and ineffable essence which is "the eternity of thought," and of which the outward world is but the pictorial suggestion, we find again that this is known to us because each soul implies and affirms it. Whatsoever man truly knows or lawfully believes he knows and believes because it is affirmed by his being; and only as this is trusted can he trust anything. And why should it not be trusted. Nothing under the Godhead is so great as an individual soul, not churches or states, not societies, not worlds. This is the utmost expansion of which existence is capable—the best that has come, or does come, of God's labor in creation. Behold the Workman and his Work! —*D. A Wasson.*

WHY THE EGYPTIANS WERE DROWNED.

A writer in *The Outlook* repeats this anecdote as told by Booker Washington. An old colored preacher was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the Children of Israel passed over the Red Sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said: "My brethren, it was in this way. When the Israelites passed over, it was early in the morning, while it was cold, and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it

was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them and they were drowned."

At this a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red Sea is nearly under the equator."

"There, now," said the old preacher, "that's all right. I's been 'spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' jest some such fool question. The time I was talkin' about was before they had jografies or 'quators either."

WOMEN IN THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

Samantha Allen wins. The annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church have voted to adopt the new Constitution, 8,196 to 2,513. Women henceforth have the right to sit as delegates in the General Conference; laymen's electoral meetings, may vote on constitutional questions; and a two-thirds vote instead of three-fourths may amend the Constitution. Phœbe and Priscilla may now sit down with the Apostles.

LAMARTINE AND VICTOR HUGO.

When individuals have sailed together a certain number of years, says Lamartine, they become friends from a similarity of destinies, from sympathy of views, from resemblances of places, times and moral living together in the same ship sailing toward an unknown shore.

To be contemporaries is almost being friends, if they are good. The earth is a family hearth; life in common is a kindred relationship. One may differ in ideas, in tastes, even in convictions, while they are floating, but we cannot keep from feeling a secret tenderness for the one that is floating with us. Such are my feelings for Hugo; such his for me. We are diverse—I do not say equals, but we like one another.

CURIOUS MENTAL PERCEPTION.

We know in a moment on looking suddenly at a person if that person's eyes have been fixed on us. Sometimes we are conscious of it before we turn so as to see the person. Strange secrets of curiosity, of impertinence, of malice, of love, leak out in this way.

When the door of the soul is once opened to a guest, there is no knowing who will come in next.

SIGNIFICANT FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS.

Many of the views often scouted as vagary and revolutionary have the authority of men of high standing. Thus, no less a man than Sir Thomas Watson declared that a physician to be successful as a practitioner must begin his professional career by unlearning what he had learned in the laboratory.

HUFELAND ON MIND CURE.

"There is a region of the mind that is never sick, and cannot be made sick," says Hufeland; "and to call out the reign of that region would make the sick man well."

Only great and worthy things have any permanent and absolute existence.

ANDREW CARNEGIE ON WAR.

I hope that the race which abolished slavery in America will be the pioneer in abolishing the crime of settling national difficulties by the butchery of man by man. Until the present inhuman work is given up, no real step in civilization will be taken.

Washington was first styled the "Father of his Country" by Father Carr, a Roman priest, at a commemoration service in St. Mary's Church in Philadelphia, February 22, 1800.

The late Rabbi, Isaac M. Wise, laughed at Colonel Ingersoll for considering the Hebrew Scriptures literal. Maimonides wrote also that he who should learn their true sense should be careful how he divulged it. The Swedish Sage, Emanuel Swedenborg, declared that they possessed an esoteric sense, which was their true purport and the purpose for which they were written.

BOOK REVIEWS.

OCCULT SCIENCE IN INDIA AND AMONG THE ANCIENTS, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR MYSTIC INITIATIONS, AND THE HISTORY OF SPIRITISM. By Louis Jacolliot, Chief Justice of Chandenagur and of Tahiti. Translated from the French by Willard L. Felt. The Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York.

The author of this work is already well known to students of Oriental learning, and his opportunities for a period of twenty years enabled him to become intimately familiar with the subjects of his investigation. All specialists in archæologic studies, it may be remarked, seem to regard the particular region and people that they have selected for their research as more ancient than others; and so writers upon Egypt, Chaldea, and even China, dispute the palm with India. M. Jacolliot, accordingly, in his turn, reminds us that the Egyptians and Chaldeans have left only fragmentary inscriptions in evidence, while India has preserved all the manuscript treasures of its primitive civilization. We must add that it is to be regretted that the archaic peoples were so indifferent about chronology, which would have enabled us to adjudicate the question with greater confidence. We can do little else now than take the several claims for granted and get over the various discrepancies as we are able.

"In philosophy," says Colebrook, "the Hindoos are the masters of the Greeks, and not their disciples." Cousin is very emphatic: "The history of philosophy in India is an abridgment of the philosophical history of the world." Our author adds his own conviction that antiquity has derived from India all the scientific knowledge of life which it possesses, and that the initiated individuals of the Hindoo temples were very much like Moses, Sokrates, Plato, Aristotle, the Essenes, and the Christian apostles. "Apart from the belief in spirits and supernatural manifestations to which human reason does not readily assent, our readers will see that no purer morality ever grew from a more elevated system of philosophic speculation."

It is not to the religious writings of antiquity, such as the Vdase, the Avesta, or the Bible, we are told, that we are to look for an accurate expression of the highest thought of the period. They were written to be chanted in the temples, but not to make known the secrets of occult knowledge to the common people. "But every word contains a higher meaning," as the Kabalists taught; "every text teaches something besides the events which it seems to describe. The superior law is the more sacred; it is the real law."

It appears that the Fathers of the Christian church, as well as the Jewish Kabalists and those initiated in the Hindoo temples, all used a similar enigmatic language.

There is a very full account given of the discipline required in

the initiations, which required many years; also, the peculiar attainments of the three religious orders, the psychology, an outline of the philosophic doctrines as well as of the spiritism and various magic arts and practices in other countries and religions. The prominent teachings of the Neo-Platonic school are conspicuous in the "Book of the Pitris." So, too, are the more exalted scintillations of modern science. The "ether" for example, which the scientist assumes to exist but cannot demonstrate by manipulation, is but the *agasa*, *akasha* or vital fluid which is diffused throughout nature and puts animate or inanimate, visible or invisible beings in communication with each other. Heat, electricity—all the forces of nature, in short—are but modes of action and particular states of this fluid.

This book of M. Jacolliot, it will be perceived, is a storehouse of the most valuable information for those who desire knowledge of the profounder kind. In the latter chapters are descriptions of the magic performances of fakirs, such as ascending in the air, exhibiting rapid, spontaneous vegetation, producing of flowers, music, etc. Assuredly there is nothing new under the sun, but vastly much that we know little about.

PATHS TO POWER. By Floyd B. Wilson. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

This book comprises a series of papers several of which were read before the School of Philosophy. The Table of Contents will give a good conception of the work. I. One's Atmosphere. II. Growth. III. A Psychic Law in Student-Work. IV. Unfoldment. V. Power: How to Attain It. VI. Harmony. VII. The Assertion of the I. VIII. The Trees of Knowledge—of Good and Evil. IX. Conditions. X. Faith. XI. Back of Vibrations. XII. Wasted Energy. XIII. Something About Genius. XIV. Shakespeare: How He Told His Secret in the "Dream" and the "Tempest."

INTUITION. A CLASS LECTURE. By S. A. Weltmer, Nevada, Missouri.

Bulwer-Lytton affirmed that "every thought is a soul." This little booklet describes thoughts as "births" which have their parentage in mind, and produce an undying effect upon other minds. The brain is the physical agent through which the mind finds expression—only this. What the mind contains will impress itself upon the brain. The intuitive faculties are the offspring of the mind. Intuition is the action of the unconscious mind; the first impulse of the mind to act is given way upon a proposition independent of any reasoning process. It is wholly distinct from conscience, which is that part of the mind which passes judgment. A full understanding of intuition would enable us to compass the

mysteries of telepathy. The intuitive faculty is the closest to Man's Divine nature, and leads him to Divinity. The spirit of worship, which is the most inherently Divine attribute of man, springs from the intuitive side of his being.

FACT AND FANCY IN SPIRITUALISM, THEOSOPHY AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By G. C. Hubbell. The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati.

This book contains a series of lectures delivered before the Ohio Liberal Society of Cincinnati. The first is entitled "Madame Blavatsky, the Nineteenth Century Mystic," and begins with a sketch of that remarkable person and her associates, which is the reverse of flattering. The regency of Col. H. S. Olcott, Geo. H. Felt, Sinnett and the Coulombs is described, and also the "exposures" by Dr. Hodgson and Solovyoff, which the author considers as determining the whole matter.

The results of "Psychical Research," as elaborated by Dr. Hodgson, Prof. Hyslop and others are next examined and a good case is recognized for the "spirit-hypothesis." The action of the human mind at a distance from the material organism of the individual is admitted and the acknowledgment made that "at all events the presumption heretofore existing against a future existence may be considered rebutted."

The rancor, the bigotry of "Science," we find also conceded. "So-called scientific men have their 'Index Expurgatorius,' and their 'Confessions of Faith,'" making their martyrs as well as religion. The Society for Psychical Research was organized to examine the subjects which they have arrogantly tabooed.

SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS. By Frank H. Sprague. Wollaston, Mass.

This little treatise is described by the author as seeking to interpret human experience and the latest revelations of science from the spiritual view-point. Release from bondage to belief, the tonquering of the intellect, and assuming a stand-point above the plane of the understanding so as to enable it to control our thinking and not allow it to control us, are in the author's judgment the essentials of freedom. True education consists far more in rendering the mind susceptible to impressions than in accumulating knowledge of facts. The intuitional faculty should rule our lives. The eternal life is not a dream of the future; it is without beginning or end, centered in the eternal NOW. We do not realize heaven by going to it, but by assuming that consciousness *now*. Outer phenomena are symbols of inner experience. No ideal is in itself extravagant, and men fail of realizing because they have entertained them without a sense of consciousness sufficiently profound and unwavering to effect their realization.

The entire human race would have been brought long ago to accept the standard of Jesus, the author affirms, but for compromises at critical periods. The life of the individual is a growth; the life of the race is a growth. All ages are turned toward the twentieth century in hope and expectancy. To those who look beneath the surface it seems inevitable that the long-promised triumph of the true philosophy of human relations is about to be realized.

In a miscroscopic inspection of life its negative features are magnified into prominence as *evils*. Yet, if the aspect of things which the finite mind regards as evil, were eliminated from experience, life would be characterless. The severest trials are often invaluable, impelling us to expand in consciousness, so that our thought shall *include*, *surmount* and *transcend* the evil. Thenceforth it ceases to *exist* as evil; it is absorbed in a larger ideal.

Such sensations as pain or sickness are ordinarily due to suggestions that we receive from a bodily source. A condition of the body may be the occasion of a mental state, but the cause of the sensation lies in our acceptance of the suggestion offered. Medicine acts directly upon the bodily atoms, on the chemical plane of subconsciousness, and induces them to assume such altered relations that they will have a tendency to exert psychical influences which suggest to the patient normal states, and thus promote in him the consciousness of health. Mental methods are incomparably superior because they appeal directly to the ego and encourage it to govern instead of to be governed.

To gain the spiritual consciousness, to live "as seeing the invisible," one must, first of all, be filled with a single, deep desire to know the Truth. He must be ready to renounce completely opinion, prejudice, wilful propensities, narrowness and all merely personal considerations that can interfere with this end. He needs to cultivate originality, not relying upon others to search for truth that he may discern as well. By persistently dwelling upon the spiritual aspect of life, one may in time accumulate sufficient reserve to render him equal to any emergency.

Many can choose the right and best on a great occasion, but not many can, with ready and serene decision, lay aside even life, when that is right and best. —*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

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HEBREW SCRIPTURES INTERPRETED ASTROLOGICALLY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

Professor Thomas K. Cheyne, of the University of Oxford, has gained a wide celebrity for his extensive learning and his advocacy of the modern criticism. His translation of the book of *Isaiah*, with its new arrangement of subjects and explanatory notes, is a work of acknowledged merit; but his Bampton Lectures of 1889 evoked general controversy by their remarkable utterances. Recently, however, in an article contributed to the *Nineteenth Century and After*, he gives occasion for a profounder sensation by his suggestions in relation to the true sense of the Hebrew Sacred Writings.

The most important point for those of us who study the Old Testament, he defines as "how, by a combination of old methods with new, and by the attainment of a new point of view to reconstruct our study; and how, by the gentlest possible transition to introduce our pupils and the public to this new treatment of the Old Testament." With this purpose in mind he presents explanations of Hugo Winckler, an Assyriologist of distinction, relating to the prehistoric period of Israelitish antiquity.

The Oriel Professor of Interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, and the learned Assyriologist, have only entered a field where others had already preceded them. Dr. Ignaz Goldziher, of the Hungarian Academy of Science, published a work many years ago to show the legendary character of the Hebrew sacred literature. Originally, he declares, the names of the Patriarchs and the actions

which are told of them signified nothing historic. "The names are appellations of physical phenomena," he affirmed, "and the actions are the actions of Nature." A countryman of our own, Dr. Milton Woolley, of Illinois, also wrote a treatise on "The Science of the Bible," about the same time, setting forth that the Patriarchs, the leading personages and events described, were representations of the heavenly bodies in their various periods and revolutions. His parallelisms were ingenious and well adapted to impress the reader favorably.

Indeed, in the various ancient countries, the historic beginnings are lost in the midst of indefiniteness and uncertainty, and this obscure period was filled up with tales of heroes—personages of divine origin and quality. In Hebrew history the period between the first entrance into Canaan and the establishment of the monarchy abounds with such legends. There are many of them likewise in the Rabbinic writings outside of the Canon.

Hugo Winckler has added his testimony to the others, and Professor Cheyne, considering his views as more reasonable and better defined, has ventured to submit them for candid examination. The time has become riper for the promulgating of doctrines and interpretations that a little while ago were accounted unsound or even dangerous. Thus it is now a tolerated opinion among "practical churchmen" that the Patriarch Abraham was not a historic personage. The other distinguished characters in Hebrew story are also to be treated from the point of view of a criticism founded upon the facts of a comparative study of the legends of the East.

Several theories have been offered in regard to the impersonating of the Hebrew Patriarchs. Dr. Oort explains opportunely for our intelligent comprehension, that the early tribes were not united as a single nation, but that every one of them, every clan and family, had regulations and a religious worship peculiar to itself. There were "holy places" or capitals like Hebron, where Abram was revered as the Original Ancestor; Shechem and Beth El, where

the "Sons of Jacob" frequented; Beer Sheba to which the "children of Esau" also resorted; and the Bible names others like Gibeon, Gilgal and Mizpah. These places were indicated by sacred symbols, "great stones," trees, wells, and the serpent.* When the tribes were brought together as a single people they would not consent to yield these up for any other worship, and, accordingly, those who had religious matters in charge adopted them into the newer rites, giving them new meanings and constructing new legends for the purpose. The names of the various tribes and districts were made into those of men and brought into connection with each other. Thus Abram of Hebron, Isaac of Beer Sheba, and Jacob of Beth El, became grandfather, father and son.

According to Winckler, the material which legend worked into the semblance of history, was derived from mythology. The myths of the later Semitic peoples were borrowed directly or indirectly from Babylonia. There was also an Egyptian influence. The basis of the Hebrew legends is in the main a borrowed mythology. They appear to us in two classes: the one growing around the "heroes," such as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; the other, such as pertain to personages actually historic. After having been once made, they grow like natural things. There were trained literary persons always ready to change and adapt them to the changing wants of the time, giving new forms and interpretations, as the new occasion demanded them.

We find in the Hebrew legends striking parallels to the mythologic tales that were current in other countries. As these may

*The serpent was probably the totem of the tribe of Levi, whose designation has that meaning. Moses the Lawgiver was reputed to have been a member of that tribe, and on the occasion of a revolt against his authority, the Levites are described as having rallied for his support. (Compare *Exodus* xxxii and *Numbers*, xxi.) He then placed the family symbol of the tribe, the Brasen or copper serpent, upon a standard, and required the subdued Israelites to pay homage to it. The Levites became the sacerdotal tribe, and so the sacred effigy was an object of general veneration till King Hezekiah overturned the popular worship and broke it to pieces. "For unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense unto it."—II. *Kings*, xviii, 4.

have been changed to meet the requirements in one country we find them more complete and in a more original form in another. Thus the discoveries now in progress in the region formerly known as Assyria and in the valley of the Euphrates are revealing to us the sources from which the compilers of the book of *Genesis* derived many of the traditions which they wrought into their narrative.

The religion of the Israelites seems to have been shaped by their habits of life. They were from the first essentially a nomadic people. This is signified by the record that they were descendants of Eber the Wanderer, but not from Joktan, the Dweller in a Fixed Abode. It is a peculiarity of wandering peoples that they reckon time by nights, and in their thinking they regard the night as before and superior to the day. But with the agricultural communities, like the Eranians and the Greeks, the day and the sun received their principal regard and veneration. The Dyus of India, the Zeus of ancient Greece, Ahura Mazda and Jupiter, were divinities representing the Light and the Day.

Hence a critical examination of the Patriarchs and religion of the Hebrews indicates them to have been worshippers of the Moon and starry heaven, personifying these as powerful spiritual beings. Indeed, the Moon-god was often in very ancient periods described as masculine, while the Sun was represented a female, or as a youth of inferior nature. "Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, then," as Winckler affirms, "are lunar heroes." This may be correct, yet by its etymology, the name "Ab-ram" signifies "the Father on high," and seems therefore to indicate Saturn, the outermost planet in ancient astronomy, and so by impersonation and apotheosis, the divinity ruling the region of Night and Supreme Lord of the World of departed souls. We do not, however, dispute the hypothesis which Winckler has made very plausible. Terah, the father of Abram, comes from Ur of the Chaldeans or Kasdim, which was a metropolis of the Moon-worship in Southern Babylonia, and halts at Haran, another focus of the same worship.

The reader will observe that with this mode of interpretation,

there is involved a vast amount of repetition. The same thing seems to be said over and over again to utter weariness. This results from the fact that every tale and episode was at first the legend of a tribe or people by itself, and that the union of tribes into a nation was accompanied by a blending of their respective customs and traditions. The composite structure thus produced was somewhat analogous to what we observe of the days and seasons, each of which is as a recurring of the one which preceded.

Sarah, the sister and wife of Abraham (*Genesis* xx.,12) is the counterpart of Istar, the daughter of the Moon-god and therefore sister of the patriarch. Istar was also the wife of Tammuz (see *Ezekiel* viii.,14), of whom Abraham is also the "heroic reflection." Little is said of Isaac, who dwells at Beer Sheba, "the Well of the Seven," but Jacob is more definitely described. The name of his father-in-law, Laban, "the white one," at once suggests the Moon, and the two daughters, Leah and Rachel, stand respectively, one for the new moon and the other for the full moon. Dinah, the daughter of Leah, represents Istar, the daughter of the Moon-god, and with her six brothers makes up the number of days of the week.

The explanations of Goldziher, however, seem to be plainer. He describes Abraham as the Sky at night, and Sarah, his principal wife, as the Moon—honored as "princess" and "queen of heaven" and its stars. The book of *Jeremiah* mentions her worship by Judean women at the time of the overthrow of the Southern Monarchy. Hagar, the other consort of Abraham, was the Sun in female character, and her flight (*hagira*) from her jealous mistress (*Genesis* xvi.) denoted the day fleeing from the night.

There is likewise an important religious change indicated in this part of the story. Isaac, "the laughing one," "the shining one," also denoted the Sun. The legend in its original form described him as being slain by his father, thus representing the Day as put to an end by the Night. At the period when this was the form of the legend, the sacrifice of children was common in the East. The early Israelite colonists in Palestine had the same customs

as the predominant Canaanite population. God—Alaim or Elohim—was worshipped by both peoples with the same murderous and lascivious rites (*Psalm* cvi., 34-40). But as the Hebrews grew into a nation the Lord—Jahveh or Yava—was proclaimed as the god of Israel, finally but tardily uprooting the rival worship. The religious writings and traditions were revised in consonance with the new conditions. This occurred with the legend of Isaac. The Elohistic divinity commands Abraham to immolate Isaac, his "*only one.*" The legend in its earlier form relates that this was done. The sacrifice of the favorite son, the *ihid* or "only one," was not an ancient custom. *I. Kings* ii., 27; *Jeremiah* vi., 20; *Amos* viii., 10; *Zechariah* xii., 10. But in the revised form of the story it is stated that as the patriarch was about to inflict the fatal blow, an angel or messenger of "the Lord" forbade it. The prophets of the later period taught that the Lord never required the sacrifice of living beings in his worship as had been common before—*Micah* vi., 6-8; *Isaiah* i., 11; *Jeremiah* vii., 22.

The respective numbers of the descendants of the two wives of Jacob, Leah and Rachel, are declared to be significant in the calendar. Joseph is described by Winckler as a "solar hero." His name is not properly that of a tribe; indeed, in a larger sense he impersonates all the tribes which subsequently formed the kingdom of Northern Israel and of which he may be regarded as the patron deity (*Psalm* lxxviii., 67). The key to his divine character lies in *Genesis* xxxvii., 10, where he is represented as dreaming that the sun, moon and eleven stars did homage to him. The interpretation is given by his father, Jacob: "I, thy mother and thy brethren." But the mother has no place in an act of homage, and it is in the South Arabian mythology, and not in the Babylonian, that the sun is regarded as a feminine personality. "In the original story, then, it was the Moon-god (Jacob) with his children that bowed down before the Sun-god (Joseph), his son."

With this presentation of the subject, the rest of the interpretation is comparatively easy. Abraham and Jacob being lunar

heroes, they procure their spouses from the land of Moon-worship, while Joseph, a solar hero, goes to Egypt, the land of the sun, and marries the daughter of the priest of Heliopolis. In another aspect Joseph, like Abraham, represents Tammuz, the Sun-god of the spring, who is described as dying and passing into the world of the dead, from which he is brought back by Istar who had gone down in quest of him. The same thing is accordingly signified in the story of Joseph. He is cast into a pit and raised out of it, as if from the under-world. His life in Egypt represents the Sun abiding for the winter in the Southern region of the sky, the period also denoted in which Tammuz is dead.

Other personages of the Bible are interpreted by different writers in a similar way. The *Chronicle* of *Tabiri*, an Arabian work, describes Joshua as the son of Mary or Miriam, the sister of Moses. In this case, Joshua represents the Sun-god, while Miriam was an Oriental goddess. The story of Samson is generally acknowledged to be a myth of the Sun-god. The name itself signifies the Sun, and all the adventures imputed to him are easily explained by that theory. Their parallels are found in the legends of Herakles or the Tyrian Melkart, and those of other classic divinities. Delila, his inamorata, who lives in the "Valley of Vines, or Sorek, is the analogue of Deianira, the daughter of Oineus," the "wine-producer" and consort of the Dorian hero. Yet it may be that her name, about the meaning of which Hebrew lexico-prophesy do not agree, is the same as Lilith the "night-demoness," whose character she parallels, enchanting her lover and betraying him to his enemies to be blinded and imprisoned. This illustrates the evening overcoming the god of day, and consigning him to hopeless darkness.

Saul is also a lunar hero and opens the succession of kings in Israel as Sin* the Moon-god of Babylonia stands at the head of gods and stars. His visit to the witch or Baaless at En-Dor

*The name *Sinai* indicates that the place is set apart for the worship of this divinity.

corresponds to the journey already mentioned of Istar, the daughter of Sin, the Moon-god, to the region of the dead. Again, as in the Babylonian mythology, the Sun is the child of the Moon, so Jonathan, also a solar hero, is the son of Saul. Likewise as Tammuz the Sun-god died and rose again, so Jonathan is described as having been sentenced to death and afterward received from the dead "in a figure."—*I. Samuel* xiv., 43-45.

It will be observed that these mythic personages are often changed from one character to another like the figures in the kaleidoscope. With such flexibility, Saul and Jonathan are transformed into twin brothers, personifying the constellation Gemini. They appear as such in the famous dirge in which David praises the bow of Jonathan and the sword or lance of Saul. The Hebrews, as well as the Babylonians, knew of a lance-star and a bow-star.

The designations "Saul" and "David" are hardly to be regarded as birth-names. There are many other instances in the Bible of the same character. Saul in the Hebrew text is spelled with the same letters as "Sheol," the appellation of the region of night and death. David, or "Dud," as the name was lettered originally, signifies "the one beloved," and is properly a name of the god Adonis or Tammuz, the beloved of Istar.* Hence David is also a solar hero, and his red hair is the image of the rays of the Sun. Likewise, as Saul and Jonathan correspond to the zodiacal constellation Gemini, so David is the legendary reflex of Leo. His conquest of Goliath, his passionate tenderness for Jonathan and other peculiarities, have each their analogues in mythologic story.

Doubtless, however, such interpretations will seem to many readers unnatural and far-fetched, as well as arbitrary and unaccountable. What is uttered obscurely has been aptly described as also obscurely thought. We desire and even demand that all ideas

*There is significance in the peculiar meaning of the names. "Dido," which was a designation of the Syrian goddess Astarte, is the feminine of the name Dud or David; and the Hebrew name of Solomon, SaLaMbA, is the masculine of Salambo, another appellation of the goddess.

and subjects of profound character shall be uttered in language at once simple and familiar. Yet it should be borne in mind that all words are symbols and represent sounds which have only a conventional meaning. The old languages had limited vocabularies, and so every term and name was necessarily employed with a great variety of meanings. When we say that the stick which we stick into the ground will stick there, we illustrate how such a differentiation is required. Besides there is a different genius and habit of thinking with us now. Much of the vagueness and what we may deem absurdity which are found in old legends may be attributed to the fact that we are living in another period, with other culture and habits of thinking, and are therefore unfamiliar with Oriental and especially with ancient modes of expression and figures of speech. An acquaintance with the folk-lore and mythology of former times will do much to enlighten and disabuse our minds in regard to their signification and influence. The legends that were current with those ancient peoples, abounded with symbolic names and expressions which, however obscure they may seem to us, were as plain to them as our simpler utterances are to our fellows. The interpretations which we have learned to give to the folk-lore and legends of India, Assyria and Greece, our Orientalists and other scholars are venturing to apply to those to be found in Hebrew literature, both in the Bible and in Rabbinic writings. There is no necessity on this account to consider any of them discredited. They are as full as ever of energy as elements of literature and spiritual life.

Indeed, the old tales still entertain the inhabitants of the nursery. Cinderella is as true and as highly esteemed as "Holy Writ." The cow leaping over the moon is a legend venerable for its antiquity, and describes an occurrence familiar to us all. The drama of Romeo and Juliet had its inception originally in a tale descriptive of the evening twilight perishing at the grave of the setting sun. The great tragedy of Œdipus, slaying his father and marrying his mother, after which he plucked out his eyes at hearing of his double

crime, is a figurative relation representing the Day as son of the Night and Twilight, unwittingly destroying his father, uniting afterward with the twilight of evening and passing into darkness. The treasury of folk-lore abounds with such legends without number.

"It is by no means true," says De Gubernatis, "that the ancient systems of mythology have ceased to exist; they have only been diffused and transformed. The *nomen* is changed; the *numen* remains. Its splendor is diminished, because it has lost its celestial reference and significance, because it has become more earthy; but its vitality still remains."

After the rise of the dominion of Assyria upon the ruins of the Hittite Empire of the Upper Euphrates, the two monarchies of Israel and Judah became known to the Greater World. About the same time appears the developing of their literature. The prophets began to write their discourses, and the names of the Hebrew kings were inscribed among the tributary chiefs upon the cuneiform tablets in the royal library at Nineveh. The myths no longer sufficed the purpose. They were now transformed into narratives as of events that actually occurred in the several countries, and the numerous designations of the natural phenomena, losing their former significations, became names of gods and heroes. Mythology thus became auxiliary to religion.

Such were the transformations in ancient Greece and Rome. The legends of heroes and ancestral divinities were elaborated into consecutive accounts, and the forces of nature were personified as individuals active in human affairs. Allegory took the place of the conciser fables, and literal narrative became more common. This, however, varied widely from historic accuracy; facts were often exaggerated, misrepresented, and even set aside for invented descriptions. The exigencies of statecraft, and of the religious hierarchy were supposed to require such perversions.

"When," says Dr. Oort, "the books of the Old Testament were set aside and preserved as a Sacred Book by the Jews, and those of the New Testament were added to them by the Christians, it was

with no idea of drawing knowledge of nature or history from them, but because they recognized them as the rule of faith and conduct." Writing with a religious object paramount, he acknowledges that they often sacrificed the historic truth. "As a rule," he declares, "they concerned themselves very little with the question whether what they narrated really happened or not; and their readers were just as far from exercising what is known as 'historical criticism.' If a narrative was edifying, if its tendency fell in with the tastes of the readers, then they called it true; while those whose points of view or whose sympathies were opposed, called it untrue, and sometimes set up another story, purely invented, which agreed with their views in opposition to it. This is why the Old and New Testament are so full of legends."

Professor Cheyne concludes his article with an appeal to conservative and moderate critics Their present attitude toward problems and solutions like those which he has given, if persisted in, he declares, will condemn their labor to a comparative sterility. What the old methods of criticism can attain has been accomplished, and the results are imperfect. He pleads accordingly: "Would it not be better to put aside prejudice, and suppose that we have indeed arrived at a turning-point, and that the Old Testament study is indeed in course of being transformed to a great extent into a branch of the study of Semitic antiquity? There will still be subjects apart from this wide study which require special consideration. But at present all the subjects which have till lately been supposed to be fairly settled—in text, lexicon, grammar, exegesis, history—need to be investigated from a virtually new point of view."

Such is the task which he considers as appointed for the men of the twentieth century. He is conscious that the old things have passed away. Scientific exploration, centuries ago, removed the earth from its supposed foundation and importance as the center of the universe, and showed it a subordinate globe careering with the stars. It has likewise disproved the accepted legends of the Creation and Universal Deluge, and demonstrated for Matter an undetermined

antiquity with for humankind an indefinite Past. It has further ascertained that the various religious festivals and observances were not formally instituted by the Supreme Being, but were ordinances and customs devised by men as commemorative of the revolutions and other phenomena occurrent in the earth and sky. For example, it was learned that the season of spring was ushered in by the Sun when entering the zodiacal sign of Aries, and crossing the equinoctial line, and that these things were symbolized by the figure of a lamb upon a cross. The Easter festival also relates to this event, and its peculiar variations, year by year, are made in order to conform to the peculiar positions of the Sun and Moon, the former divinities. It was the period when the Hebrews killed the lamb of the passover (pasch-opfer), and ancient people of the East celebrated the death of their murdered god, and his resurrection or ascending on high. Then, likewise, among the Greek-speaking nations, was the festival of Demeter and Kora, when after a fast of forty days, the worshippers celebrated the Mother's recovery of her daughter from the world of the dead to enjoy her society for the coming season of seedtime and harvest. The twenty-fifth of December was also a day of joyous festivity, when the birthday of the Sun-god was observed with its peculiar rites. Other periods were also regarded as significative of occurrences in the astral world.

The Canon of the Hebrew Scriptures appears to have been compiled in its present form and condition, at the time of the Makkabean ascendency, with the understanding that it was not again to be changed. There seems, however, not to have been unanimity in the matter. The Samaritans rejected the whole work and made use of a version which they affirmed was more ancient and accurate. Sects also appeared, each taking its own view of the Sacred text. The Sadducees adhered to the literal meanings of the *Thora;* the Pharisees qualified it by philosophic and esoteric explanations and traditions. The Essenians or Iessaians were a distinct body which Jesus the son of Pandira is conjectured to have founded at that

period.* They neither went to the temple nor offered sacrifices. They are described as a brotherhood, ascetic in their lives, vegetarians, with prophets, sacred writings, worship and regulations of their own. "They explain the philosophy of their country allegorically," says Philo; "for they consider the verbal interpretation as signs indicative of a sacred sense communicated in obscure intimations. They have also Commentaries by ancient men who, as founders of the sect, have left many monuments of their doctrine in allegoric representations which they use as models, imitating the manner of the original institution."

There arose also other sects at later periods, but they all seem to have disappeared as a result of the final overthrow of the Judean nation. But the Sacred Canon remains, and is still venerated by Jews, Moslems and Christians, as the vehicle of divine inspiration.

Nevertheless, the conviction has been steadily becoming fixed in the minds of thoughtful individuals that the narratives of the Bible, and those in particular which relate to earlier periods, are not to be understood as being accounts of literal facts. It is by no means news however, for the same view has been entertained by persons of distinction ever since the Canon was completed. The Essenians of ancient Jewry were not alone in so believing and teaching. Philo and his associates of the Alexandrian School also expounded the Scriptures as having a philosophic meaning, which was embodied in the text. "Our legislator speaks some things wisely but enigmatically," says Josephus, "and other things under a decent allegory." The apostle Paul also, when writing to his disciples in Galatia, made the declaration respecting the account of Abraham and his two sons; "which things are an allegory." Origen declared that every text in the Scripture had a threefold meaning—the historic, the moral, and the intellectual or superior spiritual sense. Maimonides, the celebrated Hebrew Rabboni of a later century, in his great work, the *Mora ha Nebuhim*, cautions the individual who has

*GINSBURG. *Essenes*, p. 29. He was stoned and hanged on Passover eve in the reign of Alexander Jannæos.

learned the true meaning of the book of *Genesis*, not to divulge it. The Kabalists also taught that "every word has a higher meaning, and every text teaches something besides the secrets which it seems to describe, and this superior doctrine is the genuine one." Emanuel Swedenborg in like manner ascribed a threefold signification to those books of the Bible which he denominated "*The Word*," as having an internal and celestial sense which may be ascertained by means of the Science of Correspondences.

The Synoptic Gospels also record of Jesus that he was accustomed to employ parables or enigmatic illustrations when addressing the multitude. "With many such parables," the Evangelist declares, "he spake the word unto them as they were able to bear it; but without a parable spake he not unto them, and when they were alone he expounded all things to his disciples."—*Mark* iv., 32,33.

We may, however, with much good reason, doubt whether the canons of criticism and the methods which are generally employed will enable the ascertaining of the Sacred Writings. The mythologic theory with all its apparent plausibility is hardly the true key. The tracings out of solar heroes and celestial phenomena, however ingenious and even probable, seems to leave many vital questions unsolved. Indeed, it is by no means unlikely that they might have been introduced into the ritual of worship as mnemonics, to enable the fixing of important facts in the memory. To assure the hold which these writings have maintained for so many centuries, they must embody matter of greater significance than astral myths. There is no occasion for alarm or even apprehension at the attempts to search the writings of the Hebrew prophets and apostles, and to learn the true meaning of the parables and allegories. The same faculty, the endowment which enabled the authors to compose these works, will enable us to understand them. There may be individuals now as formerly, having the power of discerning equivalent in some degree to the inspiration attributed to the ancient writers. It is well to prize the wise utterances perpetuated in books, and to esteem beyond comparison the religion of a book. But it is far

more profitable for us to hear and receive the living wisdom of our own day and generation as being better adapted to our conditions, better suited to our wants.

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth,
Into the selfish rule of one sole race;
Therefore, each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, REVERENCE,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right.—*J. R. Lowell.*

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

OCCULTISM MAN'S GRANDEST STUDY.

BY R. S. CLYMER, PH.D., M.S., M.D.

Occultism teaches the true science of living not only upon the earth, but beyond. It inculcates that existence in this sphere is but a beginning, and that if we follow the Laws of Nature—another name for the Laws of God—and obey them loyally and faithfully, we may reasonably expect to inhabit a world or sphere far transcending this. It shows man that he is a soul, grand, glorious and sublime. It is the law of "Karma" that as we sow we also shall reap; that if we commit a crime against another we actually commit it against ourselves. It teaches that we, even the lowest of us are part of one grand Whole, one great Intelligence, one great God. Hence if we harm another, no matter how lowly or insignificant, we commit the wrong against ourselves, as that other one is really a part of ourselves; if we wound the heart of another we wound our own hearts. Although we may not feel it at once, yet sooner or later we must reap that which we have sown, and if it be evil, the recollection will bring to us exquisite pain.

If we love humanity and do good, we do good to ourselves. The "Christ" in us will repeat the words of the Christ of many centuries ago: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brothers ye have done it unto me." Students of the Occult know well that this means: "Inasmuch as I do to another I do to myself; if I hurt another I hurt myself many fold more, and if I do good to my fellow-man, if I help a fallen sister by kind words and without selfish motive, or if I do good in any way, I do good to myself; and sooner or later I will reap the reward of my good works."

Not in works only the Occultist cognizes that he can do good for the world. Thoughts are as powerful as works. A bad thought, an evil wish of another or to another, will recoil back on us tenfold as evil works do. When the world generally shall become conscious that what an individual does against another he also does to himself,

our jails and other places of punishment will no longer be filled to overflowing as they now are. Knowing that if one does good to another he also at the same time is doing a greater good to himself, there will be a ceasing to do evil to the fellow-man, and a general trying to help humanity all that can be done. *Then* we can expect that the "Lord's Prayer" will not only be spoken by the lips, but from the inmost recesses of the heart, and its petitions will be fully understood on this much-abused earth of ours.

In this matter alone the teachings of the Occult are far superior to the teachings of any other religion. Besides this, it teaches us to love and not fear the Divine Author of our Being.

The orthodox religion instructs us to "fear God and keep His commandments." The Occult lesson is to love God and our fellow-beings—not only human beings, but animals as well; and when we love our God, then we will keep His commandments, not as an external obligation but from an interior will. Fear, then, has its dwelling-place no more in our hearts, for love casteth it out. Fear comes from ignorance, but love is from wisdom.

Ignorance and fear are degrading; but love, true love, helps man to reach perfection; to attain it so far as this is possible. All things were created by the one Creator, the one God All-Wise, and have their place to fill, their work to do on this planet.

Occultism and the New Thought teach that we should be kind to our fellow-creatures, the animals, and that the eating of flesh or the dead bodies of creatures that have the Divine spark in their being is a sin, and degrading. No true Occultist will kill any living organized being or cause it to be killed. Animals are but beings that have not as yet become evolved to a degree of perfection as high as man; yet in many instances they show greater affection than man has ever shown. Knowing that all things that once live can never die, but must continue to develop to a higher state of perfection, passing from one incarnation to another, the Occult student will not kill.

Nor is the true Occultist ashamed at being seen by the side of a

drunken brother, or of an erring sister, however low either may have fallen; nor will he be there to censure or shame the fallen one. He will call to their attention the good that is in them lying dormant and tell them of the Divine Spark of God and Love that is sleeping in their innermost heart of hearts—thus showing by kindness and a love truly unselfish, the life which they also should live.

That Occultism is superior to the religions of the present time, the intelligent person must admit. In its dogma, such words as *hate*, *fear*, *jealousy*, are not to be found, but instead *love*, *kindness*, *forgiveness*. When love is once implanted in the human heart, God the Christ and Holy Spirit dwell there and wrong-doing is impossible.

Another evidence that Occultism is a religion most grand, most sublime and most perfect is being furnished by the fact that the most learned, most intelligent and most wealthy men and women swell the numbers of the students of the New Thought or Occult and Psychic Lore; for it is the only religion that teaches what God and Heaven, the Soul and the life beyond the present really are. It unfolds the divine reality of right living, and gives the knowledge of bliss awaiting us beyond the vail when death has rent it asunder. The thought of dying creates no nervousness, and awakes no nameless dread of the uncertain future closely impending; for the soul has seen the glories of the heavens as they are. For God is Love, and to be like God makes clear the meaning of heaven. With the Divine Love implanted in the heart—thus only can we reach excellence in this plane of existence and attain perfect happiness in our allotment beyond.

R. S. CLYMER, M.D.

THE PATH TO HAPPINESS.

In every human heart which feels the surging tides of life,
Is felt an innate wish to rise above the sphere of strife—
A sphere where every aspect serves aspiring man to bless,
A sphere which dreamers love to call a *sphere of happiness.*

On different paths mankind has tried this promised land to reach;
And different teachers of the world of different methods preach.
Some point to *power*, some to *wealth*, and some to *glory* turn;
But far beyond all forms of earth lies that for which they yearn.

As every stream of water seeks the level of its source,
So toward truth instinctively the soul strikes out its course,
Depending on its love for truth, for light in its distress,
Each soul seeks comfort in what seems to it as happiness.

The soul which in triumphant *might* seeks happiness and joy
Will find *that* joy which might can make, might also can destroy;
At Waterloo, Napoleon; at Carthage, Hannibal;
At Marathon a Darius—they all have had their fall.

The mighty one in all his strength sits trembling on his throne,
And feels with all his wealth and might, quite unsafe and alone;
He lacks security and trust and inner fearlessness—
Conditions which alone support enduring happiness.

There is a power grander yet than that of arms and forts,
A power which the human heart with matchless strength supports,
A power whose eternal sweep holds all that lives in sway,
A power whom the very gods are hastening to obey.

In love the soul a power wields which knows of no defeats;
Which conquers fears and turns to joys whatever grief it meets.
No power, if not wrought in love, shall ever mankind bless,
For only when it serves the good, does power yield happiness.

Again, some seek for happiness in treasures of the earth,
And in amassing stores of wealth find all that life is worth.
Yet wealth, no more than might, can stand the ravages of change,
Which often in a single stroke most care-laid plans derange.

When Crœsus to the Grecian sage in pride his wealth displayed,
And asked him if a happier fate had ever mortal swayed,
The answer came: "Thy wealth, O man, is unsafe and unreal,
For all thy gold belongs to him who owns the sharpest steel."

Not in the gilded house of wealth has happiness its seat;
Nor in the joys by fortunes won, shall we her blessings meet.
Most gilded palaces have turned to prison-house of gold,
In which the master finds himself to abject serfdom sold.

More dreadful curse was never placed on human selfishness
Than earthly fortunes if not gauged by moral consciousness.
The man of wealth, ungauged by love (this shining star of life)
Will find destruction, fear and death, the end of all his strife.

How many a brave and righteous man through wealth has turned
a slave,
And crushed beneath a mount of gold has found a traceless grave—
The lurking passions of the mind, through wealth get time to play
And worldly riches oft may prove a moral bankruptcy.

Not in *possessions* seek the path which to the blessed leads,
But in the *way you use the good to lessen human needs.*
The wealth which yields that happiness which change cannot
destroy,
Is that which springs from love for man in true and heartfelt joy.

At last the ever-restless man seeks happiness in *fame*,
And sacrifices health and wealth and honor for a name—
Not knowing that the course of fame is not by man controlled,
For ages, men in reckless haste their lives to fame have sold.

Fame forms no index to the soul nor always truth bespeaks;
A traitor to man's inner worth, oft other object seeks;
It voices vanity and pride, sings loud for man's conceit,
While in its wake there mostly lurks dishonor and defeat.

O fame! Thy fitful graces bring no solace to the soul,
And life's eternal progress needs by far a higher goal,
Not on the surging seas of fame the soul its home shall find,
But in the calm serenity of a contented mind.

Not in the empty praise of man takes happinesss its birth,
But in the inner consciousness of man's integral worth;
That honor, based on living truth, no slander can molest,
For there, in truth's own spotless realm, all discords are at rest.

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

THE PANORAMA OF SLEEP.

SOUL AND SYMBOL.

BY NINA PICTON.

(VI.)

THE WRAITHS OF TIME.

A misty half-light enveloped the fields. The evening was merging into the night, and the autumn landscape flashed less brightly on the horizon-line, where grey and low the sky background hung. Upon the maples near the road a few leaves trembled—the bare boughs next to them only waiting till they rejoined their sister companions that were twirling to the shrill tune of the October blast, as it soughed drearily through the once-verdant tree-tops.

My feet crunched upon the hard earth with an energy and a sound that kept me peculiarly alive in that deadening earth-look. And, as scraping twig and falling leaf brushed my garb, I felt as if living things appealed to me to heed them.

A determination came in that misty hour, a yearning to be up, about, and conversant with the realm of wrecking life before me. For my ears were attuned to the slightest sound. and something had brushed the film from my eyes, once careless and defective in vision. I could see the old grey church through the fading light. The irregular pile loomed wild and fantastic from where I stood, and the rooks flew homeward to their nests in the jutting eaves, as if glad to escape the dreariness without. I could see them in the grey light—black as through a smoke-curl—beating the air with their tired wings.

A strange light came from the windows in the old grey place—a light as from a waxen glow within. The verger had gone home. Long ago I had beheld his stooping form, and heard his wheezy cough vieing with the night wind. It could not then be he. "What made the strange light?" I asked myself.

Coming nearer, I saw outlines like forms pass over the panes. They were many, and in successive appearing, much like a train of

flying figures that have some course in view, and need to be pursued with steady range to keep within vision. I heard a murmuring. It came from the leaves, I was sure, or from the mourning tree-tops that stood straight and unflinching to the chilling winds; or from the brown and blackened undergrowth about me—like a requiem chanted to the night-wind, to the soul that listened, intent and earnest within me, for a knowledge of the mystery that travels with time.

Pausing near the broad low steps that indicated the church-entrance, I again waited for the song. It had ceased. For a while only, I assured myself. My eagerness must know enlightenment. I had proceeded too far in the quest to return dismayed and ignorant. And the flying figures, where were they? The window-panes were dark again, and the ivy, hanging from the moldy walls, blackened them weirdly and solemnly.

I sat down on the low step, and, folding my hands patiently, looked out into the darkness, of which I felt not a whit afraid. For I was a stone's throw from my dwelling, and, if any one molested, I could cry for aid.

As it is when one is silent and in solitude, thoughts of other days came crowding upon my consciousness. One would have thought that present engrossing enough—a longing to hear again the murmuring, to see, to know, and to glide into the future with the knowledge. But I, all-unfretted and alone, remembered much of the past, the chain of years, and knew not whether satisfaction or content came with the retrospection.

My thought took deeper hold—held my consciousness like a judge that craved reply; and truthfully, unerringly and directly I separated my past into two distinct degrees. Then I heard the murmuring. It came softly, and so low that with eager ear I bent to listen, and I peered without feeling that the air was not void of presence; that I was connected with it all—a circumstance that inclined me to a sure hope of information.

A moment had hardly passed ere a whiteness, apparently from

the earth, uprose, and soared into the air, wheeling low about me, and followed by many others that chanted a song to my now-awakened ear. And this is the refrain that came:

"We are the years of thy long ago,
Children of Time are we:
Hither and thither like winds we blow
Nothing of life to thee.

"Wasted and frail are these once-bold forms,
Never thy love had we;
Therefore we drift through the present's storms,
Wailing our theme to thee."

"Thee--e! thee--e!" filled my ear with an agony of self-reproach as they wheeled low about me, and looked into mine eyes with a mournful gaze.

I clinched my hands tightly. Why had these wraiths sought me out in the evening stillness? Much as a murderer would feel, felt I. A responsibility that was mine, had been disregarded. I had smothered the life out of those promising ones and left them by the roadway. And now they had traced me, and filled mine ears with the repinings and the wailings of lost selves.

I placed my hand to mine ears to shut out the sound. A flood of recollections assailed me; and there, hemmed about by darkness, distress and reproach, I remained. But the close pressure of my fingers upon mine ears could not entirely shut out the sound. It was singing in my heart—singing audibly to mine inner ear. I could stand it no longer. Arising, as with sudden desperation, I looked above me, ere I made my way homeward.

Still they circled and circled, those wraiths of Time. Where traveled they? No eternity held them. They were not even earthly. I had condemned them to a lower fate. What wonder they wailed and were restless! Naught else could come to them; naught but a drifting, like the dying leaves that spotted the outlook. Yet the dead leaves were not wholly useless. Some law governed their decay, and assigned them to a space where a duty was theirs.

"Nothing dies!" came to my ear with the force of conviction.

The light of immortality flooded my spirit, and a hope, new and beautiful, came unto me. I was not afraid of those wraiths that circled above me.

"Can I not speak to them," thought I, "and assure them of peace and a haven?"

I felt that they were part of myself—my existence—and my duty lay unto them. Therefore I called loudly upon the night air, and my voice smote the stillness like a trumpet-call.

"Return!" quoth I, "return! Let me speak to thee!"

"Where - - - fore?" came the cry, "where-fore?"

And the October wind shrieked "Where - - - -fore?"

And the rooks flew out from their jutting ledges and screamed "Where - - - fore?"

And my heart cried "Wherefore?" and a long pause came to me ere I could frame a reply.

"I need thee," I cried aloud and beseeching. "I need thee for the present, the future, as a reminder, a stimulus, a guide-company. Canst refusal come from thee, O wandering ones?"

With arms outstretched, I stood. More chilliness enveloped me, more dreariness impressed me, yet I could not rest nor leave that spot until my peace was secure.

Then again I heard the murmuring. High from above the tree-tops it came, and through the inky tracery of the bare boughs the misty white forms floated. I kept my eyes upon them—held as by some strong fascination, until lower, wheeling in a spiral column, they returned to earth and to me. Just above the earth-space they paused, not immovable, but rocking slightly from right to left, as if their restlessness could never leave them.

Then spake I, with heart full of truth: "Do not wander more! Come and be with thy sister-ones. Merge thyselves into the present; go with me into the future, and count thyselves that part of my existence that shall never be forgotten. Looking upon thee, brings purpose unto me. Taking thee unto myself, strengthens

and guides me. Without thee, no future would have been mine. With thee, life is real!"

A low murmur of satisfaction came from that white company, and the restlessness among them was not so apparent.

Then came a bright One unto me, and, touching me lightly on the shoulder, said: "Trust them to me. I will see that they are counted in thy train."

"And whom art thou, with the gentle voice, and the promise?"

"I am the Present Year," answered he, and his face glowed with a brightness that endeared him to me, and instilled hope into mine heart. "I am full of strength, of energy, of purpose. Let me have charge of them. Action and earnestness will make them as I."

He waited for my assent.

"As thou wilt," I replied, feeling perfect trust toward the stranger.

And he arose and breathed into each ear a command. And the wasted forms held themselves erectly, the heads poised with hope, and the restlessness vanished, giving place to a force that impressed me immediately. Forming a circle about me, I looked from one to the other. Each face was alive with strength, and I heard no more the wail and the murmur.

"Whither go ye?" asked I, as they prepared to leave me.

"Through space. Each new one joins us until thine allotted time is complete, and we see thee *there*," and they looked heavenward.

"But why not remain nearer," I pleaded; "thy presence aids me, I know."

"Not so," replied the bright one. "Monopoly is selfish. We make way for the others. Only I am a while longer with thee. Of me thou canst think, but not entirely. Resting never made achievement, therefore '*on*' must be thy watchword."

Like another life I stood and heeded. Naught was wasted now. Possibilities, action, everything was before me. And the moon

rose over the grey church pile and flooded the windows, the ivy, and the dying earth-life about me with yellow light.

But the wraiths were lost to view.

THE BRIDGE OF DESTINY.

The bridge was long and narrow. Beneath it, the river—dark, turbulent and grewsome. Lashing the shore with a leviathan force, bellowing upon the silence like a monster-voice, it claimed my hearing. The shore toward which I traveled seemed not far; soon would it be attained, the traveling not irksome. Then I saw that I was but one of many that stepped upon the self-same route.

"Seekers, like myself," I exclaimed. "Verily some magnet draweth us." And I bent me more eagerly forward.

Some curiosity bade me examine the garb of my fellow-travelers, their lineaments, their steps. For I felt alone in that cloud-hung country—I needed a word or two of cheer. A hand clutched at my garment. The touch was nervous, unsteady.

"It is some one I must help," I thought; "some weak, uncertain stranger to whom traveling is new."

Looking down, I beheld a form as of some Shade. Then another, and another, until four or five followed in my train.

"Have ye no safety in foothold?" I questioned; "no will to deport yourselves uprightly?" for the forms appeared low-crouching, clinging and persistent.

"We belong to thee! Our place is here," exclaimed one bolder than the rest. "Look thee about! Thou art not the only wayfarer with satellites."

In that hurrying throng, in that teeming atmosphere of good and ill, I marked many at whose garments the queer forms were crouching.

"Whom are ye?" asked I. "Why haunt ye my footsteps? No aid cometh from any one of thee. Begone, and let me be free to pursue my path!"

At the words, direct and clear, the little train loosed their hold, as if aghast. But the foremost, to whom speech was not craven, thus replied:

"We are the Powers that beset thee. The world and its dwellers engender us, and wherever a human walks, there walk we too."

"Not with all?" I exclaimed, astonished at the speaker's boldness, and looking about to perceive if there were not some that rebuffed such advances.

Then saw I a number that walked on the other side of the huge structure, and their faces were mild and peaceful. Their steps were elastic and buoyant; no grim creatures attended them.

"Why am I not there?" thought I, looking across to where my rightful place appeared.

But the crouching ones clung more firmly to my garments; they saw my hesitation, my slowing step. In desperation I shook them off and stood as one at bay; for many were before me, outstripping me in the journey. The laggers were on my side, I could plainly see, and the crouching ones detained them.

"Turn back," cried one; "it is more pleasant back here;" and she pointed to the shore just left.

But I heeded not her tongue, and, in sudden thought, I crossed to the other path.

Howling with baffled rage, their voices made miserable the air. With extended finger-points they uttered imprecations that caused me to shudder for a moment only, for I found the peaceful faces about me, and the journeying became a purpose and a delight. Upon that side the air was purer. No longer a heaviness oppressed me, nor vapors uprose from the river. I was now one of a moving throng that cheered me at times with pleasant salutations and queries.

"Dost thou too go to the country?" asked they. For beyond the iron gates that stood at the farther bridge-end, I saw a land of verdure.

"I go with the rest," was my reply; "some One bade me take

either way. This is the right one, I know, for something encourageth and maketh glad my heart."

And the voices that responded were low and sweet, and I looked not to the other side of the bridge where the laggers were. The heaven was losing its greyness. Light was bespreading that part over which small clouds had scurried, and the evening-red was approaching the west.

The country seen from the bridge, through the huge iron gates, was rich with verdure and pink with blossom. A longing to tread those by-ways, to whiff the balminess that carries itself there, was strong within me. Some travelers were at the gates. I could see the huge lengths swing open to afford them a pass-way.

My steps became fleeter; I feared being left without. For some of those on the other side had long turned back to the rearward shore.

In a moment I had realized the nearness of my position. Stimulated by the knowledge, I did not pause until I passed, with fellow-travelers, through the entrance, beyond which my dreams, hopes and soul-cravings dwelt, and where a beautiful rest stole gently upon me.

For it was given me no more to wander.

NINA PICTON.

(*Concluded.*)

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XXV.)

"What is it, lassie?" This to Violet, who had been a thoughtful listener to the others. The girl lifted the glass she held, and, with her eyes fixed upon it, said:

"I was thinking of the day of the great feast, the last day, you remember, sir, when Jesus stood and cried, saying, 'If any man thirsteth, let him come to me and drink.' He said 'any man,' but that meant anybody, didn't it? And you recollect that he told the woman at the well: 'Whosoever drinketh of this water will thirst again; but the water that I shall give him will be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life?' And his promise holds good to-day, doesn't it, sir?"

"Truly, as Paul says, 'The same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' And the more we thirst the more abundant will be the glorious flood; and, finding at last, that this is the only water that satisfies the soul, we shall, indeed, 'With joy draw water out of the wells of salvation.' "

"Does the word mean the same as knowledge—that is, I mean wouldn't it seem the same if it read 'out of the wells of knowledge'?"

"If you mean heart-wisdom, Brownie, yes; it would stand perfectly for the 'wells of salvation.' He who knows what iniquity brings to pass under the Law does not sin; hence is saved the paying of its penalty. To be wise as the Christ was wise is the only salvation for the world of men. He had gone through much bitter experience; had learned through great suffering, and made the truth his own. The unusual, the divine compassion he felt for his fellow-men caused him to desire with all his soul to teach them that which would make them able to save themselves from future misery. So he taught them heart-wisdom, and grieved when they would not heed his words.

"This shows the human side of our dear Saviour. He who had learned for himself that which would save mankind, humanly

longed to impart his knowledge to all who would hear him. What he could he did, calling lovingly upon the repentant, the sorry sinners who had ignorantly fancied they should find pleasure and satisfaction in wrong-doing. In their sorrow lay their salvation; for only knowledge of the utter hopelessness of finding satisfaction (which is contentment, which is peace, which is happiness, which is heaven) in doing that which was harmful to themselves and others could make them quit their evil ways; and sorrowing with a sorrow born of sincere repentance leads one to the doing of better things, the living of purer, more loving, less selfish lives."

"Then that is what 'Godly sorrow worketh to Salvation' means?"

"Yes, Violet."

"I think the simile of the water is beautiful. And I thought of how the water seemed to be a good deal like life itself, or life like water."

"In what way, Violet?"

"Why, in the first place that which gives us life comes from heaven, and after a while returns to heaven; changing its form, but never being lost."

"If you had ever read '*Faust*', my child, you would have found your idea embodied in these words:

> The soul of man
> Is like the water,
> From heaven it cometh,
> To heaven it mounteth,
> And then at once
> It must back to earth
> Forever changing.

"Why, that's it exactly! And the cup of cold water given in the name of love—that always has seemed to me to mean so much, for all it is so little a thing to do."

"Not so very many great things come our way to do in this life, lassie; and if we would do anything for our beloveds it will have to be largely in small ways, looking out for our heavenly chances, even then, as they come. But it's the little things that count. Once

upon a time I wrote that which I called 'Love's Alphabet,' and the A— Would you care to hear what the first letter suggested?"

The Wise Man laughed aloud at the enthusiastic response.

"Very well, then," said he, "here it is:

Love's A is Action; therefore do
The little tasks life sets for you.
The little duties, day by day,
That seem somehow to come your way
For you to do, don't think them small——
By single bricks men build a wall;
By single letters volumes write;
By single steps climb any height;
By single acts we have the power
To build our true selves, hour by hour.

"And the cup of cold water in Love's name is an important little factor in the sum of the day's well-doing."

"Does every act count—*every* act?"

"What else does, Goldie?"

"I know you have often told us so; but it somehow never seemed to me as if every act a person did could be important enough to count."

"If it's done with a will it's important enough always. And there's a right or wrong way to every doing, my boy; and it's the choice of one or the other that counts—not the performance of the deed itself, but the choosing of it affords one. To do that which comes one's way, or not to do it—the not doing often building as good and fine a stone into one's temple-wall as one's positive performance of a worthy action; for it takes more strength to resist certain temptations than to perform certain valorous deeds."

"But I've been told at Sunday-school that man was born to sin; if that's true, what can he do about it?"

"Ah, Brownie, '*if that be true*'—these 'ifs' of ours are certainly the most comfortable things in all the world! Suppose we had no 'ifs' to help us out, then we might well ask, 'What are we going to do about it?' Your 'if' suggests to me that you don't believe

what you have been told. If it were indeed true (as you were asked to believe that it was) that man is born to sin, then where would be the use of *anything?*

"If man was accursed before he was born in to this world, of what avail would be all his endeavors to rid himself of that awful curse put upon him by a Power which, if it be mighty enough to bring man into existence, would also be able to keep him accursed to the end of time.

"All progress, all evolution would stop for him; foreordained to wickedness, he would live an evil life, and go to everlasting torment afterward. Everlasting, children—think of it! For all eternity to be punished—tortured—for living a life mapped out for him by a relentless Creator; doing the evil planned for him to do, and then obliged to suffer for acting in the only way possible for him to act, or rebel against the will of a God too unjust for even our human imaginations to conceive."

"When did your first 'if' come, sir?" asked Blackie.

"I'll tell you, my boy. It was many, many years ago, and it came to me because of what I overheard Miss Ann, my Sunday-school teacher, say to the minister one day when I waited after school to walk home with her. That very subject had come up in the lesson, and after school she declared to the minister that she wouldn't teach any such a thing to any child; insisting that it was a wicked thing to frighten little, helpless children by telling them that which she herself didn't and wouldn't believe. They, neither of them, seemed to care whether I heard what they said to each other upon this subject or not, and I remember as distinctly as though it were yesterday exactly how the minister looked when Miss Ann gave him her opinion.

"At first he was so surprised he could only be silent and listen; then gradually he grew furious. He demanded of her how she dared to question the Scriptural doctrine of original sin, and grew angrier than ever when Miss Ann declared that while the Bible was the accepted authority of all Protestant teachers of religion, she herself

felt as confident that it had not been properly interpreted, as she was sure that all sorts of beliefs were based upon it—beliefs, too, utterly opposed to each other, and she meant to do as others did, and read it to suit herself.

"She would teach little ones to think of God only as a God of Love, and of Life as His beautiful gift to His own precious children, bidding the minister recollect what the apostle himself had said warningly, that in his own writings were things hard to be understood, 'which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest as they do also the other scriptures unto their own destruction.'

"She then asked the minister to tell her of what possible use was eternal punishment; and as he glared up into her brave, sweet face (Miss Ann was taller than the little man), I remember thinking that this same everlasting punishment she was talking about was as senseless a thing as a man thrashing his son forever, with no 'let up' to allow the boy to get the benefit of his correction."

"Exactly like it, *I* say, sir! What did Miss Ann get for daring to say so much to the minister?"

"Her dismissal. He said she might give up her class. And she did. And as we walked home together (she was coming to help nurse my mother who was ill) we talked about what she believed to be true, and it has been like a lamp to my feet all these many years.

"So overjoyed was I to learn that Miss Ann really believed the cruel teaching taught at that time in the Sunday-schools to be utterly false, I grew quite confidential, and told her how I'd often shivered myself to sleep, only to awaken in the night from terrible dreams to see visions worse than all I could possibly have witnessed in slumber—visions of myself cast into a lake of fire which the poet Milton describes to these words:

> . . . Horrible on all sides round
> As one great furnace flamed;
> Yet from those flames
> No light, but rather darkness visible.

"And I would see myself trying to scramble up the sides of this awful pit only to be eternally pushed back by Satan, who seemed to have deserted the sinful world (it would be reasonable to suppose he thought that so long as mankind was born to sin he needn't worry himself unnecessarily about the doomed race finding its way to him in good time), to attend strictly to me. I can recall, as though it were but last night, how I wailed aloud in my agony to the joists and beams above my little trundle-bed in the attic. It seemed to me that the gift of life was a monstrous gift; that if only in some way I had happened not to have been born—if I just hadn't ever come into existence how much anguish I'd have been saved! I'd roll and toss and groan and cry, 'Oh, if I just hadn't been born! If I *just hadn't happened to have been born!*'

"Miss Ann, bless her! comforted me and drove my fears from me forever. She explained to me how THAT which men named God was Justice, and that to curse and condemn a man who had never been allowed to do anything of his own choosing would be unjust. She made me understand that what a person enjoyed or suffered, that person earned by his own actions; that no great Creative Power made him good or made him bad, and therefore Miss Ann (who was far ahead of her times, dear children, for only at the present day are people beginning to think as she did) had her own idea that man was not *made* at all. 'Things that are made cannot, in themselves, be good or bad,' she would say; 'and if' (you see Miss Ann had a goodly store of handy 'ifs' at her command) 'He whom people recognize as God made man good, why, then, to God must be given the credit. If, on the other hand, He made man bad, why, then, the fault lies with Him and not with the thing He created.'"

"Then if Miss Ann didn't think man was created, what did she think he was?"

"An immortal, imperishable, eternal soul, existing before mortal life, existing after mortal death, and divine with the divinity of God of whom he is a manifestation."

"Did she get that out of the Bible?"

"Possibly. Perhaps Miss Ann believed with St. Paul that there is 'one body and one spirit,' who is 'above all, and through all, and in all.'"

"And then you could sleep, sir, after you knew?"

"Sleep, Blooy? Can a child who for long and terrible hours has been lost in a storm, drenched, affrighted, footsore, aching, and filled with despair, sleep, when, at last, its loving father finds it, and, lifting it in his strong and tender arms, carries it, with softly whispered, soothing words of comfort, back to warmth, shelter and waiting love? Yes, my boy, I slept as I want all little children to sleep—in peace, security, and gladness."

The feast was over. The "little ladies" shook and folded the damask cloth and napkins in quite a "grown up," housewifely manner, asking, when this was done, that the basket be hung safely upon the bough of a tree near at hand until the little party should return from the hilltop.

As they climbed the gentle lower slopes the wood grew so dense it appeared as though nothing save wild things could ever before have passed that way. The children, who had never seen a primeval forest, gave expression to their delight.

It was slow forging ahead; but so full of adventure was each step that the overcoming of living obstructions in the path afforded a positive pleasure.

"The wonders of nature! Think, my Urchins, how different is our progress here to a free scamper upon the level sands of the shore—yet how inviting are both. On the shore the sunshine, in the forest the shadow; on the shore the rhythmical beat of waves, in the forest the melody of a thousand birds; on the shore the odor of brine, in the forest the fragrance of spicy undergrowths—all so different and so beautiful, impressing one, each in its own wonderful way!

"I love the ocean, my little ones. I can lie down on the shore and, becoming quiescent, time ceases to be for me. There is

always a suggestion of eternity in the roll of the waves. There are no separate identities about the ocean—it is all one. I know that withal its waves are breaking in thunder on the ice-floes of the poles, or rushing in as the league-long rollers of the African coast, it is all one, and under its spell I lose my own identity, and become one with the whole.

"But the forest is God in manifestation. Every tree, every vine, every plant is a separate identity, and answers the caress of the breeze in a different voice; each casts a different shadow, and makes of the sunshine a different golden quivering pattern on the leaf-strown earth at my feet. And, as do their human brethren, they, in appearance and thriftiness, respond to their surroundings.

"One grows luxuriantly because its roots are watered by the rill that tinkles at its feet; another has been planted by iron circumstance in the clefts of the rock, and is dwarfed and misshapen in its struggle for existence. Here lies one dead and decayed; but the young sapling springing from its decaying particles is nature's declaration of *Resurgam*—'I shall rise again.'

"In the forest the sense of the many identities that go to form its wonderful beauty becomes powerful. There I recognize that I am now spirit in manifestation, and the 'surging tides of being' flow through heart and brain. I am alive with all the other living things, and feel joy in all the abounding life about me.

"Time was when old ocean surrounded the earth as the peel surrounds the orange; but the 'Spirit of God moved upon the face of the water,' and manifesting itself in a thousand thousand births, dreamed dreams of plant, of tree, of flower—dreams which crystallized into facts, and the forest is one of the most beautiful of these crystallized dreams."

The Wise Man ceased speaking, and bade the children look about them. He pointed out to them objects of great interest which their young eyes had failed to discover; and after a description of rock, flower and bird, with each of whom he seemed remarkably familiar, the children asked him how (no matter where they went with him)

he always was able to see so much more than they themselves observed.

"I am glad you wished to know just that, my little ones," replied the pleased teacher, "for I want you to study the art of observation—for it is a fine art—until it grows for you, as it has grown for me, into a habit. You cannot imagine how much it will add to your sum of earthly pleasure—how much it will enrich your spiritual life. Once you have learned to see to some real purpose, you cannot think how many objects will offer you food for admiration and thought. Half the ignorance and superstition of the race arises from the fact that having eyes people see not, and therefore miss a vast amount of evidence—of proof—of the existence of many things, which is daily and hourly offered to them, and from which they might form their own self-helpful ideas as to what is false and what is true.

"Hereafter, my Urchins, when we walk about together, let us all see all there is possible for us to see, and try to remember it so that we may compare our discovered treasures at the end of the day. And not only let us try to remember how many things we notice, but in what order; for in this we cultivate not only observation, but memory. If, in the future, we attend a lecture, or are in company with those whose conversation will give us valuable information, let us take note of all they have to say, and not of their words only, but the manner in which they express themselves. Afterward let us recall them, and make them a subject of thought.

"I assure you, my dear children, that one who has thoroughly cultivated these things has taken a long step toward *soul*-cultivation; for the thinking over and judging for one's own self what one has seen and heard leads to the forming of the habit of meditation upon all other things brought into one's life.

"'Meditation,' Pinkie? It is from a Greek word, and may be defined 'To learn,' and means to think with serious intent; to consider a subject or an object in all its bearings; to ponder upon it; revolve it over and over until every side has presented itself to the

thinker so fully and clearly that his mind gradually, and seemingly almost unconsciously, arrives at a conclusion as to its truth or falsity."

"I've found out," began Blackie, "that nothing ever looks the same to a fellow if he just gives himself a chance to look at it and think it over a long time and more than once. Maybe it will be something he wants to have for himself, and it seems at first as if he just couldn't bear to not have it, and that right away too; but if he *can't* have it for his own right then, and has time to examine it all through and thoroughly, he begins to see it sometimes in a mighty different light, and notice things about it that he never saw at all when he first wanted to own it. And if he keeps on looking he pretty soon begins to wonder why he ever did want it, and, after a while, to just as lief not have it. I've found that out lots o' times."

"And it's one of the good rules that work both ways," put in Brownie. "I've been told to do certain things I'd just *hate* to do, and thought I was awfully abused because I was told to do them; but after I fussed around and made myself just as disagreeable as I possibly could, and, at last, went at the job as if I were going to my own execution, I found it to turn out the jolliest kind of a lark which I would not have missed for a good deal. Yes, sir, I've seen afterward how much I'd have missed if I hadn't just made myself go at it and do it; and, young as I am, I know this much from experience—that just standing off and hating things isn't any sense; it's better to tackle 'em, and be surprised at the fun a fellow can get out of what he'd 'most always rather be beat than do."

"When you have lived to my age," smiled the Wise Man, an amused and kindly twinkle in his bright hazel eyes, "you will find out that nothing is ever quite as pleasurable as one's hope leads one to expect some experiences may prove to be; while, on the other hand (as if to keep life's compensating balances even), nothing one looks forward to with dread is ever quite so distressing as we fear it may be. It goes to prove that upon the stage of life, tragedy and

comedy have a pretty even showing, with, if there be any difference, a grain's weight in favor of comedy. That is to say, there is really more joy than sorrow in the world to-day; really more oases than deserts in our pilgrimages; for the white light holds its own for more hours than the gloom since we have passed the shadow-lands of human evolution, and are forging upward into the radiant realms of Justice, Mercy, and Love."

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

WHY THE WORLD IS ROUND.

Why the world is round—is the reason why
All questions have answers,—or low or high,
For the willing ear.
Why all extremes are compelled to meet,
In the course of time—
And all kinds of people must use the same street
And the same old rhyme.

Each country tucked in so that all may descry
The starry arch of a brooding sky;
The old moon asleep in the new moon's arms;
The aged cradled from fears and harms;
Are not these the sounds of that reason?

You may but peep from your door ajar,
Or roam like a gypsy, wide and far.
The thought that is deepest runs through the whole
A living fire 'twixt pole and pole,
Whose flames are the changing season.

If the soul is form and the body doth make,
As the wise ones say,
Then all outward things of the inner partake
In the selfsame way,
And the world is turned from the inside out
By angelic strife
Forever imposing an infinite sense
Of eternal life.

Ah, the love of life is a magnet of days
In an infinite series of circling ways.
The secret of liking 'twixt sweet and terse
Is the wedding ring of the universe.

The dance of time in each passing hour
Is rhyming its reason in every flower,
And the dear delights of our roundabout way
Are the gems in the chariot's wheels of clay.

'Tis only our mortal sight conceals
The solar bands in the planet-wheels,
Those shining paths in the heavenly way
Leading up to the glorious king of day.

The arts and the sciences reaching on,—
Are we ever weary, are they ever done?
Ah, the arts are the many mansions there,
In the home above,
Where is ever and ever unfailing care
And undying love.

Yes,—the roundness of heavenly bodies springs
Out of the eternal fitness of things.

LOUISE M. FULLER.

DEPARTMENT
OF
INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.*

EDITED BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

THE BODY TO THE SOUL.

(A Fragment.)

How now, my Soul,
Thy pathos wells within,
A bubbling fount of agony and pain—
Inarticulate and unexpressed—
The sobbings of a thousand years!
What wouldst thou say?
Thy cry I cannot comprehend,
Though with reverberating woe
It throbs its ceaseless threnody.
Are tears to thee so dear,
And sighs such soothesome melody?
How melancholy is thy voice,
Like the sad groan of winter's breath
Among denuded branches of deserted groves!
Ah, now I hear and understand—
Sad art thou, because alone;
Nor can the voiceless overtures of Nature,
Nor all the animated souls of space
Release thee from thy solitude.
Thy habitation is where the echoless corridors
Of space sustain the Silent Temple,
Replete with soundless symphonies of Peace.
Abide in thy unwonted home,
O mystic semblance of my self,

*Unsigned articles in this department are from the pen of Doctor Frank.

Nor suffer palpitations of the flesh,
Nor passions of the heart, nor vain
Ambition's discords to annoy.
Thou hast thy kingship in the brotherhood of
Silences, where language hath not vulgar tongue,
Nor syllabic resonance.
But there our messaged thoughts with voiceless speech,
Surcharge the vibratory elements,
And wake in kindred minds
The forms divine that animate their own.
Thou art alone, O Soul, alone
With me; for unregenerate am I
Who clothe thee with material robes,
And prison thee with bars of flesh.
And yet I cannot other be than that
I am; nor thou be other-selfed
Than what thou art innate.
Hence thou art I, and I am thou,
Though other seeming, still but one in truth.
Hence have I found release,
And prison-bars demolished,
And winged myself with thee to Freedom's realm
Where thou abidest, not alone,
But kindred with the multitudinous powers
That throb throughout eternity,
And sway the rhythmic keys of universal
Harmony. Thy loneliness
Is not in icy solitude,
Though silent as the wings of dawn.
Thy solitude is silent,
But thy silence musical
As Æolian caves echoing the kisses
Of furtive zephyrs redolent of daffodils,
Whose key none knows but they who there abide.

WHAT PRINCE HENRY OF GERMANY MAY TEACH US.

Whenever some royal vessel ploughs across the ocean what a tumult disturbs the American waters! Time was when we would have felt like arraying our armies and the majesty of our navies to protect us against the invasion of monarchical influences. Time was when we felt so proud of our own national simplicity and the glory of our democratic institutions that we would have refused to receive the messenger of any crowned head as such, but would have insisted that while in America he must be an American and assume the manners of a common democrat. Apparently there still lurks in the breasts of our people a sneaking love for monarchical institutions, for the glittering trappings and the royal regalia of military display, and the splendor of martial pageantry, which for these ages have taxed the servile masses into privation and poverty. Apparently the growth of gigantic wealth has hardened us to the condition of the lowly multitudes on whose backs the "royal ruffians" of the centuries have been carried. Apparently we have forgotten that crowned heads never yield their thrones to the clamor of the masses or convert their Kingdoms into Republics, save as forced to do so by the sword of revolution.

All this I say in no disrespect to the royal visitor who at this writing is upon our shores. America has much indeed for which to thank the German people. Without the infusion of strong Teutonic blood into the veins of our body politic, doubtless we would not be as great and grand a people as we have become. Germany to-day leads the world in science, philosophy, music, archæological research, and pure intellectual pursuits. She may justly boast the possession of the soundest and best-equipped national brain of any existing people, not excepting ourselves. She leads the world in progressive education, and in the main her national ideals are noble and enlightening. The sympathies of the reigning emperor are with the higher motives and the deeper purposes of life, and certainly it must be confessed that he is one of the most earnest and serious rulers who has graced the throne of any land. Therefore

there are many reasons why we may justly honor the presence of the brother of the German Emperor, both because of their personalities and the progressive policy which they represent. Were it not for the gigantic system of militarism which oppresses the entire nation and makes life there so intolerable, doubtless we would be deprived of millions of noble men who flock to our shores to escape its imposition.

This one fact teaches us that so long as royalty can be sustained only by the iron arm of military power; so long as kings may wear their crowns only when protected by national guards and the accoutrements of war; so long as empires must be armed to the teeth and tremble lest at any moment the spark be lit that shall consume hereditary thrones and royal privileges in the flames of revolution—so long have we yet a lesson to teach the world which cannot be done at times more opportune than when kingly messengers sojurn within our land. If during this visit of Prince Henry we should succeed in impressing upon him that we mean to honor him not because he wears the royal regalia and is the personal representative of any crowned head, as such—but that in honoring him we honor the German people, German progress and German intellectual liberty—then once more might we compel the world to respect the mission of our national existence.

My chief regret, however, is that Prince Henry is not accompanied by the two leading scientific minds of Germany—Professor Virchow and Professor Haeckel—representing opposite poles of scientific thought, but equally honored in their native land. Had these two great men accompanied the prince, there would have been to us somewhat bigoted Americans a striking exhibition of the liberality and tolerance of the German educational institutions as contrasted with the severity and antiquated characteristics of the German Government. Side by side with the most rigorous monarchical institutions, Germany permits the existence of the freest universities in the world.

No professors are ever expelled from German universities because

they entertain and inculcate principles contrary to the religious instruction of the land. But, in our own America—the loudly-boasted land of the free and home of the brave—we insist that our teachers shall impart only such knowledge, either of religious principles or of political science, or of research in the realm of physical science, as is in agreement with the creed under whose auspices the college is founded, or agreeable to the interests of the gentlemen whose purses sustain the institutions! O would that Kaiser Wilhelm had sent us Virchow and Haeckel—Haeckel, the aggressive "atheist" and Virchow the dogmatic conservative—who side by side are equally respected in the German universities—that he might have shown us how, while we rail at political tyranny, we know as yet but little of intellectual liberty. O gracious Americans, let me ask how would you receive these two great scientists—these true princes of intellectual royalty—should they chance upon our shores? Would you fight for a chance to look upon them and bow the fawning knee in humble devotion? Would you sweat and fume and risk life and limb in the surging crowd that you might but touch the hem of their garments?

Nay, are we not dreaming more of the emprise of political power than of the triumph of intellectual prowess? Are we not beginning to prize the splendor of wealth, the glitter of martial trappings, the reach of empire and the pageantry of political function, more than the glory of individual liberty and our matchless institutions that stand for civic rights? Prince Henry—messenger of a crowned head—will draw all the nation to his feet; but representative Boers, hailing from the seat of war with messages from two demeaned Republics fighting for their existence against the strongest military power of the age, receive only our curiosity or our cold indifference.

While we shall honor Prince Henry with becoming dignity, let us not forget to remind him that we honor him because his country has produced great minds not great armies, great books not great generals, great universities not great empires—and for these only would we exchange the gabardine of a democrat for the regalia of a royalist.

TOLSTOI.

Once or twice in a century some great soul arises who shakes civilization to its center. In custom, mankind are like the waters of a great sea. They are subject to their calms and storms. For awhile the currents will flow smoothly, swept by calm zephyrs till anon some furious storm will beat upon them and lash the surface into unwonted anger. Unless some heroic Neptune arises who smites the stagnant waters with his trident of authority and agitates them to their very center, they become foul, resulting in social degradation and moral deformity. The same law prevails in religion, society and politics. The tendency of all usage is to become stereotyped and unelastic, so that when one arises who undertakes to inject a new force into the body politic or the religious order, he must needs shatter the entire system, before the truth can manifest itself.

As political governments from their primitive stages of despotism and autocratic power have again and again been shattered in order to introduce the freer principles of liberal monarchies and republics founded on the principle of human justice, so have the institutions of religion been time and again smitten by the power of the reformer, who has sought to deliver them from the enthrallment of bigotry and traditional dogma.

'Tis but a few hundred years since England had her Wicliff, Germany her Luther and Italy her Savonarola. And to-day Russia, that modern political nightmare which tantalizes the dreams of oppressed multitudes, has heard the voice of one who threatens her age-long stagnation with the fury of a shattering tempest. What Luther and Savonarola were to the Reformation of the sixteenth century, Count Leo Tolstoi promises to be to that of the twentieth century.

This modern and ardent reformer is endowed with all the qualities of those giants of the Reformation which enabled them to seize the monster of spiritual deformity and ecclesiastical corruption and cast him from his seat of power. The tyranny of

ecclesiastical Rome could not prevail before the uncouth thunders of Martin Luther or the far-seeing prophecies of Savonarola. Neither shall the perverted power, the political usurpation or the ecclesiastical autocracy of the Czar of Russia be able to withstand the keen criticism, the logical acumen, the literary finesse and the religious enthusiasm of Tolstoi, the evangel of the religion of humanity and the restorer of the true Christ of Christianity.

Tolstoi has been banished, but of what avail is that? Was not Martin Luther anathematized and excommunicated? Savonarola, Melancthon, Erasmus, and all the brave souls whose eloquence thundered against the Vatican, were not these unconscionably excommunicated? And yet, when was their voice silenced, their power destroyed? Against the fury of their onslaught, political and ecclesiastical Rome of four centuries ago fell groaning and defeated, praying for mercy and restoration. And likewise, before the determined opposition and serious criticism of Count Leo Tolstoi and his coadjutors, the benighted power of all the Russians will fall, tottering to the ground, till from the grave of a buried despotism shall be erected the superstructure of a liberal monarchy, whose humane tendencies shall prophesy that final republic whose blessings shall glorify the world. Tolstoi is the only one among the royalist reformers of the age whose voice is heard behind the closed doors of secret conclaves and startles the ears of a half-crazed Czar whose throne is trembling on the mouth of an intermittent crater. That Russia has banished Tolstoi is the beginning of the end of her political despotism. Tolstoi clearly sees that not only his own accursed country but the whole modern world cries for a reformation which shall be comprehensive and complete, affecting not only political institutions, but social, moral and religious, till all mankind shall be uplifted by its beneficent consequences.

Tolstoi sees that the accursed political system which binds men as serfs to the soil, as galley-slaves to the wheel of whirring machinery, and treats them as worse than cowering beasts of burden, to be scourged and abused by the whims and passions of aristocrats

and heartless overseers, cannot be reformed and readjusted to principles of justice and humanity, until that other abusive system which is associated with it—the religious—shall be relieved of its incubus of theological superstition and ecclesiastical despotism.

Tolstoi sees that the people will never again enjoy their just rights to the soil until the power of the priest has been destroyed, and men shall learn to think right before they can hope to live right. Tolstoi understands that the craft of the landlord is like that of priestcraft, dependent upon the authority which traditional ignorance affords it and fearful of the light of that knowledge which shall brighten the paths of men and bless them with the benedictions of peace.

Tolstoi knows that you cannot destroy political injustice until you overcome religious ignorance and dogmatic bigotry. He knows that if men are to be permitted to fraternize in social and industrial relations, to live in such conditions as shall honor the Golden Rule and prevent avarice and injustice from depriving them of their rightful earnings and the fruits of honorable ambition, then first the autocratic powers of priests must be annihilated; the insult to their intelligence which a mediæval and barbarous religious creed presents must be forever abrogated. He knows that religion must be made free before political conditions can be exalted, and first of all reformations must needs be the enlightenment of the human mind in order that neither priest nor potentate, creed nor code, shall consign the human race to industrial degradation or religious enslavement. Hence, all mankind must to-day hail Tolstoi—novelist, litterateur, political agitator, religious reformer and social inspirer—as a Universal Leader, who, himself deprived of the luxuries of his inherited wealth, excommunicated for the sake of his ideas, is the true deliverer that points the way to the Pisgah heights of religious liberty and mankind's social enfranchisement.

THE CLASH BETWEEN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND ORTHODOXY.

The great religious conflict of the century is at hand. The most momentous protagonist of orthodoxy which has ever arisen is modern Christian Science. Its sudden growth and startling popularity are religious phenomena which are almost incomparable in the annals of Christendom. Heretofore the opposition to orthodoxy has been distinctively intellectual. But the struggle which orthodoxy must engage in with Christian Science is of a more comprehensive character.

First, the conflict between orthodoxy and Christian Science is, like the others, an intellectual warfare, insomuch as Christian Science introduces a philosophy and theology which are primarily and uncompromisingly contradictory to the orthodox position.

Second, it is a tremendously powerful spiritual antagonist, because, while it appeals, as orthodoxy does, to a possible future, replete with the glories of the redemptive state, it goes farther than orthodoxy and anticipates the rewards of the faithful by the benefits which it bestows upon them here.

Orthodoxy must needs depend for its fascination of the masses upon the invitation which it extends to them to enter through the portals of Paradise and enjoy the triumphs and glories of the heavenly state; but Christian Science purports to open the portals of Paradise here upon earth. It cries to all not only to come and believe in order that they may be saved and enjoy the delights of heaven, but to come now and drink of the waters and be healed. "Enter with us into Paradise and know that the living Redeemer is at hand." Hence the multitudes who believe that Christian Science is capable of bestowing these favors upon them, are flying from the honeycombed strongholds of orthodoxy into the ranks of the New Faith, in exultant anticipation of the favors which they are to receive. Hence it is not to be wondered at that a young, jubilant, successful contestant should meet with such immediate

success against a moribund and decrepit foe, the power of whose arm has long since been weakened in the struggle of the ages.

The third point wherein Christian Science differs from orthodoxy is the freedom of interpreting the construction of ancient Scriptures. The students of Christian Science are not forced to study the Bible as if it were a prescribed authority, every letter and syllable of which is of divine revelation, whose construction must be patterned after a fixed and unalterable decree. The Christian Scientists assume to study the Scriptures with the key of spiritual interpretation, looking upon the Bible purely as an allegorical drama, descriptive and prophetic of the evolution of human life. To them the whole of Scripture, from Genesis to Revelation, is but a spectacular panorama, describing the possible course of the evolution of the individual, as well as that of cosmic evolution, from the first beginnings of time to the last prophetic goal of the divine achievement. Of course, we all recognize the fact that the weakness of Christian Science lies in its fanaticism. It makes such universal claims; it points to such absolute and unlimited possibilities, that it seems to undertake to grasp the whole universe in the limited bounds of its philosophy, leaving nothing outside the plane of its interpretation. It succeeds just enough to allure the multitude, and it will allure them.

Personally, I very much deplore the inconsistencies and perverse interpretations of science and philosophy which inhere in the popular cult of Christian Science; but as between the two, between the purblind and decrepit orthodoxy, which, like an old man tottering on his cane and groping toward his grave, chatters and scolds and denounces, and the young and valiant champion of human hope and spiritual liberty, which is incorporated in so-called Christian Science, I do not for a moment hesitate to take my stand with the latter and point to it as the embodiment of that which is best and noblest and highest in human aspirations. There is, however, one vulnerable spot in the present defense of Christian Science, to which I must call attention. Its leaders insist that

its theology is orthodox. This is not only untrue, but a most foolish attitude for the Christian Scientist to assume. They have nothing to gain but everything to lose by attaching themselves to old orthodoxy. There is but one interpretation of the orthodox faith and that is the interpretation incorporated in the creeds of the churches to-day. With each essential feature of that creed, the teachings of Christian Science stand in direct conflict. Christian Science does not teach a personal God in the sense the ancient creed teaches it, nor does it teach the divinity of Jesus Christ in the distinctive and exclusive sense which the ancient theology demands. Neither does it teach the possibilities of salvation through the physical sacrifices of Jesus Christ and the efficacy of his sacrificial blood.

The triumphant possibilities of Christian Science lie in the fact that it dares contradict these ancient and pessimistic attitudes of orthodoxy. Its hope lies in the fact that it will not only neutralize all the bigotry of ancient theology, but that it will idealize and spiritualize these antique conceptions in such a manner that their literal interpretations shall be wholly abrogated and nothing will be left of them but their allegorical representations. Let Christian Science stand manfully, honestly, sincerely on this ground, and its battle will be ultimately triumphant; but if it shifts and veers, and by any pretense or hypocrisy, seeks to find for itself an acceptance in the ranks of ancient orthodoxy, it not only denies its own influence, but removes from the human race that sublime hope with which at present the philosophy of Christian Science may inspire it.

The present phase of Christian Science is but transitory. This church is but the momentary embodiment of the cosmic power which is surcharging all humankind. It finds its expression in the Christian Science Church for the time being as the best immediate exposition of its universal presence. But a higher manifestation will yet come free from ecclesiastical bigotry and superstition which already hamper this young organization, and finally evolve a true

philosophy and religion founded on the strictest scientific facts, and afford the human race a resting-place in its ceaseless search for truth that is within.

THE HAVOC OF "GOOD TIMES."

In this age one of the startling and unique symptoms of "good times" is the prevalence of vicious, sullen and destructive strikes. It is a curious economic paradox which the present transitional period of industrial progress reveals; but it is the surest evidence of the rapidly widening gulf between the toiling masses and the oligarchy of wealth, which, self-satisfied, tightens its gripe on the reins of the social government. We have just emerged from a long and tedious period of industrial depression, lasting almost a decade, during which there were comparatively few conflicts between capital and labor. But during the preceding decade of prosperity, which reached its climax in 1892, there was an extraordinary number of strikes culminating in the memorable effort of Eugene V. Debs and his multitudinous followers to lock up the entire railroad system of the country. And now, as we are entering upon a period of renewed prosperity at the opening of the twentieth century, there are again universal symptoms of the recrudescence of labor emeutes and insurrections which may yet result disastrously to the nation.

This is the age of gigantic trusts, of the most phenomenal control of a country's composite wealth which history has ever witnessed. The issue of this feature of industrial progress must be viewed by all with serious apprehension. So long as the attitude of antagonism shall be cultivated between the limited body of employers and their multitude of employes, the disposition among the former to combine their forces, for the purpose of mutual strength and resistance to the demands of labor, must needs result in a union of the toiling masses for offensive and defensive coöperation that may yet cause our nation to be plunged into the throes of a bloody conflict. The agitator may cry out against

fate, but a philosopher will study the tendencies of nature. If there must be gigantic combinations of capital, whose interests are divorced from the creators of wealth and who study ingenious methods of aggression and commercial avarice, it must needs be that the multitudinous victims of such industrial control will likewise combine for mutual protection, and think first of their own necessity and advancement before they regard principles of patriotism or national pride.

We need not therefore be surprised, we who constitute the middle class, ground between the upper and the nether mill stones of the industrial strata, if the sullen masses shall be so aggravated that, heedless of a nation's fate, they rise like Samson to pull down the pillars of the temple of society and crush us all beneath its falling walls. Let us not forget that, at the present hour, the unarmed masses are deprived of leadership and the tactics of a military campaign. But it will not always be so. It is useless to assume that the power of combined capital can ever become so absolute in this nation that it may, with impunity, disregard the just demands of united labor and heartlessly ignore the groans of half-fed women and the sullen curses of men who cry for the redress of age-inherited wrongs. Both sides are as yet insufficiently educated in the moral problems of the situation. Each must cultivate a kindlier spirit, a higher sense of honor, more sincere devotion to the demands of justice, and a consciousness of the spirit of brotherhood which must needs prevail among coöperative human beings.

It is the grossest absurdity, yea, it is a national crime, that supercilious capitalists waive off the demands of labor with indifference or unsympathetic nonchalance. The interests of the people are with the toiler. The only interest which the people have in the prosperity of the controllers of capital is that they so justly keep laborers employed that the common wealth of the country may be multiplied and universal contentment and prosperity prevail. We as a people care not for the personal safety of

the great commercial leaders of this nation, or for the protection which their property may procure against the onslaughts and aggressions of the outraged masses; save only that such protection to their lives and the security to their property shall mean the cultivation of the people's happiness and contentment and the enhancement of our nation's progress and prosperity. If there must needs come a clash between these two forces the people will be interested in the triumph of the capitalistic class only to the extent that such a victory will redound to the general benefit and prosperity of the people at large. The common sense of justice insists that if, in the light of the law combinations of capital are justifiable, then also must be the combinations of labor and industrial unions. There must be somewhere between these two opposing forces a discoverable ground of coöperation and mutual interest. The bull-headed leaders of commerce who haughtily refuse to treat with laborers' representatives are the real anarchists and subverters of the social system. If we would ward off the possibility of such industrial slavery as state socialism would establish there must needs be a universal Federation of Capital and Labor established on such a foundation that the interests of both will be mutually subserved, and the forces of government become a blessing to both and not a curse to either.

Let Reason prevail and Justice alone be regarded, not that either Capital or Labor, as warring factions, may succeed, but that the People, in the interest of universal right and the common good of all, may be endowed with sanity, good will and common sense.

SPEAKER REED ON NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers are what they are by virtue of a power greater than themselves. They are much more the product of the readers than of the editors and publishers. Newspapers do not impart absolute verity or absolute wisdom. They would be better if the subscriber was better, and even preachers would be better if the congregations would let them be so.

RELIGION AND HUMANITY.

How often in the last century and a half has the knell of religion been sounded? And yet men are as religious to-day as they ever were. What a surprise it would be to some of the early foes of religious faith, if they were to come back to earth now and see that the primitive instincts of man still survive? Many have supposed that religion was nothing but a traditional superstition handed down from age to age, and that if this stream of tradition could be interrupted, religion would cease upon the face of the earth. They did not recognize the fact that there is a separate spring of religious feeling in each human heart and that if the historic channel were absolutely emptied to-night, to-morrow fresh water would be trickling into it from a thousand sources and that soon its current would be as broad and as powerful as ever. Religion is a natural activity of the soul; it can no more be eradicated than love, and if it could be blotted out of a man, he would to that extent be less than human.

And now what is religion in the last analysis? It has, I think, a double character. Its first element is wonder. It involves a deep sense of the mystery in the midst of which we live—the mystery of life and death, of thought and feeling, of matter and motion—an appreciation of the miracle enacted in the humblest flower as well as in the greatest stellar system—the miracle of the universe and of the molecule, of the infinite and the infinitesimal. A wide-awake man ought to pass his life in some such frame of mind; the conventional acceptance of things as they are as matters of course is the result of dull senses and deadened nerves. Young races, not yet enervated by the refinements of civilization, people the woods and meadows with gods and goddesses, fairies and elves, nymphs and satyrs, which are really truer symbols of the palpitating world around us than the unthinkable forces which we endeavor to conjure up. It is not necessary for us, perhaps it is neither possible nor desirable, to define as they do, the powers which occupy the void within us and without us—it is best to be chary in imagining

spirits or angels or genii, but we are bound to have the same sense of wonder when we find that every thought and every object presents an insoluble problem for our boasted intellects. It is this wonder which, when considered by itself, produces that fear of nature which is so common among savage tribes, and which in the records of the Hebrew Church from which we derive our ecclesiastical systems is represented by the "fear of the Lord." It arms Jove with the terrors of the thunder-storm and beholds Neptune riding on the tempestuous sea.

But wonder alone does not constitute religion. Wonder leads to fear, and fear is not a religious state. There must be something further—a sense of security in the whirl of life, a confidence in something trustworthy beyond the mystery, a belief that there is somewhere a satisfactory answer to the riddle of existence. Walt Whitman renders this idea finely when he says: "My feet are mortised and tenoned in granite." This is a condition of mind which men can attain, but it cannot be copied or learned or transferred; neither is it dependent upon intellectual beliefs. That it corresponds with some fundamental truth in nature, we may infer from the fact that the greatest minds in all nations have experienced it, and those men who have most conspicuously possessed this faith have been hailed by their fellows as prophets and saviours.

That this state of faith is a desirable one has been generally admitted among all peoples, but the methods recommended for its attainment have been very diverse. The Jew sought it in a scrupulous fulfilment of the details of the law; the Hindoo takes the path of asceticism, silence, solitude and meditation; while the conventional Christian, making the curious mistake of confounding faith with belief, prescribes intellectual assent to certain historical propositions. The genuine Christian seems to have found faith in the Reformation times and in later periods of revival (under the influence of the Methodists and Salvation Army, for instance), by direct action of the will. They believed and trusted in this and that because they wished to. This method of lifting yourself up by the

waistband is becoming increasingly impossible for reasoning people, and we are confronted with the question whether on this account religion must go by the board. In the absence of logical proof of the existence of a God and of the immortality of the soul, will the world settle down contentedly to mere materialism? Are the words "soul," "spirit" and "spirituality" to become things of the past?

It requires no great insight to answer these questions in the negative. The mind has never held the key to the mysteries; it is to be found in the emotions. In fact, emotion underlies mind. All reasoning begins with some axiomatic truth which is attested only by feeling. The consensus of testimony of those whose experience has been the deepest in now that the strong passion of love opens best the door to eternal wisdom. It is impossible to define love, for as an elemental feeling it cannot be reduced to lower terms. We all know what it is, and we can conceive of its transfiguration when it is extended so as to include all things to the furthest star and the hatefulest enemy. The indulgence in this feeling, which we at once pronounce pre-eminently good and sane, raises the consciousness above the regions of time and space and gives a suggestion of eternity. From the heights thus attainable we perceive the insignificance of death and the divine supremacy of the human soul. Without dogmatising with reference to Providence and destiny, we feel that we are surrounded by love as by an atmosphere. No one who has thus felt can believe that the basis of such sensations is illusion and he will find his assumption of the reality of them confirmed by the confident assertions of the noblest men in history. I think it is Hegel who said that as in the early church the disciples were lead first by Peter, then by Paul and then by John, so in the history of the world since Christ, Peter first held sway in the Catholic Church, and after him Paul, the apostle of faith, and that now is the turn again of John, the apostle of love. This indeed seems to be the truth and the literature of the day; the social and industrial agitations, all these outer expressions

of the growth of the race, go to show that this idea of love is taking profound hold of the consciousness of mankind. We may think of love, as we do of heat, as a mere "feeling;" but heat is after all the source of all force in the material world, and love occupies an analogous place in the spiritual. It seems to be a ray of some spiritual sun which is the center of an invisible system. But we must not begin to frame articles of faith. It is one thing to ask a man to believe what he cannot know, and another to invite him to share a feeling which he can experience. There is nothing irrational in the cry, "Oh, taste and see that love is good," and the church that utters it is giving voice to the latest and truest form of religion.

ERNEST H. CROSBY.

ANOTHER RESURRECTION OF THOUGHT.

A special dispatch from Rome states that Pope Leo XIII. has appointed a committee to define the portions of the Bible which are henceforth to be considered as divinely inspired. The decision is said to be the outcome of a book recently written by a French priest, Pére Gerard, who contends that the Biblical story of the Garden of Eden is merely a fable current among the Jews. The reported appointment of a committee has caused a surprise, as the Pope has been regarded as a supporter of the divine inspiration of every part of the Scriptures.

The World of Thought

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

ATOMS FOUND TO BE DIVISIBLE.

It has been a hypothesis of naturalists that the atom is the smallest body in existence, and that as its name implies, it is incapable of division. Like the ether which they have assumed to exist and so have made it the basis of exact science, as it is termed, it has never been found by any exploration. Now, however, there is proclaimed a discovery of the twentieth century, no less than a minuter something which admiring individuals fondly hope will constitute a "working hypothesis." The atom is shown to be no more an indivisible unit, but an actual group of particles, about a thousand in all. They are electrified and so receive the name of "electrons." The atom, or molecule, as would be a corrector name, is fixed as a single body because the electrons which compose it neutralize each other. What is technically known as gravitation is manifest because the attraction between the opposite charges of the electrons slightly exceed the repulsion. Accordingly gravitation is a form of electric attraction.

The electron is described as infinitely small. The bacillus which now occupies a world of space in the minds of many physicians, though visible only by means of the highest microscope, is as much larger than the electron as the earth is larger than the bacillus. With the electron for a starting-point many well-known phenomena are declared to be capable of being explained.

The chemical elements are at Davy, and other scientists and philosophers have believed and affirmed only groupings of constituents from a primal matter. In the view suggested here they consist of electrons variously arranged. The notion imputed to the alchemist that the cheaper metals can be transformed into the more precious, seems thus to be reasonable. "We might assume,"

says a writer in the *Electrical Review*, "that among the innumerable possible groupings of electrons only a relatively limited number would be sufficiently stable to occur in large quantities. These stable groupings would be the elements known to us. Perhaps a mathematical treatment of this question will one day succeed in presenting the relative frequency of the elements as a function of their atomic weights. In the world of space we see many phenomena that await the application of the electron theory."

This is all possible and plausible; nevertheless it is but removing the point of view from matter as atoms to matter in the minuter form of electrons. Doubtless scientific investigation will be the gainer, but the bottom has not been reached—the point where material existence extends from unparticled matter and spiritual essence.

RED INDIANS IN SIBERIA.

An English traveler describes a people aboriginal in Siberia and apparently identical with the native races of North America. "Had I met them in Nevada," he remarks, "it would never have struck me they were not red Indians." They are called the Buriats, and are classified as Mongols. The cheek-bones are high, but the faces are round rather than long. and the complexion a muddy bronze. The women, however, have little in common with the American squaws, but very much resemble Spanish Jewesses, though with darker features. The Buriats are patriarchal in their manners, dwelling in tents though not nomadic, living in family groups and employed as shepherds and herdsmen. They are gradually thinning out before their Muscovite masters, yet they preserve the remembrance of the former periods when their ancestors swept the continents of Asia and Europe, and still cherish the belief that a leader will yet rise up among them to restore their ancient prestige. In religious beliefs they are Buddhists and have been for three hundred years. They are passionately fond of making pilgrimages to Urga, where there is a living Buddha, and

their rich men often give up their entire property to some shrine, only reserving the bare means of subsistence. The Buriats are distinguished for devotion, sincerity and extraordinary honesty.

SULPHUR FOR SMALL-POX.

The *Medical Brief* (St. Louis) for January has a paper by Dr. H. Valentine Knaggs, of London, worthy of careful study. "Most fair-minded medical practitioners," he remarks, "will admit that vaccination, especially of tender infants, is by no means the simple and harmless operation which the vaccination advocates would have us believe it to be." Of small-pox he affirms, "That as a filth-disease it should be treated by similar methods to consumption, diphtheria and typhoid fever; and in this reasoning we have ample testimony of the value of sulphur and sulphurous acid as powerful remedies to check the formation of humory pustules, and as ideal and natural disinfectants of the animal body." In order to cope with small-pox the sulphur must be given freely internally as well as rubbed in externally. Persons vaccinated after being dosed with sulphur were immune from the inoculated poison. Dr. Knaggs believes that the sulphur treatment, honestly tried, three grains an hour for five days would assure against all danger of small-pox. "The only drawback is that sulphur costs but a few pence a pound, and although its use may be based on common sense, it does not appear in the eyes of laity to be so 'scientific' or mysterious as the slight operation and the lymph (?) used in vaccination."

JOAN OF ARC NOT BURNED.

Documentary evidence of the strongest kind is said to exist that goes to show that Jeanne D'Arc, the "Maid of Orleans," was not burned, as tradition declares. "There is every proof that she lived after 1431, and there is evidence of the strongest kind that she arrived in the town of Metz on the 20th of May, 1436. She was then recognized by her brother. There is a record in the archives

of Metz declaring her marriage with one Robert des Armoizes, Knight, mentioning the birth of two sons to her. After Joan was married she was known as Dame Joan, and whenever she came to Orleans she was sumptuously entertained at the expense of the town. There is a record which materially assists this proof and shows that the town of Orleans paid her 210 livres as a recompense for services rendered during the siege."

The execution of Joan D'Arc at the stake for sorcery is reported to have taken place at Rouen. The explanation is made for the story that it was necessary that the English soldiers in France, who were in terror of her superhuman power, should be induced to believe that she had been burned under the ban of the Church, and that Charles VII., who owed his crown to her was under circumstances which compelled him to say nothing.

EPIDEMICS.

It was a remark of Ralph Waldo Emerson that nature centers into balls. The eye is the first circle, the horizon the second, and so on throughout nature this figure is repeated without end. In like analogy the periods of time are in circles, and recur with a certain regularity which intimates the operation of a natural law. The day and night, the lunations, the seasons and years, maintain such a regularity as to permit a record of them in advance of their coming. Eclipses are examples of a similar kind. Nothing occurs by accident or deviation.

Even the recurrence of epidemics exhibits a statedness which suggests that they are natural incidents. There are undoubtedly specific causes for the mode of outbreak, but then, if there was not likewise a particular receptivity of condition in individuals, the external cause, we may be certain, would pass them by unscathed. Children are not born through the agency of one parent alone. All causation is twofold.

Sydenham, the "English Hippocrates," propounded the hypothesis of epidemic periods in which peculiar states of the

atmosphere and season conduced to make complaints take a peculiar form, changing afterward to another. Some such influence is then always dominant.

CURIOUS UTTERANCES OF CHILDREN.

Young children are often in the habit of expressing their thoughts and conceptions in forms and language often entertaining, yet not infrequently startling to hearers. We have heard them, when hardly three years old, give accounts of innumerable occurrences in their personal history which they affirmed to have taken place, and which they had beheld and taken part in, long before they were born. They were too young to have any intelligent cognizance of birth except as a beginning to live; and it is not probable that they were telling of anything from hereditary impression, or the reminiscence of some former term of psychal experience. But every child seems to have a dramatic endowment, and shows this in its plays, which are often endeavors at representation very similar in character to what is witnessed on the stage. Those who attempt to instruct the little ones in religious and other knowledge are often surprised and confounded at the way they construe and apply that which is told them. Madam Le Grand's "Heavenly Twins" are often rivalled in humbler homes, but the simpler tales and interpretations with their characteristic artlessness are more in point.

The story of the Garden of Eden has exercised much childish ingenuity to solve the theological intricacies. A worthy old lady having given little Tommy many lessons in Pentateuchal lore, proceeded one day to question him on what he had learned. "What commandment did Adam break when he ate the forbidden fruit?" she asked. "Please, ma'am, he did not break any," he replied. "There were no commandments then."

"Why," asked little Clara, "I cannot understand why they should have had such an awful time just because they ate one

little apple." Her little brother, who had had experience, responded: "I'll bet it was a green one."

A very homely man in Chicago has a very pretty daughter. One day she was sitting on his knee right before a looking-glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked: "Papa, did God make me?" "Yes, dear," he replied. "And did he make you?" "Yes." Looking again in the mirror she drew a long breath and rejoined, "He must be turning out better work lately, isn't he?"

A father was explaining the theory of the Trinity to his little son. There was the Father and the Son, he said, and also the Holy Ghost, all equal and Divine. The child listened intently, eager to understand it aright. "But," he added, "the old man is Boss, is not he?"

Little Ethel asked her brother: "Why do we ask God for our daily bread when mamma gives us that?"

"Because," he replied, "there has got to be just so much red tape."

"Papa," little Eugene inquired, "is it not about time for Santa Claus to come?"

The father, thinking the child old enough to be set clear of such a notion, explained to him that Santa Claus was only a fictitious personage, and that his parents were the actual bestowers of his Christmas gifts.

The disillusioned child moved sadly away, trying to adjust anew his views of things. Presently he spoke again. "Papa, is not that devil that you have been filling me up with another Santa Claus?"

A clergyman was catechising the little boys in a class and asked one of them to define matrimony.

"It is a place of punishment," was the reply. "Some suffer in it for a time before they go to heaven."

TOO MUCH GOVERNMENT.

The less government a people has, the happier, sturdier, more progressive are they. Governmental regulation tends to stifle life, to repress nature, to dwarf aspiration, to stunt development. Men learn more by their mistakes than from inculcated precepts. Error is a fundamental part of the scheme of things. Mistakes broaden and deepen the understanding; realize right and wrong for us with a vividness, and a truth imagination can not equal.

Yet we are all the time trying, by governmental means, to circumvent Nature's aims and projects, arbitrarily fastening ironclad beliefs and time-honored practices on men.

According to advocates of State regulation, every new idea, cult, ism, etc., is a poisonous virus, which will sap the strength of the body politic, and should be prohibited, or regulated to death, regardless of the merits of the case, fairness, freedom or ordinary decency. Yet the merits of all questions have to be worked out. No one, however able, can forecast them with perfect truth.

A free State has no tenable grounds for interference between people in any relation they may form as servant and served, so long as the criminal law is unbroken. The State can have no claim to decide arbitrarily mere matters of judgment. Such a claim would arrogate infallibility, and Anglo-Saxon mankind, at least, has outgrown this belief.

The cry for State interference emanates from the self-interest of an established class. It is narrow, partisan, prejudiced. The talk about legal restrictions, preliminary examinations, licenses, etc., for the purpose of raising the standard of attainments and service, has little foundation in fact. Successful competition is invariably based on utility or value of some sort. The people are shrewd, and their judgment will usually hold water. If some are humbugged, it is because they want to be; and if they want to be, it is nobody's business but theirs.

People cannot be compelled to be sensible or virtuous, and there

is always the question which side predominates in the matter of sense and virtue.

It is natural that every new idea should run to extremes before the truth is threshed out. Gradually it is pruned, modified, the wildness is eliminated by experience, and it becomes a classified part of our resources. But this is a work of time, not to be discounted.

The State has its functions and uses in protecting society from the acts of criminals, administering public affairs, furthering a wise, general policy, etc., but when it seeks to interfere with the individual in any of the ordinary relations and affairs of life, to prescribe his religion, his dress, his occupation, tell him what he should eat and drink, what medicine he shall take, or in any way seek to regulate his life; when it demands of him a license-fee before he can exercise his natural right to earn a living in any honest way, it becomes a tyrant. It is no longer the servant but the master of the people. Such a government is not a republic, but an oligarchy. Individual rights must be held to staunchly against the pressure of encroachments sure to grow stronger as our government ages.—*Medical Brief.*

LOCKJAW DISSEMINATED BY VACCINATION.

A fatal case of lockjaw occurred at Braintree, Massachusetts, December 31st. Christine Jorgensen, daughter of Captain Jorgensen, of the South Shoal lightship, a young woman of nineteen, was the victim. She was vaccinated on the 4th, and died on the last day of the year. So numerous have been these cases of lockjaw as the sequence of vaccination in many places, that one establishment has found it necessary to give notice that it did not furnish the vaccine virus, and also that the sores made were a protective against small-pox.

It is a corrupting doctrine to open a brain and tell us that devotion is a definite molecular change in this or that convolution

of grey pulp, and that if man is the first of living animals, he passes away after a short time like the beasts that perish.

—*Frederick Harrison.*

FUNDAMENTAL BUDDHISTIC BELIEFS.

Formulated by Col. Henry S. Olcott, official head of the Theosophical Society, and approved on behalf of the Buddhists of Burmah, Ceylon and Chittagong, and accepted by those of Japan, are "included within the body of Northern Buddhism."

1. Buddhists are taught to show the same forbearance, tolerance and brotherly love to all men without distinction, and an unswerving kindness toward the members of the animal kingdom.

2. The universe was evolved, not created; and it functions according to law, not according to the caprice of any god.

3. The truths upon which Buddhism are founded are natural. They have, we believe, been taught in successive kalpas, or world-periods, by certain illuminated Beings called Buddhas; the name Buddha signifying enlightenment.

4. The fourth teacher in the present kalpas was Sakya Muni, or Gautama Buddha, who was born in a royal family in India about 2,500 years ago. He is an historic personage, and his name was Siddarta Gautama.

5. Sakya Muni taught that ignorance produces desire; unsatisfied desire is the cause of re-birth, and re-birth the cause of sorrow. So to get rid of sorrow, therefore, it is necessary to escape re-birth, and to extinguish desire, it is necessary to destroy ignorance.

6. Ignorance fosters the belief that re-birth is a necessary thing. When ignorance is destroyed, the worthlessness of every re-birth, considered as an end in itself, is perceived as well as the paramount need of adopting a course of life by which the necessity of such repeated re-births can be abolished. Ignorance also begets the illusive and illogical idea that there is only one existence for man, and the other illusion that this one life is followed by states of unchangeable pleasure or torment.

7. The dispersion of all this ignorance can be attained by the persevering practice of an all-embracing altruism in conduct, development of intelligence, wisdom in thought and destruction of desire for the lowest personal pleasures.

8. The desire to live being the cause of re-birth, when that is extinguished, re-births cease, and the perfected individual attains by meditation the highest state of peace called Nirvana.

9. Sakya Muni taught that ignorance can be dispelled and, sorrow removed by the knowledge of the four noble Truths namely:

(*a*) The miseries of existence.

(*b*) The cause productive of miseries, which is the desire, ever renewed, of satisfying one's self without being able ever to secure that end.

(*c*) The destruction of that desire, or the estranging of one's self from it.

(*d*) The means of obtaining the destruction of desire. The means which he pointed out is called the Noble-Eight-fold Path, namely: Right Belief; Right Thought; Right Speech; Right Action; Right Means of Livelihood; Right Exertion; Right Remembrances; Right Meditation.

10. Right Meditation leads to spiritual enlightenment, or that development of the Buddha-like faculty which is latent in every man.

11. The essence of Buddhism as summed up by the Tathagata (Buddha) himself is:

To cease from sin.

To get virtue.

To purify the heart.

12. The universe is subject to a natural condition known as "Karma." The merits and demerits of a being in past existences determine his condition in the present one. Each man, therefore, has prepared the causes of the effects which he now experiences.

13. The obstacles to the attainment of good Karma may be

removed by the observance of the following precepts, which are embraced in the moral code of Buddhism, namely:

(*a*) Kill not.

(*b*) Steal not.

(*c*) Indulge in no forbidden sexual pleasure.

(*d*) Lie not.

(*e*) Take no intoxicating or stupefying drug or liquor.

Five other precepts which are not here enumerated, should be observed by those who would attain, more quickly than the average layman, the release from misery and re-birth.

14. Buddhism discourages superstitious credulity. Gautama-Buddha taught it to be the duty of a parent to have his child educated in science and literature. He also taught that no one should believe what is spoken by any sage, written in any book, or affirmed by tradition, unless it accorded with reason.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN ALL NATIONS.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own. —*Hindoo.*

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on. —*Egyptian.*

Do as you would be done by. —*Persian.*

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself. —*Buddhist.*

What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others. —*Chinese.*

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated. —*Mohammedanism.*

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him. —*Grecian.*

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves. —*Roman.*

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law, the rest is a mere exposition of it. —*Jewish.*

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. —*Christian.*

To say that this, that and the other precept of the New Testament cannot be paralleled in the sacred books of the non-Christian religions, only proves how narrowly we have read. —*Emerson.*

There is not a single noble sentiment or lofty aspiration in the New Testament that cannot be paralleled in one or another of the other Scriptures of the world. —*Chadwick.*

I like to think of the human race, from whatever stock its members may have sprung, in whatever age they may be born, whatever creed they may confess, together in the presence of the One Reality, engaged, not wholly in vain, in *spelling out some fragments of its message.* All share its being; to none are its oracles wholly dumb. —*Balfour.*

Character is best where no hands but nature's have been laid on it. —*Emerson.*

NECESSITY NOT FATALITY.

Necessity is not, as of old, an image without us, but a magic web woven through and through us, like that magnetic system of which modern science speaks, penetrating as with a network, subtiler than our subtilest nerves, yet bearing in it the central forces of the world. Must not Art, then, so reflect life as to give the spirit what it needs in these bewildering toils—a sense of freedom?

—*W. H. Pater.*

THE ETHER AS A SCIENTIFIC STARTING-POINT.

I don't think that anybody understands it very well. It is a substance which is everywhere; it is in the air and above the air, and it reaches to the sun and to the stars, and it is through all other things, in the earth and the water and all solid bodies. When we move about and when the earth and the planets move they pass through it, as if it were a kind of jelly. No, of course, we do not understand it, but it is the only way that men of Science can account for a good many things. There is certainly a good deal of guess-work about it. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

DIFFICULTIES SHOULD BE MET.

A subject of study ought not to be abandoned because it is beset with difficulties, nor because, for the time being, it may meet prejudice or encounter contempt. —*Berzelius.*

The natural rights of men, civil and political, are liberty, equality, security, property, social protection and resistance to oppression. Liberty consists in the right to do whatever is not contrary to the rights of others. —*Paine.*

Great men stand like towers in the city of God.—*Longfellow.*

THE TRUE BASIS OF AUTHORITY.

In our age and in a world that reads and compares and inquires, because it thinks, authority must vindicate itself by its appeal to those judges of all truth which are the image of the Divine in man —the spiritual intuitions, the conscience and the reason.

—*Bishop H. C. Potter.*

THE RELIGIOUS TRANSITION.

As Christianity spread over the Roman world it became incrusted with Pagan notions and observances, and a similar process went on during the conversion of the Teutonic barbarians. Yuletide and Easter and other church holidays were directly adapted from the

old nature-worship; the adoration of tutelar household deities survived in the homage paid to patron saints; and the worship of the Berecynthian Mother (Rhea or Kybelé) was continued in that of the Virgin Mary. Even the name God, applied to the Deity throughout Teutonic Christendom, seems to be neither more nor less than Wodan, the personification of the storm-wind, the supreme divinity of our Pagan forefathers. —*John Fiske.*

SOULS EAGER FOR INCARNATION.

Resolve we now the mystery of Birth. Why forms and lives the infant in its mother's womb? It is because the soul has entered there. Why enter thus for birth the myriad generations of souls? Know ye not the hunger of souls to be born? Know you not that well-attested histories and living men's experiences affirm, that in this hunger of souls for birth they will even possess the bodies of men wherein souls are already shrined, making them mad with the discord between the two?

The souls that enter bodies suffer thereby suspension of their spiritual knowledges and powers, which are mighty. The quality and motion of the fleshly form thus affect them, though the human shape hinders them not. —*William Douglas O'Connor.*

TRUE WORK NOT RECOGNIZED.

It seems to be a settled thing that the value of a great work shall never be recognized during the worker's lifetime, but only afterward—when he or she who was so noble, so self-sacrificing, so far-seeing, shall have passed beyond the reach of envy, scorn and contumely, into other regions of existence and development. The finest deeds are done without acknowledgment or reward, and when the hero or heroine has gone beyond recall, the whole world stands lamenting its blindness for not having known or loved them better. —*Marie Corelli.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

HOW TO GET WELL AND HOW TO KEEP WELL. By
Boston Plymouth Publishing Co., Boston.

Dr. Bland is a veteran physician of forty years' standing and speaks knowingly as well as feelingly upon the subjects of his discourse. His theory is the simple one that disease is a departure from health, but as its causes are many, so its manifestations and symptoms are numerous and varied. The names bestowed upon these constitute the array of disorders enumerated in works on medicine and in medical statistics. "Our theories of disease and the action of medicines," said Dr. Daniel Drake, "are mearly speculative hypothesis, with no philosophy and little common sense at the bottom of it." Our author is plain in description, simple in treatment and sound in his instructions. He gives to Mind-Cure, Christian Science and other methods now on trial a favorable notice, insisting at the same time that while the mind is active in its influence upon the body, so there are conditions and disorders originating with the body that affect the mind. To medical monopoly as exhibited in current legislation, Dr. Bland is opposed, and has always been a faithful, consistent and energetic adversary, even to his own loss.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN. A Study in Twentieth Century Problems. By LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D., Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.

This work by Dr. Abbott covers every subject of importance that concerns the citizen in this country, and is handled with all the ability which distinguishes its author. It is an endeavor to define the rights of man in the State, in the Church, and in Society.

Many of the views are new to most readers; others have been long in controversy. At the beginning of the Christian era, it is stated, two ideals of social organization confronted each other—the Roman and the Hebraic. In the Roman Empire, society was organized for the benefit solely of the few. The emperor was commander-in-chief of the armies, virtual controller of the finances and taxation, and supreme pontiff in religion. Not a tenth of the population enjoyed the rights of citizenship. But the Hebraic ideal, social and political, regarded all authority for law as derived from God, and the king as truly subject to it as the meanest peasant. His power was limited by the constitution of the commonwealth; a lauded aristocracy was prohibited, no caste or class was allowed, judges were forbidden to show superior respect to the rich or the great, taxation might not exceed a tenth of the agricultural product, and the same law provided for the foreigner as for the citizen.

Pagan Rome was transformed into ecclesiastical Rome, and so the conflict between the two ideals was transferred from the physical to the spiritual realm. The Pope as vicar of God was regarded as invested with all the prerogatives of the emperor. Luther

was driven by the logic of events to deny this authority. He came to the conviction that the final authority was within the soul itself—in the conscience, not in a church or a book.

Ideas move in the realm of spirit; force in the realm of matter. The new physical power which the spirit of Lutheranism inspired, and which gave battle to imperialism in England, was Puritanism. The one derived all its ideas historically from pagan Rome; the other all its ideas from the Hebraic constitution. But there was no such stubborn conflict between the two on the European Continent. Voltaire shook the foundations of the religious system in France; Rousseau developed self-respect in the commonalty, and his spirit "reappears in more rational forms in the fiction of Dickens and Bret Harte, in the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, and in the theological teaching of Channing and Beecher."

Each epoch develops silently and gradually out of the preceding epoch; "but in so far as any date can ever be given to make a great transition, it may fairly be said that with the foundation of the German Empire in 1871, the age of conflict between Hebraism and Romanism came to its end, and that henceforth the chief problem of the Occident is not how to escape the perils of imperialism, military or ecclesiastical, but, the supremacy of imperialism having passed away, how to solve the problems of life which are given to humanity to solve in the free air of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."

Our author proceeds to trace the historic process by which the fundamental principle of the Hebrew commonwealth grew into general acceptance as the foundation of a new and democratic order. The inclusive and exclusive principle peculiar to the Jewish people was burst through; making a change radical alike in government and religion, and enlarging the conception of the social and industrial organization. The basis of government is explained as the universal instinct for self-protection and mutual protection. There are four forms, namely: By one, monarchy; by a few, oligarchy; by the best, aristocracy; and by the many, democracy. There is no one of these which is absolutely best; that is best which best secures human rights; and the ultimate form toward which history is gradually conducting the human race is that form in which every man governs himself. This, however, is a result to be reached by means of government, not a foundation to be assumed on which government can be built.

The purpose of this book is to point out the proper means for attaining this end. It is radical in its aims, but abundantly cautious and conservative in relation to the methods for accomplishing them. It recognizes the absolute right of every man to himself and to the product of his labor, and also that land and the forces of nature are not subjects of personal ownership except as the law

makes them so. But at the present time the making of them common property is a matter of evolution rather than revolution. Society, we are told, is moving steadily, though for the most part unconsciously, toward new arrangements by which this can be. What society most needs is an evolution which will effect changes by gradual processes and leave operative on character and society all the incentives which private ownership affords, and yet preserve to all the people their right to an equal share in the benefits of that wealth which is not produced by personal industry.

In the chapters on Educational and Religious Rights, Dr. Abbott is very explicit. Each individual, he insists, must be educated to understand himself, the world he lives in, the men and women with whom he is to live, and the laws which govern both the world of matter and the world of men. He must not only be educated to know those laws, but he must be trained to conform his life to them. Religion is defined accordantly as a personal perception of the Infinite, and such a perception as affects the moral conduct and character of the one who perceives.

Dr. Abbott does not believe that the American nation "has suddenly broken with all the traditions of the past, lost all the spirit of its early manhood, and been instantaneously converted from a great example of faith and hope and good will toward man into an imperial republic." A government that does not protect the rights of the individual, he boldly declares is a bad government. He has his suggestions for the various domestic and foreign problems that now confront the country. In short, he remarks, life is organized for service, and the good of democracy is the realization of that ideal in which every man shall look not only upon his own things but also on the things of his brother; in which every man shall endeavor to help the weaker man through the hard places of life; in which every man shall recognize that his place in life, whatever it may be, is a place for the service of others, not for self-service.

THE SHRINE OF SILENCE. A Book of Meditations. By HENRY FRANK. Published by the Abbey Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The title of this book, though apparently unique and novel, has been employed by former writers with the advantage of forcibly impressing their ideas. Its aim is to inculcate profounder thinking, purer motive and intelligent doing of the right. Every sentence is a paragraph with a statement of its own; and we may add that the utterances are worthy of an ancient sage, the wisest Mystic and the most thoughtful teacher. A few quotations related here and there but illustrate the method and purpose of the work:

"Intelligence utilized in morals is the beginning of Character."

"Be thou the Master of thy Fate, and conquer as a god."

"Our Thoughts are the Storage of our Deeds."

"The World of Thought enswathes us round with Potent Energies which each of us may use, if we but absorb and negetate."

"Mind is the Master: Thought the Magician."

"Fate is the Product of Mental Force."

"The legend of the Christ-birth but symbolizes the bursting into consciousness of that Supernal Self, of whose being we have only faint glimpses while tabernacled in this Mould of Clay."

"Our Joy is commensurate with our Aim."

"If we live in externals we shall be disappointed in the evanishment of our ideals."

"Each throb of the brain thrills somewhere a kindred brain."

"Nothing can withstand the determination to achieve."

"Thought exists through opposition."

"To know the Unconscious is the effort of existence. To know this is to know God."

"Hold the idea long and firmly in your mind and the world will accept it in spite of itself."

PERIODICALS.

The *Herald of Health* (London) for February ought to be widely read. It sets forth its aim, the physical regeneration of man, in language neither mincing nor equivocal. Besides remarking on the peculiar views which it supports, it gives attention to other matters now engaging notice. The degeneration of character which Mr. Pasteur exhibited and the extinction of his humanity in his scientific researches are significantly pointed out.

"The Effects of the Small-pox Epidemic" in London, form an article by John Brown, a physician of Stepney. The efforts so notorious of the newspaper press and Boards of Health to conceal and disguise the truth in this matter, are now exposed. We quote paragraphs.

"Old beliefs have been exploded, and some who had long regarded vaccination as a heaven-sent prophylactic, have been obliged to recast their views, and admit that a besmirched earthly origin is all that can be claimed for vaccination."

"Official statistics have demonstrated the fact that the want of vaccination is no creator of small-pox, for the unvaccinated districts of London have suffered least. And in these districts the majority of the cases that have occurred have come from common lodging-houses and night-shelters, or from the least sanitary places in the neighborhood."

"The commencement of 1902 finds us confronted with a small-pox epidemic; but that epidemic is being grappled with in accordance with sanitary methods, and there has been no growth of the scare feeling which was being pandered to a few months back, by some who should have known better.

"There are between eight hundred and nine hundred cases at present under treatment.

"Three months ago there were between two hundred and three hundred. At that time there were 5,100 cases of fevers and diphtheria. Whilst the small-pox cases have been going up, the fevers and diphtheria cases have been going down; for on January 4 there were but 4,487 of the latter under treatment.

"There is an old saying that small-pox does not increase the death-rate. That there is something in the old saying seems clear by the figures for the four weeks ending January 4, for these show that the general death-rate was 2.5 per thousand below the corrected average for the preceding ten years.

"Explanations to account for the epidemic have not been wanting, but these lack solid basis.

"Pro-vaccinists blame the Conscience clause in the act of 1898; but, when it is remembered that the act of 1898 has greatly increased vaccination all over the country, some other reason must be sought for.

"Anti-vaccinationists, or at least some of them, are inclined to trace the epidemic to the increased vaccination which began on the first day of January, 1899. They assert that the new glycerinated calf-lymph is simply transformed small-pox, without any guarantee that the transformation is complete.

"It is not shown by anything in the present epidemic that vaccination, or absence of vaccination, has brought it about. All that can with certainty be said is that the great majority of cases have occurred in what may be termed the least sanitary places, viz.: slum districts, lodging houses, night shelters, hop pickers' tents, etc."

Edited by C. L. H. Wallace, Bloomsbury, London.

The *Radiant Centre* is published by Mrs. Kate Atkinson Boehme, at the city of Washington. The January number opens with the cheery boast that it is not only a journal of success, but is itself a success. If pithy paragraphs, such as it leads off with, are in evidence, the case is closed already. An interesting article on "Mental Healing Made Plain," describes a man so prostrated with chronic rheumatism that it was necessary to handle, dress and undress him like a weakling child. One night, however, he had been duly put to bed and the family had all gone to church when the house took fire. He was unable to obtain help, but as the flames raged he got up and dressed himself, gathered up the valuables in the chest of drawers, and went out. The fire had scared the rheumatism out of him. Good a story as this is, the remainder of the article is better.

The *Radiant Centre* has excellent radiating force.

Suggestion for February has important articles on the "Attitude of the Courts Toward Hypnotism," the "Frauds of Spiritualism," Living Above the Senses," the "Subconscious Man," the "Relation of Health Laws to Mental Healing." Mr. Atkinson, in the paper, the "Real Self," takes the high philosophic ground. "It (the 'I'), he declares, merely *knows* that it IS, has ALWAYS BEEN and ALWAYS WILL BE. 'I' allows intellect to indulge in speculations, but contents itself with the knowledge that it IS; it frets not itself with problems of the past or future, but lives in the NOW, and knows itself to be a part of the WHOLE. 'I' knows that it cannot be destroyed or injured—that it exists in accordance with Law (and that Law is Good) and asks no further light at this time, knowing that in its progress through matter, discarding sheath after sheath, more *knowing* will surely come."

Another writer, Mr. Whitehouse, writes on Mental Healing:

"Mind is said to control matter, but mind controls matter only when it works under The Law. If The Law be not conformed to, what occurs?

"The physical laws to which the material body is answerable and the laws under which the mind can control the body must work in harmony with each other to produce harmonizing and happy results. The Laws of Nature do not over-rule one another."

Herbert Parkyn, M.D., editor, Chicago.

ALL PHILOSOPHY THE SAME IN ESSENTIALS.

All that every form of revelation has shown us existed from the first ages undiscovered in the human soul, and it is only there that we shall find it now. The religions or philosophies of the world—those typical ones which have found an affirmative response or confirmative acceptance in the human mind—are but as the facets of a diamond, each presenting a single illuminative point, but all sparkling from the same jewel, all revealing the same inward source of light and beauty, all reflecting the same glorious sun from which their splendor is derived. *William Davies.*

TEACHER—What led Columbus to conclude that the world was round?

BRIGHT BOY:—Well, his experience with it proved that it was anything but square. *Philadelphia Press.*

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THE CAMBODIANS AND THEIR ORIGIN.*

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

The kingdom of Cambodia, now under the protectorate of France, is situated on the east of the Gulf of Siam, between Siam and Laos on the north, and Lower Cochinchina, or French Cochinchina, on the south. At the epoch of its discovery by the Europeans this kingdom was much more extended than it is now, and it comprised a considerable portion of the present kingdom of Siam besides the whole of Lower Cochinchina. Even at the date when Dr. Prichard published his learned "Researches" hardly anything was known about the Cambodians. In this work they are referred to under the name of Khôh-mer and are described as being "an ancient and civilized population formerly subjected by the primitive Siamese." Dr. Leyden supposed them to have derived their origin from a warlike and mountaineer population known by the names of Kho, and Dr. Latham refers to their language under the names of Kho, Komer, or Chong, and says that their alphabet is Pali, their literature Buddhist. An earlier writer, Mr. John Crawford, in his "Embassy to the Kingdom of Siam," avers that the Cambodians, who call themselves Kammer,† "have a language distinct from that of all the neighboring populations, but that in what relates to external characters, to customs, laws, religion and the

*Published originally in the *Revue d'Anthropologie* (edited by Dr. Paul Topinard), third series, Vol. I. (1886), and now first translated into English.

†M. Moura says that the Cambodian language has a tendency to contract words so as to give them, as far as possible, a monosyllabic form. It is thus that the word Kammer becomes K-mer (Khmer).

state of civilization, they approach nearer to the Siamese than to any other people."

More recently Professor Keane has affirmed that the Cambodians or Khmers "were the most typical representatives of the Caucasian group in Indo-China." He considers them as being the aborigines of the country and he supposes them to have, at a very distant epoch, sent emigrants into the eastern archipelago of the Pacific Ocean. Dr. Keane thus describes these Caucasians of Further India: "A fine, vigorous race, with symmetrical and well-set frames, statue rather above the middle size, straight profile, oval face, dolichocephalous head, high forehead retreating very slightly, black hair often inclining to brown, straight or wavy and elliptical in section; beard and whiskers well furnished and always frizzled, or at least wavy; eyes perfectly straight and horizontal; nose not particularly prominent, but nearly always straight and never flattened at the root; cheek-bones scarcely, if at all, prominent; mouth of medium and even small size, with moderately thick lips, but no trace of prognathism; complexion mainly of a bister or brown color, but varying as above, though never so dark as that of the Aryans of India."* It is sufficient to enable us to judge of this description of the Khmers of Cambodia, to compare it with the remarkable account given us by an old French resident in Cambodia, M. Moura, in his work "The Kingdom of Cambodia." The Khmers, he says, approach the type of the inferior Hindoo castes by their small heads with straight and receding foreheads. Their hair is black and coarse, rarely curled; their eyes generally black, sometimes blue or green, small and horizontal. Their lips are moderately projecting, the nose sometimes aquiline, but seldom flattened and depressed at the root; the nostrils are always dilated. The mouth is rather large, but not badly formed; the lips usually thick, the chin straight when it is not retreating. The true Cambodians have a beard, but the inhabitants of the forests and mountains alone allow it to grow. It may be said with truth

Journal of the Anthropological Institute, Vol. IX. (1879), p. 374.

that the beard hardly shows itself before thirty-five or forty years of age. The Khmers are generally tall; their muscular system is well developed and their shoulders are broad. Relatively to their height, their hands and feet are smaller than with Europeans. Their skin, according to M. Moura, is of a bright bronze color, but many of the Khmers are darker and almost as dark as negroes.

The savage tribes of the east, for instance, the Phnongs and Stiengs, who are generally considered as of pure race, have a lighter skin than the Khmers; it has with them a noticeable paleness. The Cambodians have made a classification of the peoples of Indo-China, based on the color of the skin, in which the Khmers and the savages of the north and west, who are always mingled with them, occupy the first rank; the savages of the east come next, the Malays and the Chams in the third line, the Siamese in the fourth rank. M. Moura considers this classification as exact, and he says that the Khmers are, with justice, regarded as the negroes of Indo-China. This agrees exactly with the remark of M. Mondière, in the "Dictionary of Anthropological Science," article "Cambodians," that, according to the traditions of the Chinese, the primitive Cambodians were a black people. The Khmers who inhabit the towns and seldom leave them are sometimes of lighter color than those who live in the country. The color of the skin of the latter recalls that of the natives of central India; the color of some others, that of the Hindoos of Hindostan, and the skin of the lighter Cambodians, has the same coloration as that of the inhabitants of Bhutan. M. Moura states that these last have Mongolian or Thibetan blood, which agrees with the description of the savage tribes and of the Chams, with whom the Khmers are more or less mixed. It is said that the Stiengs have a flat face, a large and flattened nose with wide nostrils, a thick upper lip, arched forehead and coarse hair, sometimes crisp. These traits are not exactly European characteristics.

The description given of the Phnongs, who are allied to the Stiengs, is not very flattering; that of the Canchos, who are

considered the original inhabitants of Indo-China, is still less so. They are represented as having an olive-brown skin, flat face, short nose and thick lips. The forehead is but little developed, their eyes are small, their hair abundant and crisp; their skin is as rough as that of the buffalo, covered with spots and leprous scabs. The general aspect of the Concho is that of a savage beast. The Samrès, the Kouys and the Pors have a darker skin than the other savages, but only because they are more mixed with the Cambodians.

In "Stanford's Compendium of Geography—Asia" (p. 714), Mr. Keane speaks of the Chams, of whom a great number are still found in Cambodia, as belonging to the Khmer race, which may be true if, as said by M. Moura, the Chams resemble the Malays so much that they can be confounded with them. The skin of the Cham is less dark than that of the Malays, who owe their hue to crossing with the Hindoos, with whom they have been in relation at all times. According to the portraits given in the work of M. Moura, the Chams are in appearance less Mongolic than the Malays; nevertheless M. Rousselet, in the "Dictionary of Universal Geography," thinks that these two peoples have a common origin. He says: "All the populations of Cambodia, of Annam, and many of the savage tribes reveal more or less a Malay substratum, and that in the country of the Khmers, and in the chain of mountains which separates Annam from the valley of the Mékong, we find true Malays. These, under the names of Chéréa, Thivéa, Cham, Thiam, or Tsiam, Khierey, Radeh, etc., speak a Malay idiom and seem to be the débris of the ancient population of the kingdom of Tsiampa, which comprised all the continental region between the Ménam and the gulf of Tong-king."

M. Mondiere, who gives anthropometric measurements taken by himself on the living, affirms that the present Cambodians ought to be included in the Mongolian race, their brachy-cephaly being pronounced, particularly among the women. He is led to consider the Chams as the primitive population of the country. We

can then, contrary to the opinion expressed by Mr. Keane, suppose that the aboriginal element in Indo-China was Mongolian, using this word in its widest acceptation, and that it was the Kolarian race which, under certain influences, gave birth to the Chams and afterward to the Malays.

M. Moura regards the Khmers as an invading race having Indian connections, but without relationship to the other Indo-Chinese populations. He is supported in this opinion by the fact that the Khmers are surrounded by civilized peoples or savages whose languages, although differing from one another, are tonic, while the Cambodian language is recto-tonic; and M. Moura is clear that this opinion accords with the traditions of the peoples of Indo-China. The same author tells us that, according to the annals of the Khmer kingdom, about the year 543 before Jesus Christ, the king of the Chams, who had been shipwrecked on the Cambodian coast, imposed his rule on the inhabitants of Coutch-Thloc, the ancient name of the country where Angkor stands. A century afterward, in 443, Préa-Thong, one of the sons of the king of Indrapecha (Delhi), arrived in the country with numerous followers. The tradition says that this Indian prince had been banished owing to his refusal to pay homage to his brother, in whose favor his father, the king, had abdicated. Préa-Thong and his companions who, for that reason were called "Cat-Sas,"* that is, people whose religion had been suppressed, established themselves at first at Con-Khan, about forty miles to the northwest of Angkor. The exiles intermixed with the Chams and became Buddhists, as appears by the fact that they adopted the Pali writing. Soon, however, Préa-Thong quarreled with the king and it followed that the Khmers revolted and compelled the Chams to quit the country. M. Moura supposes that these newcomers allied themselves with the aborigines, known under the name of Nagas or "Serpents," against the Chams, and that afterward the prince married the daughter of the Naga king.

* M. Moura says that the real word is *Cat-Sac*, that is, "hair" and not "religion."

There is nothing improbable in the idea that the ancient inhabitants were themselves allied to the ancestors of the present Naga tribes of eastern Assam.

Dr. Hunter, in the *Imperial Gazetteer* (Vol. IV., p. 183), shows that the latter belong to the Indo-Chinese populations. Their name is usually considered as coming from the Bengali word *Nankta*, "naked;" but Dr. Hunter believes rather that it comes from the Sanskrit *Naga*, "serpent." The fact that the habitat of the Naga tribes is the chain of mountains which separates Assam from Manipur, is in favor of the latter interpretation; Manipur having been, at a certain epoch, an important center of serpent-worship. The modern Nagas are by their language evidently connected with the race of the Dragon of the far East, at the same time that it is one of the dialects of the Thibeto-Burmese group and has several words in common with the Chinese. The legend which speaks of the marriage of the Naga princess adds that her father caused to issue from the earth a palace and various other monuments to serve as dwelling-places for Préa-Thong and his companions. This has reference to Angkor-Thom, the ancient capital of the kingdom; the foundation of which is fixed according to oral tradition and to the Khmer annals in the year 443 B. C., that is, at the same date as the arrival of the Indian prince in Cambodia. The Khmer legend probably owes its origin to the superstition that, in Cambodia as elsewhere, makes *Nagas* or serpents the guardians of treasures, and consequently able to produce everything that wealth could desire, which was particularly applicable to Indo-China, as a country producing gold.

The Indian origin of the Khmers is proved further by certain peculiarities of their civilization. That the Cambodian language contains many Sanskrit or Pali words has been clearly demonstrated by M. Moura, who appears even disposed to think that not only the characters employed by the Khmers, but their language, are of Sanskrit or Pali origin. He believes himself able to affirm that they have received from India, or that they carried with them

from this country, their religion and the superstitions which accompany it, their principal fetes, their social, political and administrative organization, their manners and their customs—in one word, their civilization. The ancient architecture* of the Khmers indicates an Indian origin, which appears not only from the monuments as a whole, but also from their decoration. The subjects of the bas-reliefs are generally taken from the great epic poems, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*. The divinities and the religious symbols which surround or ornament the temples do not belong to any particular sect. They recall the great temple of Jagganath, in which, says Dr. Hunter, each caste, each sect, can find its divinity. In certain points there is a special resemblance to the temple of the Sun at Kanarak, about nineteen miles from Jagganath. There, as in the ruins of Cambodia, groups are formed of men armed with maces, griffins, warriors on rearing horses, and colossal statues of grotesque and varied forms. The temple of Kanarak was not built, it is true, before the thirteenth century of our era, so that it was preceded a long time by the constructions of Angkor-wat.

The most striking sculptural motive of the Cambodian monuments is the *serpent*. Not only is the sacred cobra represented everywhere, but also the naga-naga or gigantic serpent which surrounds the frieze of the Buddhist temple of Amravati, is frequent y met with. The Buddhism of Cambodia was evidently that of northern India, where, profoundly mingled with the serpent-worship of the primitive populations or Nagas, it is perpetuated in Sivaism. Both Brahmanism and Buddhism were established among the Khmers, and the former appears to have been dominant

* General Forlong, in his "Rivers of Life," quotes Fergusson as saying, with reference to this Cambodian architecture, that it is a sort of Roman Doric, the ornaments (*bassi relievi*) being borrowed from the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, and fading into Hindoo myths. Dr. Bastian speaks of ocal tradition making the ancestors of the Cambodians come from Myan-Rom or Roma-Visea, not far from Tak Sasila, "which Fergusson thinks may be Taxila, the first Aryan capital of Northern India, and about which Alexander and his hosts long hung. . . Kashmerian Hindoo-Naga temples were of Grecian Doric; and here, in far East Cambodia, we see the later Roman Doric."

until the arrival of the sacred books of Buddhism, carried to Ceylon in the year 638.

The conclusion arrived at by M. Moura is that the ideas of Brahmanism predominated in the Khmer empire until the end of the sixth century of our era. After this date Buddhism acquired more and more influence, and at the commencement of the thirteenth century it had definitely replaced its rival. On the Indian continent just the opposite took place, and the changes which occurred may have influenced the course of events on the eastern side of the Gulf of Bengal.

Although the ancestors of the Khmers came originally from Indrapêchta, it is possible that Cambodia was not the country where they first established themselves after their exile. M. Moura admits with some writers that the Inlakpatha or Inlacpathac of the Khmers was in Assam, of which a district was named Indapathoc by the Hindoos. If that opinion is correct, the Khmers may have come from the northeastern provinces of India. Dr. Hunter mentions that the most ancient authentic traditions of Assam proved the existence in this country of a Hindoo kingdom called Kamroup, which comprised also a great stretch of eastern Bengal, and which existed until the fifteenth century. Is there any analogy between the name of this kingdom and that of the Khmers or Kammers? This is uncertain. To the south of Assam lies Manipur, which, seeing the ties that attach it at the same time to Brahmanic legends and to the Naga-cult, could well also have been a place of temporary sojourn of the Indian ancestors of the Khmers.

Let us now proceed to the study of the origin of the Khmer race. That this people is not Mongolian can be allowed, although a great number of them have received a large addition of Mongol blood. That is affirmed by M. Moura who, referring to the color of the skin, remarks that most of the strangers who have described the Khmers, have hardly observed any but the princes, the notables, the mixed populations of the great centers frequented for a long time by other Asiatic peoples. That the Khmers approach the Caucasians on

some points is also equally certain, and their own traditions say that they have been in contact with the Aryan peoples of the north of India. But nevertheless this does not mean that they belong to the Aryan group properly so called. One of the ancient rajahs of the Hindoo kingdom of Kamroup is commonly identified with Bhagadatta who, according to the Mahabharata, was killed by the Pandava prince, Arjuna; and the Hindoo epic poem ought without doubt to throw some light on the affinities of the Khmer race. The principal incident of this poem turns on the rivalry existing between the Pandavas and the Kuravas, both of whom claimed the empire of Bharata. The Pandavas prevailed in the end, but at first they were compelled to quit their native country, and the adventures that they had in the course of their wanderings occupy a large part of the poem. On their return from exile the Pandavas settled in the country of Kandava, on the banks of the Jumna, where they founded a city called Indrapêchta. We have here the country which the Khmer annals designate as the place of birth of Préa-Thong who, with his companions, established himself in Cambodia. The ancestors of the Khmers are thus associated with the Pandavas, the heroes of the Mahabharata; and there are reasons for believing that the latter, as the former, were allied to the Serpent-race. Arjuna, the third of the Pandava brothers, was sent into exile for twelve years because of his violation of a matrimonial law. Accompanied by many Brahmins, Arjuna made a pilgrimage to Hindras on the Ganges. There he met with Ulupi, the daughter of Vasuki, the rajah of the Nagas, and married her.* On quitting Hindras, Arjuna went to the south and visited many cities and peoples, until he arrived at the city of Manipur. Here he married Chritrangada, the daughter of the rajah, and sojourned in the country for three years. It is a remarkable fact that no trace of Brahmanism is found in Manipur at an earlier date than the

*At Mahabalipur, thirty-five miles to the south of Madras, among other sculptures, is an enormous bas-relief known by the name of temple of Arjuna, devoted to the worship of the serpent, and also figures of the serpent, the God Vasuki and his daughter. (*Gazette of India*. Vol. VI., p. 154.)

commencement of the thirteenth century. The myth of the marriage of Arjuna in this city is mentioned in the *Vishnu Purana*. As M. Talboys Wheeler points out, the natives of this secluded valley would seem to be the actual descendants of the ancient Nagas. The god and ancestor of the rajah is a serpent, and they show a cavity where this ancestral divinity resides. The throne of the rajah rests over this cavity. The myth of the marriage of Arjuna can, nevertheless, really relate to an alliance contracted between the Nagas and a people of ancient Hindoo or Kshatrya race, represented in the myth by the Pandavas. In our days, when one of the Nagas inhabiting the mountains which surround the valley of Manipur adopts Brahmanism, he at once receives the distinctive thread of the Kshatrya caste.

The proof of this alliance is found in the recital of the adventures of Arjuna in Manipur in the course of his wanderings preparatory to the Aswamedha, or "sacrifice of the horse," intended to consecrate the universal sovereignty of the rajah of Bharata. The king of the country was then Babhravahana, the son of Arjuna and Chritrangada, in whose service was Ulupi, the Naga (serpent) wife of Arjuna. The last named, having fought with Babhravahana for the possession of the horse, was killed. Fortunately Ulupi remembered that the serpents possess a jewel which brings back life; and she sent one of her relations to her father, Vasuki, to obtain it. Although Vasuki, and even the great serpent Seshanaga, consented at once to this request, the serpents refused to part with the jewel, but they were defeated by Babhravahana, with the aid of the Peacocks, who devoured the serpents. The jewel was finally obtained and the Seshanaga having applied it to the body of Arjuna, he returned to life.

It is remarked by Mr. Talboys Wheeler that the "descriptions of the Raj and Rajah of Manipur, such as they are given in the Mahabharata, are only exaggerations of the Brahmanic idea of perfection." "Probably," says he, "the walls of gold of the palace, the silver walls of the city, the inexhaustible treasures of the Rajah, are

only the creations of the imagination of the poet." Perhaps, however, there is some foundation for these descriptions. Farther India appears at all times to have been regarded as an excessively rich country. Lieut. General Fytche thinks that the *Aurea Chersonesos*, or *Aurea Regis* of Ptolemy, was the delta of the Irrawady and the Malay Peninsula adjacent.* He says that the classical Pali name of Thesien (the ancient capital of the Talaings) is Souvarnaboummé which, literally translated, signifies "land of gold" or "place of gold." The Pali name of Sitang is also Savarna, which, by suppression of the final *na* common to Pali names, resembles Souephir. the Greek name of Ophir. Josephus, who was able to have fairly exact information on the subject, says: "They went with his own steward (Solomon's) to the land which belonged to India in order to bring back gold for him." The Indo-Chinese peninsula was the true land of gold; and as the history of Cambodia shows that the Nagas, at a certain epoch, occupied the country, the adventures of Arjuna can perhaps be placed further south than Manipur. In the legendary marriage of Arjuna with Ulupi, the daughter of Vasuki, the rajah of the Nagas, we could see the marriage of Prea-Thong, the exiled prince of Indrapechta, with the daughter of the king of the Dragons. The wealth of this monarch must have been considerable in order to enable him to construct so magnificent a residence at Angkor-Thom for the Indian prince and his companions. In Cambodia, as at Langka, where the roads were said to be spread over with golden dust, the Nagas, says Moura, were the protectors of riches, if we can apply it to an ancient proverb which says "rich as Tchinla," that is, ancient Cambodia.

Supposing, as I have suggested, the ancestors of the Khmers to be related to the Pandavas, great light would be thrown on the affinities of the Khmer race, if those of the Pandavas were known. The latter are said to be Kshatryas, and if this warrior race is really represented in our days by the Rajputs, as Beames is reported to think,† these would be the descendants of the Pandavas. The

Burma. Past and Present. Vol. I., p. 35.
†See Elliot's *Memoirs*. Vol. I., p. 166.

Jainas affirm that all the true Kshatryas belong to their sect, which would seem to be that to which the Rajputs principally belonged; and probably the refusal of the Brahmans to admit that the present Rajputs are Kshatryas, can be thus explained. That they may be regarded as Kshatryas in the same sense as the Pandavas were, would seem to be demonstrated by their legendary descent. The ancient bards declared that the rajahs of Bharata, of whom Pandu, the father of the Pandavas was one, descended from the moon. The present Rajputs are divided into two great families—the Tchandarbansi and the Souradjbansi. The latter came originally from Ayudhia or Oudh, the dwelling place of the old Solar race, while the Tchandarbansi came from Hastinapura and Badrakanchi. For Hastinapura was the ancient capital of the kingdom of Bharata, and the first settlement, outside of the Punjaub, of the race which ended by conquering the whole of India. Moreover, the modern Tchandarbansi, as the ancient Pandavas, belonged to the Lunar race. The Tchandels, who form part of this family, pretend to be descended from Tchandrouma, or "the Moon," by a daughter of the sacerdotal family of the king of Benares. According to the Mahabharata, the inhabitants of Manipur were Rajputs, of the Tchandel family.

Another tribe of Rajputs of the Tchandarbansi division are the Jadon, the ancient Yadou, the patronymic name according to Sir Walter Elliot,* of all the descendants of Buddha, the ancestor of the Lunar race. The Jadon pretend to be descended in a direct line from Krishna. This reference to Krishna is important, seeing that Arjuna, the Pandava hero who married the daughter of the king of the Dragons, is known also as being married to the sister of Krishna. The Mahabharata relates that Arjuna, on quitting Manipur, traveled through various countries, until he arrived at Dvaraka, in Gujerat, where Krishna resided as chief of the Yadava tribe, with his sister Soubhadra, whom Arjuna was able to espouse after long opposition by Balarama, the brother of Krishna. Mr.

*Memoirs. Vol. I., p. 128.

Wheeler considers the history of this marriage as a simple fiction introduced afterward in order to destroy the tradition of the criminal relations of Krishna with his sister. He establishes that, according to ancient tradition, Soubhadra is said to have had criminal relations with her two brothers. There is, nevertheless, in the Mahabharata so intimate an alliance between Krishna and the Pandavas that we can admit it to be historic. Probably it may be said that the Pandavas contracted a political alliance with the Yadavas, if at the same time the Pandavas were not already related to the latter. Kunti, the mother of the Pandavas, is spoken of as the daughter of the chief of the Bhojas, a mountain tribe who then lived in Malwa, a country now occupied by the Rajputs. The Bhojas, who are usually classed with the Ahirs, themselves belonging to the Yadou group, are supposed to be related to the Bhars, whose name and ancient power would seem to indicate that they are descended from the people of Bharata. The principal reason which leads Mr. Wheeler to reject the authenticity of the historical relations concerning Krishna in the Mahabharata, is the great distance which separates Dvaraka from Hastinapura. At the birth of Krishna, however, the Yadavas were established in the neighborhood of Mathura, on the banks of the Jumna, about one hundred and twenty miles to the south of Hastinapura, and, consequently, still nearer Indrapechta. It is supposed that the Yadavas emigrated to Dvaraka between the date of the birth of Krishna and the time of the Great War of Bharata, but this hypothesis is not necessary. If they had been really united with the Pandavas, the compilers of the Mahabharata would have spoken of them as residing at Dvaraka, although they might have emigrated into this country after the period in question.

But who were the Yadus or Yadavas? We have already seen that this ancient people is now represented by the Jadon, a Rajput tribe who claim to descend from Krishna. Sir Walter Elliot refers to the belief entertained by the Jats that their name is a corruption of the word Yadavas or Jados, an opinion accepted by Tod and

Wilson. Mr. Beames states that the hypothesis which is becoming more and more in favor with philologists, and which moreover is supported by the totality of native traditions, makes the Jats to be either Rajputs who have lost their caste or the descendants of Rajputs crossed with an inferior caste. In another passage he says that the constant abode of the Jats and the Goujars in the neighborhood of the Rajputs, the means they employ to insinuate themselves into the gaps left by the different settlements of the latter, as well as their regular features and haughty gait, throw great light on the only probable theory of their origin, which supposes them to be the offspring of the great caste of Rajputs.

In speaking of Bharatpur or Bhartpur (from the name of the legendary hero Bharata), Dr. Hunter says that the country is known popularly by the name of Brij, or "country of Krishna," and he adds that it is the only Jat principality of any importance in India, and perhaps the only state where the population belongs to the same race as the nobles and the princes. We may conjecture accordingly that the Jats, no less than the Rajputs, can be regarded as the representatives of the Yadavas. There are, moreover, some other tribes who are in the same position. This Sir Walter Elliot remarks, that the Ahars of the Northwest who believe themselves to be descended from the Jadorbansi, or Yadou Rajputs, smoke and drink with the Jats; and he adds that the Ahirs, an allied people, who do the same, with some restriction it is true, with the Rajputs, claim to be the true Jadorbansi, being descended in a direct line from Krishna; while the Ahars come from the cowherds who were in the service of the illustrious avatar. Ahirs are found in various parts of the provinces of the Northwest, but they all indicate Mathura as their place of origin and sometimes the west of this country. It is a strong presumption in favor of their Yadou origin, seeing that the Yadavas resided near this city at the epoch of the birth of Krishna. Sir Walter Elliot says: "This pastoral tribe of the Yadoubansi group was formerly much more important in India than it is at present. In the Ramayana and the Mahabharata the

Abhiras of the West are referred to; and in the geography of the Puranas, the country of the western coast of India, which stretches from the Tapti to Devagarh, is called Abhira, or the "country of the shepherds." He adds that the tribe appears to have had a certain importance in the Dekhan and that at the commencement of our era the Rajahs of Nepaul were Ahirs. He thinks they were relations of the Palas or Shepherds, a dynasty which from the ninth to the twelfth century reigned in Bengal and which would seem to have furnished all the Indian monarchs.* The Goudjars, another very numerous tribe of the Northwest provinces, who have given their name to the provinces of Gujerat, on the west coast, and of Goudjranval in the Punjab, are said by Mr. Beames to resemble greatly their neighbors, the Jats. They seem to come from a mixture of Rajputs and Ahirs, which agrees with the fact that the province of Gujerat, where they at first resided, is situated between the Rajput province of Malwa and Sindh, were the Ahirs or Abhiri formerly lived.

It may now be considered as demonstrated that the Jats and the Rajputs are closely related. Sir John Campbell affirms that they are the remains of a great people and it is not improbable that the Jats represent the inferior classes and the Rajputs the superior classes. To what family of the human species do they belong? Dr. Hunter makes the remark that everything tends to the concussion that the Jats had a Scyth or Tartar origin, in which he agrees with the French geographer, M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, who considers them as Turanians. Mr. Beames does not accept this theory, and he relies on the opinion expressed by Dr. Trumpp, "that the Jats, who seem to be the aboriginal race of the country, are truly the Aryan race which spread from the mouth of the Indus to the valley of Peshawar, preserving its language with some slight modification." This conclusion, based on philological considerations, evidently accords with that which can be drawn from physical characters. Sir George Campbell shows that the Singh Jats are a

* Elliot. *Memoirs.* Vol. I., p. 3.

very fine race of men—large, strong, with agreeable features, a long and abundant beard, fine teeth and an agreeable and open countenance. He adds that, compared with the Northern races, they have the skin very dark, but that from other points of view they are on the whole a remarkably fine people. Mr. Beames insists also on the beauty of their features, and their bold demeanor confirms their relationship to the Rajput group. He describes the Gondal Jats as firmly built, robust and hardy, with a large beard which they generally paint blue with indigo. M. Rousselet is equally of opinion that the Jats belong to the Indo-European family. In his fine work, the "India of the Rajahs," he says of the Jats: "Their physiognomy is frank and intelligent, the forehead high, nose aquiline, hair and beard abundant; they are usually large and well made, intrepid and courageous." The same author, however, in describing them in the "Dictionary of Universal Geography," remarks that they have not infrequently the nose depressed at the root and raised at the point, small and horizontal eyes, lips somewhat projecting, and scanty beard. Certainly this description will apply to many Jats, which indicates the existence of a Mongol element.

The same difficulties, nevertheless, present themselves when it is sought to establish the race-affinities of the Dravidians. Thus Dr. Caldwell declares that their physical type is really almost identical with that of the Aryans, and that this fact is true for isolated and non-civilized tribes, the Todas of the Nilghiris, for example. The Gonds seem to be an exception to the rule and Dr. Caldwell explains the difference in physical type they present by supposing the original Dravidian type to be Mongolian, which is true of the Gonds, who are gradually becoming civilized. This solution of the difficulty, however, has little value, especially in presence of the fact mentioned by Dr. Caldwell, that the fineness of the skin, the rarity of hair, the flatness of the face, the olive shade, always characteristic of the Mongols, are never found among the inferior classes of the Dravidians of the south. Probably Dr. Caldwell has

been led to his opinion by the fact that he considers "the grammatical structure and the characters of the Dravidian languages as attaching them to the Scythian languages," in which he ranges the Ougrian, although he finds in it remarkable affinities with the Indo-European family of languages. The Brahui language of Beli-chistan, though containing a Dravidian element, is reputed to be derived as a whole from the same source as the Pendjabi and the Sindhi, languages spoken by the Jats. It can be doubted, however, whether the Dravidians who, like the Aryans, are derived from Central Asia and who often present so great a resemblance in features to the Aryans, have the right to be classed with the latter; and besides, notwithstanding the peculiarities of their language, they are intimately allied to the Jats. Probably the true solution of the difficulty is to consider the Dravidas and the Jats as being of Scythic orgin, employing this term in the sense given to it by Dr. Caldwell. The Ougrians, in fact, seem to form a point of union between the principal races of the ancient world. Although the true Mongolian type is not met with among the Dravidas, there is, nevertheless, ground for believing that some of them have lost, through admixture with an ancient Mongoloid people—the Kols, for example—the purity of their original type, which is probably best preserved among the Todas of the Nilghiris. This opinion agrees with that which is sustained by M. Rousselet in the "Dictionary of Universal Geography" where he supposes that the Dravidas exhibit successive mingling of the yellow and Turanian races, or rather, as I would say, of the Jats with the aborigines of the country, who are perhaps still represented by some of the mountain tribes. The Mahrattas present, moreover, the same phenomenon, if it is true, as asserted by M. Rousselet, that they are Jats modified by contact with the populations that surround them. The French geographer supposes that their name *Maha-Rachtra* comes from the word *arachtra*, "those who have nothing," the name under which, says he, the Jats are designated in the Mahabharata. Much has been said in relation to the black color of the Dravidas as indicating that

they were classed by the ancient Aryans among their Dasyu or Nischada. Dr. Caldwell maintains, however, that in India the color of the skin is not a sign of race or relationship, which applies as well to the Jats as to the Dravidas, as individuals with very black skins are found among both peoples.

If a relationship can be established between the Dravidas and the Jats, this will support the conclusion at which I have arrived, that the latter are derived from the people known under the name of Pandavas. Dr. Caldwell mentions that all the mysterious constructions of Upper India are usually ascribed to the Pandavas. The Tamil people consider the ancient *cairns* as the tombs of the Pandus. In Malabar the Tamils are called Pandis on account of their connection with the Pandyan kingdom of Southern India. The same author believes that this name has been derived from the name of the Pandavas, but he adds that there is little reason for believing that the kings of Madura, by whom that name was adopted, were descended from one of the ancient dynasties of Northern India. It is remarkable, however, that the most ancient establishment of the Yavadas was near the city of Mathura, on the Jumna, and this fact renders it probable that the Pandyas of the south and the Pandavas of the north belonged to the same Jat or Yadou race. Dr. Caldwell says elsewhere that the second and most celebrated capital of the Pandyas was Madurei (in English Madura), which is the Tamil mode of writing Mathura, the name of the city which remained in the possession of the Pandavas at the end of the great war. But, as the same author remarks, this proves only that the Pandya kings of Madura supposed themselves to be descendants of the Lunar dynasty. According to the Mahabharata, however, the Pandava prince Arjuna married a daughter of the Pandyas, a fact which seems to support the idea of a race relationship between the Dravidas and the Pandavas. There is nothing impossible in this supposition. The Puranas, it is true, speak of the Pandyas and other Dravidas as being the descendants of the Aryan princes of the Lunar line, which probably may be

interpreted as meaning that they came from the northwest and that they were allied to the peoples whom we know under the name of Jats and Rajputs.

The Indian origin of the Khmers being established, we can infer from what has already been said that they belonged to the group from which both the Rajputs and the Jats were derived. The physical character of the Jats especially seem, in many particulars, to have analogy with those of the modern Khmers, as they are described by M. Moura. The Cambodian doctor, whose portrait, after a photograph, is reproduced at page 177 of the first volume of his work, is remarkable for his long pointed whiskers. This is a favorite characteristic of the Rajputs, as appears from what is said by M. Rousselet in speaking of the nobles of Oudeypur who "wear the beard very long, divided into two pointed whiskers, which are the distinctive mark of almost all the Rajputs." The type of the leprous king whose statue is represented at page 200 of the work of M. Delaporte on the architecture of the Khmers, and those of the Khmers represented at page 263, are undoubtedly to be found in northern India. Pandu, the father of the Pandavas, is supposed by Mr. Wheeler to have been leprous, and did we not know that a king of Cambodia was also affected with leprosy, it could be thought that the statue was intended to represent Pandu.

The language, the religion and the literature of Cambodia have already been dealt with to show the Indian origin of the Khmers. The facts that the narrations of the Mahabharata are often represented in their sculpture and that Krishna, the legendary ancestor of the Jats and of the Rajputs, forms one of the favorite subjects of the bas-reliefs, are further reasons for associating them with the populations of northern India. One of the most striking figures employed by the Khmers on their monuments is the *Sang*, or guardian lion of the temples. This recalls the fact that one of the most eminent titles used by the Jats is that of Singh, "Lion," which is an affix, indicating the warrior-caste among the tribes of the northwest provinces of India.*

* Hunter. *Orissa.* Vol. I., p. 248.

The Khmers were not the only people belonging to the Indo-Scythic race, or, in other words, they were not the only members of the Jat family who emigrated to Farther India. The archives of the temple of Jagganath contain the account of numerous invasions from Orissa, coming from the north, by a people called Yavana who, says Dr. Hunter, with different modifications of the same word, figure in the whole cycle of Sanskrit literature and are one of the great enigmas of the history of India. The Yavana appear first in the epic poems at an epoch anterior to the expedition of Alexander, in the fourth century before Christ. They are depicted as a strange race, warlike, and classed among the tribes dwelling west of the Himalaya, whose religion differed from that of the Brahmanic inhabitants of India; but they were not an inferior race, for they were considered as having been vaguely connected with the Aryans by relations which had ceased to exist. After the expedition of Alexander, the term "Yavana" was applied to some Ionian Greeks who for a long time were subject to the Persian empire. The Greek Yavans or Yonas are mentioned in the edicts of Asoka, who established Buddhism as the national religion in the Gangetic kingdom of Magadha, or Behar. They traversed this region as far as Orissa, and the archives of the temple of Jagganath mention repeated invasions by them between 307 and 57 before Jesus Christ. It has been said that the Yavanas came from Cabul, Iran, Kashmere, Sind and Delhi, that is to say, from Greek settlements beyond the Himalaya and in the Punjab.

The archives of the temple of Jagganath, however, refer to an invasion by Yavanas which occurred in 538 before Jesus Christ, and which Dr. Hunter considers to have been in reality a Buddhist invasion; and he shows that the term "Yavanas" could not be exclusively applied either to the Greeks proper or to the Græco-Bactrians, as soon afterward it was used to designate all the Buddhist invaders coming from the north. It is remarkable, indeed, that the period of these invasions coincides with the establishment of Buddhism in Orissa, and that the definite expulsion of the dynasty

founded there by the Yavanas was followed by the re-establishment of Brahmanism.* The same facts present themselves everywhere, for as long as Buddhism spread itself as Buddhism in India, the Yavanas were typical Buddhists, and when they were converted to Jainism they identified themselves with the Jaina belief. This fact ought to be noted, for it has already been mentioned that the Rajputs belonged anciently to that sect; and the Jainas affirm that all the pure Kshatryas did the same. It does not follow from this that the Rajputs were Greeks, but that they could well have been Yavanas. The region whence these invaders came to Magadha was exactly that in which the Rajputs, the relations of the Jats, were established. The Jats have a tradition according to which at one time their ancestors inhabited Afghanistan, the country from which formerly the Yavanas departed to invade India, and whence the Pandavas said they were derived. Here we have another point of agreement between the Rajputs, the Jats and the Yavanas. Buddhism, of which the last named were fervent disciples, was very closely connected with the worship of the serpent. Mr. Fergusson, however, supposes that Buddhism was little more than the revival of more ancient superstitions of the indigenous races, purified and refined by the application of Aryan morality. The worship of the serpent was one of the most widely spread of these superstitions, and it appears to have been especially practised by the tribes of northern India. Dr. Hunter refers to the legend, preserved in the Mahabharata, of the Pandavas chasing the Naga or serpent-king Takshaka from the Kandava forest. He says that the Naga kingdoms of India were at that time very populous and very powerful, and that Buddhism found there many of its royal converts. The names "Naga" and "Takshaka" were given to various non-Aryan populations of India, and among them the Takshaka,

* Dr. Hunter supposes that Java was, in the first century after Jesus Christ, colonized by the Yavanas, who introduced there their religion. After their expulsion from Orissa they seem to have founded a kingdom in the provinces of Central India, and afterward more to the south on the coast of Madras, and even on the eastern coast of Malabar. The southern Yavanas attained their greatest power about 782 after Jesus Christ. They are lost sight of at Seringapatam.

who appeared to have come from Afghanistan about the sixth century after Jesus Christ. The Brahmanic mythologies make Takshaka the son of the hero Bharata, but Dr. Hunter supposes this to have been merely to give the former an Aryan origin. On the other hand, Mr. Talboys Wheeler thinks that the history of the amours of Arjuna in Manipur with the daughter of the king of the Serpents was inserted in the Mahabharata by the Brahmans, in order to represent Arjuna, who was descended from Bharata, as the ancestor of certain Rajahs of the Naga race. It is more than probable, however, that the Pandavas, who spoke of their Lunar origin, were allied to that race. The reasons for connecting the Rajputs with the Pandavas have already been given, and Sir Walter Elliot admits that the former possessed a Scythic element. He supposes that the Serpents, whose destruction is mentioned in the Mahabharata, were Scyths, Takshak having embraced Buddhism. He shows that their domination spread as far as the empire of Magadha or Behar, the throne of which was occupied by the Nagas, or Serpent-dynasty, during some generations, and that one of their branches, the Nagvansi, chiefs of Rampur, had the lunettes of their serpent-ancestors engraved on their seals as proof of their lineage, at the same time the capital and the district of Nagpur are called by their name. Magadha was the great center of Buddhist influence, and the Scythic origin of the founder of this religion may have to be admitted.

The Sakyas,* the group to which Gautama belonged, are said to have been Scyths who had established themselves in the valley of the Ganges, where they had founded Kapilavastu, the place where Gautama was born. If the peoples among whom Buddhism was first preached were Brahmanic, it is not surprising that the ancestors of the Khmers, who belonged to the same group, should have embraced that religion when they settled in Cambodia.

* Professor Beale speaks of the Sakyas as a Turanian tribe allied to the Vaggi of Cabul, the Yue Chi of the Chinese. "Notes on the Scyths of the Valley of the Ganges," in *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1882. Vol. XIV., p. 34.

Parallel events occurred here and there in Orissa, the first Yavana invaders of which belonged undoubtedly to the same Scythic Naga race as that which established itself not only at Magdala, but also in Farther India. It is probable that the Khmers reached Indo-China by way of Assam and Manipur; but populations of the same group could also have come there from Orissa by sea. This province is the ancient kingdom of Kalinga, the southern part of which, with its interior sea, the Lake Chilka, which for some centuries has been the center of an active navigation, is inhabited by the Dravidian Telugus. At the extreme north of the province is a place called Tambuk, now a village on the banks of the river but which formerly was the maritime capital of Orissa. Tambuk is mentioned in the sacred books of the Hindus as a kingdom of a remote antiquity, and Dr. Hunter supposes that it was founded by the Kshatryas, representing a very ancient Aryan migration.* The first king of Tambuk bore the title of "Banner of the Peacock," as do the reigning family of the district of Morbhanj, the most powerful of the tributary states of Orissa to this day. The peacock was the heraldic device of the Tambuk kings, whose subjects were without doubt able navigators. On the extinction of the dynasty of the Peacock, the maritime caste placed on the throne a dynasty of fisher-kings. This people of mariners had at a certain epoch the reputation of being pirates; and the traveler who visited Orissa in the middle of the seventh century was warned not to try strength "with the fleets of these demons, who were resistless." Earlier still, in the first century, Tambuk appears to have been the place of departure for the Yavana colonization of the Indian archipelago. It is not improbable, however, that the emigrants from Tambuk directed themselves toward the coast of Indo-China, and it is curious enough to see in the legend of Arjuna, in the

* We may recall that Sanskrit literature speaks of Cambodians in Bactria. Have the Khmers or Cambodians of Indo-China any relationship with them? Vivien de Saint-Martin thinks not; but this opinion cannot be exact. Mr. Fergusson refers to the statement of Wilford, that the ancient population of Taxila came from a country called Kambodja, the capital of which was named Indra-Prastha.

Mahabharata, that Bathra-Vahava, Rajah of Manipur, the son of Arjuna, defies the Serpents with the aid of the Peacocks. This bird is well known as a Buddhic emblem; but the allies of Bathra-Vahava could well have been the successors of the Peacock king of Tambuk.

Sir A. P. Phayre* makes the remark that, according to tradition and to short historic notices which have survived, we are led to see in the eastern coast of India, and above all the region of the inferior course of the Kistna and of the Godavery, with the surrounding districts, or in other terms, the ancient Kalinga and Talingana, as the country which, at a very distant epoch, carried on commerce with the coasts of Pegu and colonized them. The populations of Pegu knew the Burmeses, the Indians, and afterward the Europeans under the name of Talaings. This name comes from that of Talingana, which was then inhabited by Dravidian Hinduists, and in course of time the name was applied to the populations among whom the Talaings established themselves. At a distant epoch all the maritime region comprised between the mountains of Arakan and the mouth of the River Salowen was called Ramanya, which proves the influence of its new occupants. Sir A. P. Phayre says afterward that "the Dravidians of Talingana who, without any possible doubt, came by sea from the eastern shores of the Gulf of Bengal, probably a thousand years before our era, found in the country the Moun, a savage population who five hundred years later were designated by the name of Bhilu, that is to say, 'Ogres.'" He adds that the Dravidians are nevertheless lost in the mass of the population, who do not know the name Talaing. It cannot be doubted, however, that they had a profound influence on the native race, as is proved by the adoption of their national name; and it is not improbable that the Talaing Dravidians formed an important part of the population of Cambodia, which was intimately blended with the Khmer element; these two peoples having issued chiefly, if not entirely, from the same Jat or Pandava race.

* *British Burmah Gazette.* Vol. I., p. 158.

If the opinion expressed by Sir A. P. Phayre that Pegu was populated before the Dravidian immigration, which should be placed 1000 years before Christ, is correct, then Farther India must have been inhabited long before the arrival of the Khmers. The Moun or Mon of Pegu are said to be very difficult to distinguish, by external features, from the Burmese. The Rakhaing or Mongs of Arakan, the country which the Burmese regard as the cradle of their race, possess the same physical characters, and it is possible that at the time of the Khmer immigration, the whole of Indo-China was occupied by Burmese or populations of the same race. The Burman annals relate that at a period not determined, but before the sixth century of our era, the chief of a kingdom, the present Oude, attacked from the west a people who came from beyond the Himalayas and was established in the plain between the foot of the mountains and the Ganges, and drove it toward the east into the valley of the Irrawady. This tradition, which perhaps relates to the invasion by the Khmers of Farther India, is regarded as confirming the opinion that the Burmese came in the first place from Tibet or that they are a race related to the Tibetans,* whom they resemble in features. According to the legend which makes the founder of Tha-htun, the ancient capital of Pegu, to be born from an egg, it may be thought that the primitive populations of the Burman group belonged to the Naga race. It is known that the Nagas preceded the Chams, and consequently the Khmers, in Cambodia, and probably at a very ancient epoch, they took possession of the whole peninsula. When the Khmers in 443 before our era came into the country they found there not only the Nagas, but also the Chams, who would seem to have come from the present Assam. At this epoch Annam formed part of the kingdom of Ciampa and the Chams, jointly with the Malays, were masters of all the southern part of the peninsula. M. Rousselet affirms† that all the populations of Cambodia and of Assam, comprising

* Topinard, *Anthropologie*. English trans., p. 476.
† *Dict. de Geographie Universelle.*

Tonking and a great number of savage tribes, have Malay blood, while in Cambodia and in the chain of mountains which separates Annam from the valley of the Mikong, true Malays are found under various names—Chevia, Chams, Tsiams—who speak true Malay idioms and seem to be the débris of the ancient kingdom of Tsiampa, which comprised the whole extent of the country between the course of the Menam and the Gulf of Tonking. The Chams, to whom it is possible the Siamese are allied, were the last to penetrate into the peninsula. Until 456 before Christ the southern Chams were subject to Cambodia, but in this year they recovered their independence, after which they took the name of Thai, that is to say, "free," the name which the Siamese still use to designate themselves.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

DELHI, AND THE PALACE OF THE EMPERORS.

BY MRS. SMITH.

The province of Delhi was of great antiquity, and the city of that name was the renowned capital of the great Mogul emperors and still represents the splendor of their reigns. It was regarded as the *general* capital by the five emperors who beautified and enlarged this city of forty-five square miles with palaces, mosques, and three superbly graceful gateways. Within this space are seen the ruins of seven separate cities. Richest historic associations cluster about the ancient and modern Delhi. The deeds recorded in the great epic poem, the "*Mahabharata*," were enacted in this part of India. The innumerable palaces, once the homes of luxury, romance and courage, as well as of cruelty; the far-famed Juma Musjid mosque, which held twelve thousand people, the fort and beautiful gardens, all attest to a life busy here, listless there, impenetrable to mental sight everywhere, such as is not seen anywhere in Europe.

The gorgeous mosque, built by Shah Jahan in 1658, with its red sandstone walls, relieved by marble cupolas and graceful minarets, prepares one for the chaste and quiet view within. The marble floor with its jet borders. the marble pulpit and white marble fountain outside, remind the visitor of a faith in which cleanliness is a part of godliness; and the myriad worshippers so *constant* in hourly devotion, contrast strangely with the rare use of our Christian churches which seem deaf and dumb to the passing life about them. When entering the superb palace one feels the charm that evokes the enthusiasm from travelers of many lands. The marble hall, where the Moguls sat on their peacock throne (the most costly ever made); the Seraglio, the unmatched marble rooms, every pillar and wall of which are inlaid with devices (in precious stones) of birds, flowers and fruits, in every shade of color, attest the wondrous art of the Mohammedan builders.

The "Palace of the Emperors" is the most costly and imposing structure in Delhi. The accompanying cut represents the large

hall, open on three sides, which is one hundred and fifty feet long, where the emperor sat on a marble throne, with a marble canopy. Back of this is a wall ornamented with finest mosaic work—birds in semicircles in natural colors, all their attitudes and habits represented, all composed of precious stones, and besides these are mosaics of fruits, flowers and beasts known in India, and similar in production to the walls of the Seraglio. In the *private* hall the roof is supported by six rows of pillars; at the top of each a group of arches meet. Both ceiling and columns are ornamented in the richest designs known to Oriental art. The original ceiling of solid silver, it is said, was carried away by the Marhattas in 1760.

Beneath this matchless canopy stood the wondrous "Peacock Throne" of solid gold, wrought in gems of numerous kinds—the figures of two peacocks standing behind it studded with precious stones of appropriate colors to represent life. Between these birds stood the figure of a parrot of natural size, carved out of a single emerald. The eyes of the parrot were two immense diamonds named the Kohinur, "Mountain of Light," and the Kohitur, "Mount of Sinai." When Nadir Shah sacked Delhi, he did not find the Kohinur; but a woman betrayed the emperor and informed his conqueror that the gem was hid in the turban of the emperor; and at a great ceremony given by the conqueror Nadir proposed to the dethroned monarch to exchange turbans with him, as a token of "good faith." As there was no time for reflection and the emperor could not decline the proposition of *good faith*, the exchange was made. After remaining a long time in the Punjab treasury, when England annexed the Punjab in 1849, this diamond was presented to Queen Victoria, and is soon to be reset in the crown of Queen Alexandra for her use in the coming coronation. It is said Sir John Lawrence and his brother, Sir Henry, transmitted the stone to England. Choice colored inscriptions in the decorative Persian lettering also decorate this hall of the palace. One reads:

"Lovely angels seeking pearls, row after row,
Come down to bless mankind, and fonts where flow
Life's waters, which a crystal radiance show."

Another line reads:

"Praise be to God; what mansion is this of many hues?"

Delhi has always been renowned for its beautiful gates. The Cashmere and the Lahore gateways were the scene of terrific struggles during the dreadful mutiny of 1856 and 1857. The principal gateway of the "Palace of the Emperors" is massive, yet graceful. The second illustration in this article represents its beauty. The fort, like all the Mohammedan strongholds, was also a palace and inclosed many other buildings. Not far from the present Delhi is the observatory of Jai Singh and other structures which furnished facilities for taking astronomical observations. Jai Singh II. was the learned Rajah of Jaipore in 1724, and the greatest astronomer India has produced. He prepared the "Tables of Stars," which formed the basis for exact calculations in subsequent times. This ancient science received great attention in the brilliant early age of Vikramaditya, who fostered the arts, science and poetry, and was surrounded by a group of distinguished men still known as the "Nine Gems" of his court. Three of the brightest names in Hindoo astronomy belong to this era of the sixth and seventh centuries. The theory of the revolution of the earth on its own axis, and the true cause of the solar and lunar eclipses, the names of the twelve signs of the solar and lunar zodiacs, the twenty-seven constellations along the path of the moon, were well known to ancient Hindoo astronomers. The third picture illustrates the ruins of Jai Singh's observatory. On an inclined plane of stone a stair leads to the great astronomer's dial. This interesting ruin really stands within the deserted city of Ampir, once the capital of Rajpoutana; but Jai Singh II., its builder, abandoned Ambir and its Arabian-Nights architecture because he found the valley which inclosed it was incapable of extension, not well situated for astronomical observations, too inaccessible and not worthy of the grandeur of his kingdom. So he planned and built a *new* capital, ten miles lower down and named it Jaipore.

Among the interesting and splendid objects near this wonderful

city of Delhi is the Kutab Ninar, which signifies "The Polar Star of Religion," built by Kutb-ud-din, a slave in early life and a ruler who founded the dynasty known as the "slave dynasty." He died in 1210 and his name is preserved by the magnificent "Kutab," which is tower, minaret and pillar all in one. This lofty and tapering shaft of red sandstone, grey granite and banded with white marble, is five stories in height and raises its two hundred and forty feet in majestic gracefulness. In 1803 an earthquake deprived it of a symmetrical cupola, but it is still the loftiest piece of Afghan architecture now extant. The noble shaft is incrusted with chapters from the Koran, although it plainly shows its exquisite pure Hindoo designs, and still towers over the ruins of old Delhi.

"The view of the city from this great height is indescribable. Delhi of to-day lies off in a straight line, and in another direction is a still older city—the Delhi of the Puranas—built long before the foundation stones of the Kutab were laid."—Bishop Hurst's "Indika"

Not far from the Cashmere Gate is one of the pillars of the great Asoka, who was a convert to Buddhism 275 B. C. Its two pedestals measure five feet in height, and the pillar rises four feet above the pedestals. The edicts inscribed on this and other pillars were eight in number and were issued about the close of his reign. They are not considered of as great importance as the fourteen rock edicts given out and carved on stones in the thirteen and fourteen years after Asoka's coronation.

From the early days when the Rajputs overturned ancient kingdoms, subjugated ancient races, and filled ancient thrones, and from the time when Prishu Rai vainly struggled to save Delhi and Northern India from Mohammed Ghori, this city has been the center of all that is marvelous and interesting in history and song and story, down to the present time. In the twelfth century Raziya Begam, learned, industrious, and energetic, succeeded her father and was the only *woman* sovereign who ever sat on the Mohammedan throne of Delhi. About 1297 the Moguls were defeated at

Lahore and again at the very gates of Delhi. Juna Khan was an accomplished and learned prince, astronomer, poet and philosopher, but at the time of his death the greatness of the empire of Delhi passed away. The terrible Timur captured the city in 1398, and around the house of Delhi for three centuries there was a steady expansion of Mohammedan power. The wars and crimes of the Delhi kings often mislead the student of history. But the history of the *people* and *not* of the *royal dynasties* is the history of India. The Afghan rule, especially around the house of Delhi, established independent Mohammedan kingdoms in those places where the Hindoo power had been crushed; and the Afghan rule did not disturb the agricultural *population*, who lived under their hereditary landlords, the Zemindars, and pursued their prosperous industries which supplied the markets of Asia and Europe with their manufactures, and the products of their looms. In Northern India the people lived under the village community system. Each village was an organized unit, keeping order and paying its quota of revenue to the state. Dynasties succeeded dynasties on the throne of Delhi, but the agriculturists continued their useful labor regardless of *who* sat on the throne.

And as the Afghan rulers had no home outside of India, *she* paid no tribute to and supported no foreign rulers, and however cruel and crude were some of her rulers, they understood that the interests were *identical* with those of their *subjects*, and India prospered greatly. In the fifteenth century Akbar, the great Moghal, made Delhi one of his capitals, and the self-governing institutions of the people were still left untouched; but the Mohammedan architecture in this city and *all* India reached its zenith in the reign of Shah Jahan, Akbar's grandson. The French writer Bernier extols in glowing terms the magnificence of Delhi and Agra, and the wonderful products of India.

During the supremacy of the Mahrattas, who succeeded the Moghal power and after the Peshwas rule, Delhi was sacked by the terrible invader, Nadir Shah. In 1739 he took Delhi, massacred

and robbed the people. In 1757 the British were established in India; in 1761, at the battle of Panipat, the Marhattas were defeated but soon recovered and were ruled by Ahalya Bai, the widow of Malhar Rao, Holkar's son. She carried on the administration of the country with such ability, success and benevolence toward her subjects, that her name has been a household word among all Hindoos to the present time, and she closed her brilliant career, dying in the year 1795. In 1803 General Lake entered Delhi in triumph and the titular emperor of Delhi acknowledged the English as his masters and protectors. Delhi gallantly defended herself, as all the world knows, in the terrible mutiny of 1857; and all through the long and dreadful siege, even the English officers realized there was a supreme power in India to which the weak looked for protection against the ambition and rapacity of the strong, for again and again the combined efforts of the flower of the English army were overturned by some marvelous unseen power, and only when starvation was upon them did the heroic defenders succumb to greater force, and her gates were battered down. Still the beautiful architecture and interesting surroundings of the city to-day attract and compel the admiration of travelers from all lands, and Delhi still lives, beautified by her present rulers in many ways, and she has taught them to respect, even admire, the faith and divine compassion still practiced by the Hindoos.

MARIE B. SMITH.

SYMBOL

A Poet, standing on the pinnacle of fame, crowned with the glory of his art, was still not satisfied that he had finished his Ideal Man, his Ideal Woman, his Ideal of Beauty, his Ideal Life. There remained—crown of his crown—the Great Thought, to him still ineffable. Throughout his life were times when his heart beat wildly with joy that he had found the words to build this great Palace of Thought, but when his lips moved no sound came. He communed with the flowers of beauty, which sang to him joyfully, sweetly; with the trees of mystery, which chanted of sacred things; both eloquently, only the Silent Language, increasing flood upon flood, the torrent of his Great Thought. He struggled for speech till his soul seemed to be upon his lips. He communed with the Sun, his symbol of life universal, till, blind with awe, he could only wonder. He communed with the lovely Night, sable-robed, jeweled and crowned with the gems of truth, like the queen of his soul's imagining. But O, the same inexpressible wonderment!

He communed with the multitude surging below. "What would ye?" he asked. "The Great Thought" rolled like murmuring thunder. "Alas! I have it, but words fail me. I have writ many books, but to write books is only to express the thoughts of others in one's own phrasing. To think is to live, not to think being the only death. Therefore I bid ye think. Think deep and long——" "But the Great Thought, that we may think upon it," surged upward.

A prayer was on his lips. His eyes lifted toward the inexpressible space above him; toward the moon, whose soft light thrilled him; toward the stars, those silent intelligent eyes of infinity; toward Space beyond, searching for the shore of things, which he found not. "Thou Eternity, speaking in yon moon and yon stars, ofttimes have I prayed at thy shrine. I know not what thou art, nor why thou art, nor whence thou camest——" His eyes grew bright and piercing as though to search the Great Soul for an

answer. "What? Why? Whence?" he repeated over and over. He had forgotten his unfinished prayer. "What? Why? Whence?" he cried again into Space, which answered in echoing silence.

Then turning to the people still yearning toward him, he said: "I—but finite—may not teach infinity; 'tis the work of evolving Time. Look!" he cried, pointing to the stars and the moon, "Look!" "But the Thought!" "What? Why? Whence?" he answered, still pointing. "Say and search." "What? Why? Whence?" arose the chant, echoing along the vault of heaven and joined with the choir of the spheres. Some there were of the people who understood, and some there were who did not. But the Poet whispered, "They have the key, and they will learn from great evolving Time."

HERBERT EVERETT.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XXVI.)

When, at length, the little party gained the summit of the hill, it found itself at such a lofty height that it could not see the ocean for miles and miles along the coast, and away and away out to where the water and sky line seemed to melt together in softest tints of pearl—part pink, part blue, part gray. In silence the children and their guide stood looking out across the great stretch of earth and water and sky about, below, and above them. Then Goldie spoke:

"I thought we were too far inland to see the ocean like this; yet there it lies, seemingly just below us—and how *much* of it we can see from here!"

"It's the height," ventured Brownie, "that makes it possible for us to see it. If we were level with it—that is, if the land between us and the water were as level as the ocean, we couldn't see it—or only enough of it, perhaps, to make it seem like a strip of narrow blue-green ribbon stretched between shore and sky."

"And now it's a great, wide plane of waters," exclaimed Snowdrop. "I never saw so much of it before."

"And it seems, somehow, to *come up* to meet our views; the sea rising to meet the sky instead of the sky bending to meet the water."

"It's the perspective of our view-point, Violet. It means a good deal to the observer *who really observes* (and this sort of an observer I wish each one of my Urchins to become) that the law of perspective cannot fail him. His observation teaches him that if he will but stand at a sufficient height above the dreariest level known to him below they must 'come up' to the higher plane of vision he has won for himself."

"And how different it all looks from the higher plane—broader, grander, and yet—"

"Yes, Violet?"

"And yet, in a way, smaller, too; that is, as if one could more easily grasp what one sees in its entirety. I fear, sir, that I am not making myself understood."

"Your thought is crystal clear. You mean that although the magnitude of earth and sky seem far greater, it is yet more easily grasped by the eye—that it comes within the 'comprehension' of that organ, as it were."

"Yes, sir; just as one comprehends the form of a state outlined and colored, apart from other states on the map. Our ability to grasp a more extensive area and hold it in our mind more clearly is increased. We gain in this as we lose in the being able to distinguish individual objects, one from another. We see it all as a whole."

"Yes, Violet, the details diminish in size; but these separate details, when seen from the higher view-point, are what make the beauty of the landscape.

"When we were down in the forest you noticed that some of the trees were of great size and very beautiful, while others were gnarled, stunted, and misshapen; that the little grove at the edge of the forest was made up of young pines bent in all manner of unnatural shapes, because while still younger these trees had had their tender limbs weighted down with snow. To the eyes of those who gazed upon them from the lower levels their imperfections were unpleasing; but looked at from above, all these disparities disappear and we see that the whole is a beautiful stretch of living forest.

"So to the man who, using the wings of the spirit, rises to the heights where the eyes of his real self look upon mankind, all the disparities of rank and station, beauty and wealth, fade away. He no longer sees the peculiarities of the individual; but as all these trees merge into one lovely forest, all the individuals merge into the human race, and he loves it."

"That is a fine thought, sir!"

"True thoughts are ever fine, Goldie. The gazer from a height

knows that even the worst and most depraved of these his brethren may be, like these distorted young pine trees, deformed by the storms of circumstances; be warped and twisted out of shape by the weight of their own and their fellow-creatures' ignorance and errors."

"It is the lesson of the meshes, sir?"

"The lesson of the meshes of the net—that the error or ignorance or vice of one human being must surely injure all."

"And that is what Paul, the apostle, meant when he said to the Romans, 'For no man liveth for himself, and no man dieth to himself.'"

"Yes, Brownie; just that. And when the man who has once looked from above goes down again into the forest of humanity, *the love for the whole* that is in his heart and soul will cause him to labor earnestly and faithfully to let in the light to dark places; to raise up the fallen; to set the crooked straight; and, above all, to use his best endeavors to keep the snows of ignorance and error from weighing the tender young trees into shapes of distortion and ugliness."

"Can he help any that are already bent? Make any straight?"

"As surely, Blooy, as some of those bent pine saplings will recover their erect shape if they are exposed to the full sunlight. Keep them in shadow and they must remain as they are. A distorted human sapling can become straight only by being exposed to the sunlight of truth."

"But can a sapling always get into the sunlight of truth?"

"A human sapling, when he discovers that he is not rooted to any particular idea, has it within his power to do so."

"Is the light of truth always shining somewhere?"

"Always."

"Then it isn't like the rays of our material sun?"

"Why, not exactly, of course, Snowdrop; but can't you see wherein they do resemble? The light of truth pours from the supernal Source of living glory belonging to the eternal day; and

yet our splendid sun, from which we, located upon this sphere, turn at dusk and approach at dawn is a beautiful symbol of that mysterious Source from which pours perpetually the undiminishing, unfading light of life."

"Back of our dazzling sun, then, is something more dazzling still—something wonderful that *thought the sun?*"

"That 'thought the sun,' and then said, 'Let there be light,' yes, Blooy."

"The sun *did* have to be thought into being?"

"Thought—then spoken—into being."

"And the Word was spoken in the very beginning?"

"The very beginning of our own particular portion of the universe, you mean? Yes, Brownie. Saint John tells us that 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' What do you think John meant by that, Violet?"

"Didn't he mean that all things spoken into existence are manifestations of the Creator himself?"

"I think so."

"And he goes on to say that in Him was life, and that this life was the light of men. Even this material sun He has spoken into existence is, in a way, a source of life, isn't it, sir?"

"As surely as it is a source of light. If the sun shone no longer upon the earth, how long do you think material or manifested life could be sustained upon it? Ah, Pinkie, what thought is bewitching you?"

The girl turned from her observation of a flock of vagrant little clouds floating almost directly overhead, and said, "I was wondering, if we could look down from as great a distance as those clouds are from the earth, how it would appeal to us then."

"Shall I tell you? The law of perspective would still be found to hold good."

"Would the horizon line keep on coming up?"

"Clear on up to a level with your eyes in all directions. Aëronauts tell us that when they have ventured as high as they have

dared above the surface of the earth the world looks to them like a gigantic cup, over the hollow center of which the balloon poises itself."

"But, sir, we're taught at school that if a man was high enough above the earth it would look to him like a big ball being bowled by some unseen giant's hand through space."

"Doubtless it would, Goldie, if it were possible for the man to secure such a tremendously high view-point for himself. Just how many miles it would require to 'turn the earth into a ball' it is impossible to conjecture. I think (but am not sure) that the point at which the whole hemisphere might become visible—and consequently its rotundity apparent—is about twelve hundred miles."

"How magnificent it must be to be lifted even so high as a fellow could go and breathe! If it looks so fine from here, think what it must appear from above the clouds? I should think an aëronaut would have a lot of reasons for thinking thoughts other folks would never dream about."

"He would have, Blackie, if the reasons were able to bring themselves home to him."

"I don't quite understand, sir."

"You will when I tell you that he may, as many of our finest scientists are, be one of those who, having eyes, see not. One of my very good friends, a student of aëronautics, owns a magnificent balloon; he owns, also, a pair of eyes, that, alas, haven't signed their declaration of independence as yet, and are able to see nothing that the other senses do not help them to see. If the owner of those eyes may not also taste, touch, hear and smell the object upon which his gaze is fastened, the object does not exist for him. There's many a soul shut in between four low walls that yet in spirit reaches out and makes its own more than any aeronaut dreams is in existence. The material door is locked upon this soul imprisoned by conditions; but it is as truly upon a higher plane than its fellows as we, at the present moment, are higher than our brothers in the valley below."

"But most of the people in the world live down in the plains and valleys, don't they? And that is why their views are somehow so—well, so ordinary and tame and monotonous?"

"Yes, Blackie, they keep themselves down in the valleys of life, and are more regaled with the grand stretches that show a breath of view sufficient to make the acceptor of the ribbon-width gasp at the magnitude of vista afforded his more aspiring brother. The valley dwellers cling to their narrow ideas, content to keep to the ruts worn for them by the feet of those, who, in past ages, walked the accepted ways of the self-satisfied followers of old customs. If the ruts be hard and rough to the feet, these valley-dwellers accept the suffering unquestioningly and without demur, as being a special environment prepared and marked out for each sufferer by the Creator—a personal attention of which they seem as seriously sure as they are absurdly proud."

"No one need ever stay in any particular environment, need he?"

"No, Violet; but those who lack both energy and bravery prefer to cling to what they choose to consider the safe ways. They are like a bird that has been raised or long confined in a cage. You may open the door of the cage; all of light, liberty and happiness is his if he will but take it. But he has always found food and drink in that cage; it has protected him from his enemy, the cat; his twitterings have won the admiration of the family, and he is afraid to undertake the care of himself.

"Perhaps, seeing the door open, he hops a little way beyond his small prison's threshold; he has freedom but he has also fear, and this drives him back to his accustomed shelter."

"Just so, my Urchins, does that man who lives in a cage whose wires are formed of the beliefs and opinions of others, shrink from stepping out of his prison. He fears, too, that it may make it harder for him to find food; and oh, how he does dread the attack of those cruel cats—public opinion and conventionality! His little twitterings (echoes, merely, of others' opinions) have been so

admired by his fellow cage-birds that, if he does hop out into the light of truth or independent thought for a moment, he at once becomes so terrified at his own temerity that he speedily seeks refuge in the cage, and would, if he could, close the door after him, so as to save himself from the chance of taking such a terrible risk again. Once in a while a braver, stronger human bird leaves the cage, and soars into the blue empyrean; sees the glory of the sky above and the glad earth beneath; knows that there is freedom, joy, food for all, and, better than all, there is hope, blessed hope of still higher, holier life to which to attain.

"'I must go down,' he says, 'and tell all my caged brethren of this glorious way to freedom—must call them to share it with me.' Such have been the world's great teachers, my Urchins, and they do come, as did the greatest of them, Jesus of Nazareth, and call upon their fellows—call lovingly, imploringly to them to come out into the light and freedom."

"And they do come?"

"A few answer to the call, but the majority of the caged birds cower back into the darkest corner of their prisons, and cry the old cry, 'Crucify him! Crucify him! He wants to get us into the clutches of the cat, and away from our food and water.'

"And it no more occurs to the caged souls that they possess wings which will carry them beyond all danger, and into fields where food is abundant, than it occurs to the dweller in the ruts that the Creator provided him with muscles, the use of which would enable him to so easily climb out of the old and narrow ways."

"But some do find out about the muscles; how does such a thing happen?"

"In these pain-producing ruts there are truths to learn, and one of the more sensitive (therefore more easily hurt) lowlanders' chances, let us say, to stumble upon one of these. Should the stumbler have in his possession even the smallest grain of common curiosity, he will scramble up out of that rut so that he may obtain

a better view of that which caused him to stumble. And once he takes his first step above the lowest levels he changes his point of view, his newly discovered 'perspectives' building barriers—not material but spiritual ones, you comprehend, children, to effectually hinder and keep him from returning whence he came."

"And the higher he climbs the more his 'perspectives' help him?"

"Truly, Goldie, I think so."

"And he will like and enjoy what he sees more and more and more?"

"If he have a hero's heart, my boy. Like all mountain-climbers there are some who turn coward and grow afraid of the immensity of things. I have met people who have declared that they had seen enough to cause them to deplore the hour they ever left the narrow-ribbon point of view. The broad vistas affright their timorous souls, and to them their 'little learning' is indeed 'a dangerous thing.'"

"How can this be? What do they fear?"

"I'll tell you, Blooy. They have acquired and made their own wisdom just enough to make them shrink before the real responsibilities of life opened up to their gaze, reminding me of those oldsters who are forever regretting their childhood, and wishing themselves youngsters, with the irresponsibility, freedom from care, and that which they are pleased to call the happiness of youth.

"That's like being contented to stay down in the ruts, and make mud pies all one's life instead of climbing out of the mud-puddle and helping folks that need help to get real bread."

"One is a playing at life; the other is being alive, isn't it?"

"That's exactly what it is, Snowdrop."

"But it wouldn't do any good, would it, for a man to climb to a height like this, and stay here all by himself to the end of his days?"

"What do you think yourself, Blackie?"

"I think he'd really be of more use in the world if he had never

left his rut at all, but had put in his idle time keeping children out of worse mischief by teaching them how to improve themselves in their mud-pie making."

"He would, Blackie. The man who climbs to heights where the truth is discovered by him, should, for very love of his fellowmen, be willing to return, as one of old returned, bearing the commandments to where, in the valley below, his erring brethren worshipped the molten calf. His brother men have fashioned false idols, are walking in the dismal, unlighted paths of superstition; of what avail is his own clear gaze into the promised land, if he may not whisper the glad tidings to those who are losing faith in their idols—work of their own hands—and lifting questioning eyes above the rough and briery walls of man-made creed and dogma?"

" 'Creed and dogma'—will you tell us what these words mean?"

"Gladly, Pinkie—and, yet, sorrowfully also, for too often have they dimmed the glorious light of eternal truth, that would otherwise have illuminated the soul, for one to speak either word save with genuine regret. To trace the word 'creed' to its apparent fountain-head, I need go no further back than the Latin word, *credo*, which means 'I believe,' and forms the first word of the Apostles' Creed, or declaration of faith. But it seems to me to be more clearly comprehended if I discover its first meaning at the original spring that feeds the fountain-heads of almost all languages used to-day. This spring is hidden, at times, as are our earth's mysterious subterranean water-courses; but we find it, at last, in Sanskrit, and made up of two little words, *crat*, meaning 'trust,' and *dha*, 'to put,' and we know that we must first put our trust in a thing before we are able to believe in it.

"Dogma is from a Greek word meaning 'to think,' and all dogmas are simply what people think—their *opinions*. Both creed and dogmas are the work of mortal men, and liable, therefore, to grave error."

"And yet people accept and have faith in just other people's opinions?"

"Such faith, Snowdrop, that they have offered up their very lives in defense of the creations of their brother men, believing them to be inspirations from on high. For the sake of their beliefs in what this man or that man, or a certain body of men solemnly assured them was the true and only thing in which to believe, men and women have gone to the stake and perished in the flames; have been thrown to savage wild beasts to be devoured; have been cast into dungeons for life; have sacrificed all that the loving Creator meant should make life for them well worth the living; have put themselves in chains that hindered progression; have tied weights of clogging superstition to their feet, and have so fenced themselves about with the sheep palings of others' opinions, hedging themselves into such narrow limits that to expand, to grow, to move at all becomes, to them, a thing well-nigh impossible."

Above them in the pines the sea-breeze sang, the long, green needles furnishing threads for a myriad æolian harps. The air blew against warm, young faces, and bright young eyes turned themselves toward that which, by means of its motion and mystery, ever attracts the gaze of the old and young—the ocean.

Against the misty, indistinct line of the far horizon a small, dark object appeared. Gradually it increased in size and assumed shape, until that which was making its majestic way to a northern harbor was discovered to be a large passenger ship arriving from "over seas."

"How like a little world it is, a little planet floating in space," said the Wise Man after he had made out the vessel's nationality, and had shared his discovery with the children, who, in turn, gazed through the master's pocket field-glass at the graceful vessel.

"A detached piece of Germany this is, sir," smiled Violet, "floating over to our shores; and there are 'all sorts' on board, no doubt, just as there are all sorts on land, from commanding officers to the humble stokers."

"Without whom (these same humble stokers) the ship could not move one inch. Always think of this, children; it is the workers that move any world."

"And how swiftly it moves! And how beautiful it is!"

"A ship is, indeed, a beautiful creation, and as useful as it is beautiful. The uniformed captain on the bridge, his fine officers, the man who modeled the ship, the proprietor of the shipyard where it was built, are all useful men; but their very existence as such is the result of the toil of thousands of workers.

"Think, my little ones, how many men must have toiled amid snow and ice in the great forests to cut the trees for the ship's timbers. How many more must have rafted them down deep rivers to the mills, where other men sawed the logs into beams and planks by means of saws and engines made by still other workmen. Another army of men toiled in dark mines to dig out the iron used in the vessel's construction; likewise from mines came the coal with which to make a fire hot enough to melt and shape that iron. Other toilers loaded this wood and iron and coal upon the railroads built by the toil of another vast army of men to be hauled to the place where the ship was to be built.

"Here skilled workers—carpenters, blacksmiths, boiler-makers, machinists, rope-makers, wire-rollers, riggers, and other experienced workmen, aided by a great number of unskilled laborers, shaped and put the materials together, and formed that beautiful vessel."

"My, what a lot of people it does take to get a ship ready to go to sea!"

"And I have named but a part of the workers, the product of whose labor was a factor in this beautiful result. For instance, I have not mentioned the farmers, who raised the cotton, hemp and flax necessary for the ship's sail, cordage and so forth. Indeed my children, if I knew all the kinds of work that had gone toward the building of the ship and kept you here until I recounted them all, I fear you'd be late for supper."

"All these workmen laboring, each at his own appointed task,

to produce one grand and beautiful creation, is something like what the meshes of the net teach, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed, Violet. If every class and every individual of each class of workers that contributed to the result had not done his or their share reasonably well, the beautiful ship could never have been created. The success of each depended upon the faithfulness, skill, and honesty of all; and not only upon the efforts of those engaged directly upon the work, but also upon the same skill and honesty upon the part of the workers who made all the tools and implements by means of which they were enabled to accomplish their several duties."

"I can easily see how that can be," said Blackie. "It *is* the lesson of the meshes."

"Certainly; for it applies just as much to the man who forged and tempered the axe with which the tree was felled as to the makers of the giant engines and lathes that cut tree and iron into form. It teaches us how dependent and interdependent is mankind, even in the building of one little ship."

"And if one shirker were to do his share of the work badly, it would count for a good deal in the soundness or unsoundness of the ship?"

"If one man out of all these toilers were to do a faulty, careless piece of work, though it were but the forging of a rivet or the splicing of a rope, the safety, the endurance, the value of that vessel would be reduced by so much. If through that fault the vessel is wrecked or damaged, he, the wrong-doer, has nullified all the honest efforts of all the other workers. He has pulled down his mesh."

EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)

IN THE SOUL'S SANCTUARY.

A weary, mud-stained traveler sat down on a large lichen-covered rock to rest, at the foot of a quiet, wooded hill. Passing before him, beyond him, was a well and much-traveled highway that led into a large cosmopolitan city, controlled by men whose lives knew little beyond financial scheming, creating of "combines" and great "trusts."

To be in the heart of that city meant the slow, gradual grinding and crushing out of the best that was in one, unless there was innate in the individual the development of a will that had in its every fibre a God-strength.

It was with an aching heart and a face grown old long before its time, that this footsore traveler viewed the distant scene of constant conflict. He fell into a deep reverie as he watched the great clouds of brown and grey smoke curling out of their awful "stacks" beneath him, and in each cloud of smoke his sensitive nature seemed to hear the groans of the oppressed, the curses of the hardened and embittered.

He rose slowly and turned away from the scene that oppressed him—dim was the light of Faith, enervated the strength of Hope.

As he raised his eyes toward heaven the strong, firm lips parted in prayer, and as he prayed he observed that up the hillside was a little chapel—a sanctuary.

The very architecture of the chapel and hillside suggested peace, rest, strength and durability. Then slowly over his wearied "senses," his dozing conscience, came the thought, "This is the soul's sanctuary, I'll go and worship there."

How many just like him go on through life without ever thinking of its realities or looking down deep into the hidden depths of their natures!

They never meditate, reflect, least of all, worship. The partially-open door yielded to his touch; he entered, found himself alone with his own soul, face to face with all of its failures, all of its

successes. Aye, in that very "holy of holies" he was familiar with everything there; but unlike most places of ordinary worship there was but one seat, yet here and there were placed in careless, yet artistic elegance, pedestals upon which were mounted ideals. Some were broken, some were marred; yet every one was dear to this man. Some of them showed rare, careful and beautiful workmanship in their creation. Over all, in careless profusion, were strewn beautiful blossoms (thoughts) with richest, softest colorings, made still more beautiful by the indirect rays of the sun through the crystal glass of the windows blending all their prismatic colors with those of the blossoms.

After years of research, years of patient toil, he had found the "fountain" of life within himself. There always was the stream of living water—the fountain-head of knowledge. There he might kindle the weakening flame of faith, strengthen enervated hope in the spiritual sense, which, after all, is the real sense—the others are mere auxiliaries—the windows to the sanctuary. And all the emblems within that sanctuary stood for some sacred sorrow, blessing in embryo, some unexpected victory, sometimes a suspected victory. All these things had been symbolized and used as an interior decoration of this man's sanctuary. While he sat in there in the softly gathering twilight, an angel came in and filled the place with divine melody; measure upon measure pealed forth until every chord in the man's nature responded in perfect unison because that music was born not of earth but heaven, whence no discord comes. As the last notes passed away, he went quietly to the threshold that led him back to the environments of the world.

As he stood thus, two angels appeared with countenances filled with compassion and asked in gentle tones, "Let us pass."

Only an instant before had he looked out upon that world as his "all-conquered." So great was his faith, the power of hope and strength that filled him. "No, nothing can daunt me."

But what was this?

In the angels' arms was the physical form of his last-born.

His courage began to fail him; he stood resolutely in the way and spoke to the angels, and said:

"I cannot give up the form of the little being for whom I have suffered!" In anguish he cried out, "My Creator spare me this, the child of my purest thoughts, my holiest emotions, bright comfort of years to come; must I give this up, too?"

The angels wept to see a soul in such anguish, and answered him:

"Soul grown weary, thou *must* learn that thy sorrow is but one among the numberless thousands, and how couldst thou go into yonder suffering world and give the love and sympathy thy fellows need, hadst thou not known and suffered?"

The traveler—the man—stepped aside; the angels passed and again the Angel of Harmony sent forth the divine melodies of perfect harmony that told of victory over self, triumph over death. The man went away thoughtfully into the heart of the great city so full of darkness and discord.

Gratitude filled his soul—gratitude to think that he had learned in the "holy of holies" (the soul's sanctuary) that there was an abundant strength to overcome life's Gethsemané, and bear his cross to Calvary; to awaken and find that to him had come the Resurrection—*Consciousness of the Reality of his Being.* He had learned Love, and wherever he went men found in his life the unfolding of God—the principle of that pure, holy teaching that brings us into the spheres of eternal harmony. So to his fellowmen he was a "savior friend" because he taught them how to partake of this communion.

Each sorrow nobly borne lifts us up to that higher light and knowledge—God.

AMELIA DAVIES PARKER.

MY SOUL.

O Soul of my soul,
A part of the Infinite, wonderful Whole,
Bid the tremulous spark
Of thy consciousness burn and flash into the dark
Of my doubting and dreading; 'tis thine to control
And illumine the clay
That holds thee in bond for the work of a day!

Lift upward thine eyes
To the glow of the sun and the blue of the skies;
O Life of my life,
The air all about thee is sentient and rife
With the rythm of things
That are waiting and waiting the flutter of wings,
For aught that we know of the pulses that beat
In bosoms that sign not yet yearly repeat
The cycle of Being and silently know,
That the great Law of Love is to give and to grow!

And this is thy Lesson, O Life of my life—
To unfetter the harmonies bounden by strife;
By the Truth that is in thee to fashion the deed—
Thy strength is a gift for those others in need;
So climb the green hills at the beckon of God,
O Soul of my soul, where the Master hath trod;
And the Heaven of Heaven,
The Seal of the Seven,
Shall open to thee, for the Lover and Giver
Is first in His Kingdom forever and ever!

E. C. TOMPKINS.

DEPARTMENT
OF
INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.*

EDITED BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

Human emotions are the basis of all social integration. Without the element of sympathy and mutual interest there could be no such an institution as society. The savage is by nature an individualist and seeks but his own advantage and comfort. Only when his purpose of life is the attainment of high ideals and unselfish ends does he become a social factor and learn to mingle his ambitions with the common interests of the race. Man durst not live alone, lest he relapse into primitive savagery. Man is a social factor and without comradeship and association his individualism degenerates into selfishness and depravity.

Sympathy teaches men forebearance, patience and forgiveness. Fellowship teaches men mutual dependence and the advantage of coöperation in all the walks of life. Each individual is limited in his capacities, but the race as a whole is unlimited and infinite. Therefore the individual discovers the necessity of all humankind to his development and highest comfort. But the crowning quality of man's life, the capsheaf of his triumphal glory, yea, the essence of what beauty he possesses, of what capacity he evolves, is purifying and exalted love. Without this divine element to fuse and cement the otherwise disjointed and unassimilated forces that move and inspire him he would be but little more than animal, and his end would be as unremembered and unmourned as the decay of forest oaks or withered weeds upon the highways.

It is love that turns the dry deserts of human experience into

*Unsigned articles in this department are from the pen of Doctor Frank.

verdured oases that flow with the milk and honey of hopefulness and joy. It is love that gives relish and interest to all the work and avocations of mankind. It is love that even gilds the gloom of tragedy with a foregleam of brighter days, and from the tomb of despair resurrects long buried and forgotten hope. Love transforms the sweat of toil into radiant jewels that all the wealth of millions could not purchase or create. Love builds the home and reddens the flame upon the hearthstone. Love brings into the world children of beauty, quality and character. Love paints the roses in the cheeks and the delicate blue veins beneath the marble skin. Love is the mother of genius, the generator of heroes, the inspirer of artists, the creator of moral giants and the world's religious founders. Pure love alone enkindles the flame in human hearts that burns out all dross and leaves the divine essence untarnished and inviolate.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF GOVERNMENT.

True citizenship is born of an honest interest in the public welfare. There is no justification for disinterestedness or indifference to the public demands on the part of those who wield the franchise of a free republic. The responsibility for all the wrong as well as the praise for all the virtue that exists in a republic falls on all the people together, and not upon its officers or representatives. The official representatives of a republic will always be equal to the average morality and intelligence of the people who choose to honor them. It is idle for us to scold and fume because our representatives are dishonest and our officeholders are cursed with an itching palm. It is we ourselves who have placed them in power, and they are no better and no worse than we are. It is always our privilege to replace them with more honorable and trustworthy men, and, in default of our doing so, we are the culpables and not they—we the thieves, defrauding ourselves of our own gains, and not they.

Let us not forget that in the end the people in a republic are the

fountainhead of its virtue and its vice, and let that fact make us more modest in preferring charges against those whom we have put in power. The life of a municipality is much like that of a family. It is closely knit together and the fate of all its members is bound in close contact. The younger members of the family are affected by the qualities of their elders. Examples are models patterned after by those who are still inexperienced. As Macaulay long ago reminded us, the common people in a commonwealth ape the habits of those who are placed in power over them. This is no more true of a monarchy, such as that of England, than of a republic such as our own. Public officers, therefore, who are ever in the public eye are undoubtedly moral forces constantly exercising their unobserved effects upon the prevalent conditions. If thieves, marauders, moral derelicts and political degenerates are permitted to continue long in office, in the course of time they undermine the moral stamina of their entire constituency by the very force of their example. It is therefore to the interest of each citizen, both for the sake of the welfare of the body politic and for the protection of his offspring, to seek to promote such conditions as shall encourage the occupancy of each public office by men of the highest moral qualities and personal character.

"THE USES OF THE HERETIC."

Whoever checks the native reason of man clogs the intellectual growth of the race and becomes an incubus on human progress. The thinker has ever been the forerunner of the "Dawn of Truth." The coward compromises and trembles for results. The hero hews to the line and laughs at fate. No power has held the mind of man enchained so long in the caves of darkness as the authority of theology. The mystery of godliness has held the race entranced. He only who presumed to hold the key that unlocked the mystery became the master of his age and leader of the race. In all ages he who dared to defy the mystery was pursued like Orestes by the furies of persecution. For the sake of truth, martyrs inspired by

the madness of their mission have endured the cross, the fagot, the thumbscrew and the sword.

To-day the edge of the sword has been dulled and the heat of the flame cooled, that the tongue of gossip might be the sharper and the ban of ostracism the more severe. The Heretic to-day is not slain merely because the power of the persecutors is restrained. That the spirit of persecution still lingers beneath the gilded fineries of this gentle age is baldly exhibited in an incident of the day. List to the dovelike cooings of a Methodist "theolog" who yonder in the City of Winds rent the air with his oracular utterances anent Professor Pearson of the Northwestern University who, after teaching in that institution for some thirty years, tired of the myth and makeshift of theological vagaries and with one bold shuffle threw off the harness that so long had bound him. Thus did one apostle of light and peace, and of the meek and lowly Jesus, unload his heaving bosom like a modern Torquemada. Alas, poor Methodists, we grieve for you. The spirit of Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll has risen again in the bosom of your own preachers. So true is this that the very arguments which these apostles of freedom hurled at you and against which you railed with such bitter invective, are the self-same as those your beloved pastors are now resurrecting and regarnishing as discoveries of their own. Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll are no more. The arch-infidels are gone. But in their place look you at the host of heretics that have sprung up to harass and pursue you.

But what is strange, most strange, is the mysterious manner in which the God of Israel treats his rebellious subjects. Time was when the preacher could easily convince the ordinary man of the world that God was only on the side of the church and the believer; and that whoso gainsaid his word as delivered through his chosen servants would be at once turned over to the eternal devil who would melt his bones in seething flames and rid the earth of all his tribe and name. Time was when the inspired revivalist could make all mankind believe that God suffers disaster and pestilence to

overtake only those who are rebellious against his government and choose to defy his appointed servants in the faith. But see how cool and calculating Nature gives the lie to all this credulous ignorance! In this day Heretics and Infidels are not slain with the sword of divine vengeance, but as oft the faithful fall in the plague and pestilence, the conflagration and castastrophe, as the religious outcast and the unbeliever. Who shall declare the sinner, when with one bolt of flame the God of worship consumes his consecrated temples and spares his defiant rebels? An illustration is in hand. But yesterday a vast fire consumed a large portion of the city of Paterson, and in that woeful destruction fell five of the leading houses of worship while many saloons and bawdy houses were spared, and those very persons who had most boldly lifted the arm of defiance against the traditional Deity were the least affected of all. Ingersoll and Paine died natural deaths, and even Voltaire and most of the eighteenth-century infidels. Huxley and Tyndal, persistent protagonists of the skepticism of the Agnostic, died peacefully in their beds.

And yet this very God who spares his enemies consumes his chosen warriors in the flames of death and destroys the temples erected to his glory. Where, then, and who is this God? How mysterious indeed are his ways and past finding out.

And, now, in this very case of Professor Pearson, the persecuted, behold the irony of justice. The religious school that hurls him from his portals with all its power cannot slay him or steal one cubit from his stature. But behold, this man unknown to all the world but yesterday to-day hears his name resounded throughout the globe; and the book which he but now sends forth from the press is called for in every clime. "Vengeance, is mine," saith the Lord; but, alas, upon whom shall this vegeance fall?

O, good people, learn that whoever God may be, he is not so small that you can carry him in your pocket-books or confine him to your creeds. Learn this, dear Methodists and Christians all, that if God there be, all children of the earth, yea and of all worlds

are his alike and he has made no creed which is not writ in characters so large that every child can both read and understand it. Creeds were never made for God, but men. The bigger the creed the dimmer its God. Let us stop searching for God in creeds and bibles, and begin to seek him in the hearts of men. He who fears to use his reason accepts a God who is irrational. Heretics and Infidels will thrive as long as men are choked with fumes of ancient faith that offend the nostrils of common sense and arise from incense burned upon the altars of fatuous bigotry and heartless persecution. Hail heroes of the truth who defy the lightning of the gods and the ridicule of man! God's only creed is law and love. Herein the world abides.

CREDO.

I believe the universe is the expression of an idea—the moving forward of intelligent energy toward a consummate ideal.

I believe in God thus described.

I believe that all substance is potentially conscious, and becomes self-conscious only when resident in a sufficiently developed organism.

I believe that every rock and tree, the sky, the stars, the ocean, each tiny drop of water, the creeping things of earth and things that fly in the air, all animals, as well as man himself, are each the expression of myriad groups of thought which by habit and association have become fixed in certain forms.

I believe that what we call laws in nature are merely habitual tendencies or infinite repititions of energy, which through long exercise have become established and permanent.

I believe that such laws are the expressions of persistent intelligence; that they are fixed and imperturbable, and that pure science consists in their discovery and apprehension.

I believe that the universe is one and that the same forces that operated in the formation of the world also operate in the evolution of man.

I believe that man, potentially, is infinite; that inherently, he is good; and that the experience of each individual is an essential factor in the evolution of the perfection and harmony of the race.

I believe that man has reached the highest known degree of self-consciousness, but that he is susceptible of a higher consciousness than that of which the physical organism alone permits.

I believe that the possibility of man's knowledge is infinite; that mystery is only transitory, and that nature contains no secret which to the searching eye of man shall not finally be revealed.

I believe that the soul (of all animate beings) is the sum-total of the forces that compose the self-consciousness of the individual.

I believe that at present science has not sufficient knowledge, dogmatically, to affirm or deny the soul's conscious existence after death; but that the increasing tendency of scientific discovery is toward the demonstration of the existence of at least some individuals, of superior development, beyond the grave.

I believe that Jesus was an irreproachably good and great personage, but that his true character has been maligned and obliterated by the institutional religion which has been established in his name.

I believe that the religion of Jesus is an unknown factor in human civilization, because it has never yet been tried by any extensive group of men.

I believe that there is a moral law, but that human lives must be adjusted to it according to the susceptibility and intelligence of the individual.

I believe that the moral law authorizes no human being to sit in judgment on his fellow man.

I believe that man is a moral being, for he is ever consciously or unconsciously moving toward an Ethical Ideal.

I believe that the only sin is the violation of one's own conscious ideals. He only who shuns the light in his own soul "offends against the Holy Ghost."

I believe that man by nature is good and if unrestricted will best express this goodness in his life.

I believe that love is a force in nature as well as in man, binding atoms and worlds as well as human hearts.

I believe that liberty and love are man's two greatest boons—these forces unrestrained will at length best evolve intelligence, sobriety and harmony among men.

I believe that human laws are mostly bad and but the expression of ignorance; that, therefore, the minimum of coercive government is a requisite to the maximum of human happiness.

I believe that if I mind my own business and struggle after my own ideals I will by my example benefit the race more than by seeking to reform it through legislation or by personal preachment.

I believe that each person should be free to work out his own conceptions of life, and that one is not morally obligated to sacrifice to another whatever may be essential to the highest development of his individual character.

I believe that the discovery of truth is the noblest work of man.

ANDREW CARNEGIE AND HIS GOSPEL OF GOOD WORKS.

Andrew Carnegie is a revolutionist. With one bold stroke he has uptorn by the roots one of the vested ideas of the race. It has always been assumed that he who acquired wealth was its only rightful owner and possessor, despite the claims of all contestants. But this prince of industry, whose wealth has almost reached the top notch of human achievement, seems to have discovered a new gospel and fearlessly proclaims its principles.

Whosoever holds his wealth for selfish use alone is a thief; he who dies overburdened with wealth is a criminal. These sentences are the only logical deductions to be made from the recent utterances of this philanthropic iconoclast. Such language, coming from the mouths of social agitators, would be declared riotous and

anarchistic; coming from the lips of one of the earth's greatest millionaires, it is certainly little less than revolutionary.

One must needs somewhat alter his interpretation of the present economic system, which we have been inclined to think was engendering a horde of selfishly rich and pompous millionaires, when one discovers the production of a new species, such as is exemplified by this great Scotch-American.

I have no disposition to apologize for the iniquitous abuses and inconsistencies of the present system. I am not inclined to say that even because of the munificence of Carnegie, we should not continue to declaim against the atrocious tendencies of the age, its brutal oppression, its inclination toward aristocracy, its indifference to the crying wants of the oppressed. But notwithstanding these existing evils, one must needs uplift his heart in hope when he discovers that amid all this sordid ambition and avaricious aggrandizement, there has come a true Messiah as a relief to the masses and a rebuke to the masters.

Mr. Carnegie's philanthropic *chef d'œuvre* has created genuine consternation in the ranks of the Bourbon rich. The old-school millionaires who either devoted themselves to the narrow environment of the business office or squandered their wealth in lavish expenditure and luxurious abandonment, frequenting the cafés, emblazoning on the air their jeweled splendors, surrounded by women half-clad in décolleté attire—who sought little more in this life than either the delight of industry or the fascinations of dissipation—find in this industrial hero a silent rebuke which must in time force them to the recognition of their folly and the pursuit of sturdier ideals.

The great question, however, which presents itself as the issue of Mr. Carnegie's philanthropic efforts, is what the effect of his performance will have upon the smug and self-satisfied rich. Will it result in transforming their ideals; in forcing upon them a more serious consideration of the conditions of the multitude, and in awakening in their breasts mutual emulations to assist in uplifting

the oppressed, and bestow upon them the desirable comforts of life?

I am loth to believe that Mr. Carnegie is the only fortunate individual in our midst whose breast kindles with such noble ambition. I believe that he has set the pace, and a rapid, far-reaching and aggressive pace it is indeed, which will instigate the heretofore halting and indifferent aristocrats of our nation to follow in his wake, and imitate his noble activities. Let it not be forgotten that Mr. Carnegie's beneficence has been displayed just in the nick of time. The strain between the upper and the nether classes—so-called—between the capitalistic powers and the toiling masses, has of late been so intense that it must soon lead to serious consequences unless it is relaxed. It requires no prophet to foresee that the present age is on the ragged edge of a revolution unless some transformation can be brought about in popular economic conceptions; unless by some divine impulse, the indifferent rich can be made to bend to the lowly poor and hear their groans, their pleas of distress and agony, and be drawn into tender sympathy with their necessities, so that out of their superabundant bounty the unfortunate may be relieved and uplifted—unless this happy result can be effected, ere long the outburst must come—that terrible upheaval of uncontrollable passion, which will shatter in its anger established institutions, prevailing governments and autocratic powers.

If Mr. Carnegie's noble example is not generally followed by his wealthy compeers; if they will not take the hint and realize that his performance is more than throwing a sop to Cerberus—that it is really the outburst of a divine passion welling up in the breast of an inspired hero—and go and do likewise—then they may live to see the day when their royal veins will be pierced with the embattling bayonets of irresistible revolutionists, who will smear the aristocratic walls of their palaces with their own freely-spilled blood. But I really believe that Mr. Carnegie is the new Messiah of a new age; that he is the forerunner of a new type of the American rich.

whose crowns will be placed upon their brows by rejoicing multitudes who will ultimately delight, both in their financial leadership and in their philanthropic endowments. Henceforth in the light of Mr. Carnegie's example, the idle, self-indulgent rich will be branded as criminals, and traitors to the cause of human progress. Henceforth it will not be the voice of the virulent agitator who rends the air with this startling accusation, but the voice of him who, of all men, best knows the possibilities both of acquiring and abusing the acquisition of wealth.

Mere charity is a thing to be despised, and yet, sometimes, the outburst of a charitable deed is founded upon the logic of justice. I believe this is the force that impelled Carnegie to his recent acts. As if to say to the toiling laborers who had really created the wealth which he enjoyed, "I realize that you have not received the just moiety of what you yourselves have created; therefore, I turn back to you five millions of dollars of that wealth as conscience money, that you may enjoy and be benefited by it." And yet, I believe all men would agree to-day that it was far better that Andrew Carnegie gathered into his own hands the vast fortunes which his employes created for him, so that, by the exercise of his matchless judgment, he might become the superintendent of its distribution for the good of the world, rather than that it should have been doled out in minute pittances to the individuals who were its real creators. In the latter event there would have been but a few thousand who would have personally enjoyed and squandered the limited amount which they would have gathered; but in the hands of Andrew Carnegie, not only will the physical condition of these same employes be materially benefited, but all the common people throughout the world will be additionally helped by his matchless munificence.

Hail! St. Andrew of the twentieth century, whom no church or religious conclave will canonize—for he is a man without a church—but whom the common people through all time will acclaim Benefactor, Educator, Friend and Brother! HENRY FRANK.

MUTUAL ERRORS OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Primarily there is no reason why there should ever be a conflict between religion and science. The object of religion is to kindle the aspiration and the moral purpose of humanity, while that of science is to discover the marvels and possibilities of Nature. But no one can acquaint himself with the wonders of Nature without experiencing the uplift of his being and awakening the reverential adoration of his spirit. In the popular mind religion is confused with theology, as science is with mere physical phenomena. But religion has no more to do with theology than it has to do with chemistry, for the principles of chemistry are just as religious as are those of theology. In point of fact they are more religious, because they deal with the data of the world, whereas theology deals only with the figments of the human mind. Therefore the first great clash between these two most potent forces in civilization in the nineteenth century was brought about by a mutual misconception.

Religion was supposed to bring man into communication with an external Deity only after he realized his own depravity and estrangement; while science was supposed to teach man only the facts of physical existence and was wholly divorced from spiritual data or discernment. Religion pointed man away to an impossible future heaven, whereas science directed his attention to his material environment with a seeming denial of his more refined and ideal nature. Religion was supposed to point to heaven, meanwhile forgetting earth, while science pursued the path of knowledge within the plane of the discernable universe, forgetting the Unseen and ignoring the Future. The conception that this is a dual world and all its forces operate either for good or evil to mankind, lay at the root of this contention. Both religion and science were ignorant of the solution, in the light of the higher philosophy, which discerned the Unity of the Universe and the conception of a God who was not only not separate from this visible and invisible world, but was innate in man and from whom neither man nor

nature could ever be estranged. This philosophy finds no God in heaven, and a Satan on earth or in hell, but only God everywhere who presides over the eternal good, which is everywhere present and never overpowered. In the last century belief in a theological system was supposed to be more essential to salvation than the cultivation of a noble character; and on the other hand the simple study of manifest phenomena and their correct classification was supposed to be the only knowledge man needed for this world or any other. Another chief cause for this mutual estrangement was the belief on the one hand that a good character could not be cultivated in an individual who was devoid of the faith once delivered unto the saints; and, on the other hand, that that faith was the handmaid of ignorance and whosoever took her for a guide was both simpleton and hypocrite. Hence, ethics was supposed to be an art with which science had no relation and which was wholly dependent upon the religious system which nurtured it. Hence, to fall away from the faith was to fall in moral life. It mattered not how good the outward character appeared to be. Unless it was blessed with the saving grace of the religion of the church it was not of such a quality as to assure acceptance with the King of Heaven. Therefore, morality and religion were as absolutely divorced as were science and religion.

And still another cause of the conflict was the Bible. This, the most beautiful book in all the literature, was degraded in the house of its friends, and derided by its enemies because it was forced to play a rôle for which it was never intended. As an infallibly inspired book it has proved to be the most startling failure of the ages. As a scientific treatise it is replete with error and uncompromising misinterpretation of nature. As an authentic history its accuracy is subject to inevitable challenge, and its pages teem with myth and legendary lore. Hence, in the past century the world of intellect and culture learned to deride its claims and thus lose sight of its true excellence and moral virility. The Bible as a Book of Science has forever vanished from the school of learning.

But the Bible as a symbolical treatise of the evolution of man and the development of natural phenomena is an undying monument of the ages whose wisdom is as yet undreamed of, and whose prophecy of human possibilities but few have learned to read. For this the young century waits with eagerness.

The last cause which I shall notice of the divorce between science and religion in the past century is the ignorance of the religious leaders in matters relating to the secular life and the economic standards of the race. The pulpit both despised and feared the proletariat. The symbol of the church was a laboring man (the crucified carpenter) hung upon a cross. The laborer in this symbol thought that he discerned the desire of the church to crucify him and appealed to it in vain. Hence his symbol is a right arm supporting an upraised hammer. With this (the weapon of Secularism) he smote the church, its creed, its faith, its hypocrisy. The purblind pulpiteer writhed from the violence of the onslaught, but cried aloud in vain. And this estrangement still continues. The proletarian shakes his clenched fist at the steeple of the church and cries aloud for its annihilation. The pulpiteer gathers his sacred robes about his sanctimonious frame and lifts his prayers to heaven, hoping to hear the voices of the angels that he may avoid the curses of the earth. But the new century will teach us that the study of the science of economics for the uplift of the race is more religious than the pursuit of all the theologies from the birth of man. It will teach us that it is more glorious to make men comfortable and happy now than to make angels rapturous hereafter; that so to adjust the relations between man and man that justice shall prevail, and poverty, degradation and oppression disappear from the earth, is a more glorious occupation than to construct imaginary dwelling places for the redeemed or sing everlasting praises to an adorable Deity.

The World of Thought

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

WHY REVISE THE PRESBYTERIAN CREED?

Dr. Henry Van Dyke explains that the Westminster Confession of Faith should be revised because something has been learned since it was written. It was made in a time of fierce controversy, and things were stated in it with greater emphasis than they would have otherwise received. Certain points represent a judgment of that age rather than a permanent truth. It speaks of the Pope as Anti-Christ, which Presbyterians to-day do not generally believe. It mentions "elect infants," whereas they believe that all who die in infancy are saved. It has a long chapter on eternal decrees which *seems* to teach that some are created to be saved and others to be damned. The Presbyterian Church wishes to say clearly and unmistakably that God has not put any barrier between any human soul and salvation. It has no chapter on the love of God for all men, on the Holy Spirit, on the Gospel, or on missions. The Presbyterian Church has come to believe in all these and wishes to put that belief into words. There will be used fewer long, technical, metaphysical and controversial words, and less effort to explain and define God's eternal purpose. A statement of belief that can be used without a dictionary, understood by people who are not philosophers, and read in a few moments, is Dr. Van Dyke's aim and desire. "Peace and work" is the programme for the church, as he declares it.

If ever such a sentiment should become general, and love of ruling be placed in the background, Christendom might become merged into a single body, and liberty become the foster-mother of unity, as it is of charity.

AMERICAN ORIGINS IN A HIGHER CIVILIZATION.

Dr. Charles Hallock regards the Korean immigration of the year 544 as leading to the founding of the Mexican Empire in 1325. He pronounces it, however, but an incidental contribution to the multiplying inhabitants of North America. He says: "The Indians, or Indigenes, of both North and South America originated from a civilization of high degree which occupied the sub-equatorial belt some 10,000 years ago, while the glacial sheet was still on. Population spread northward as the ice receded. . . . The gradual distribution of population over the higher latitudes in after years was supplemented by accretions from Europe and Northern Asia, centuries before the coming of Columbus."

METHODIST BISHOP ON SCIENTISTS.

"I believe a great many things the scientists say," remarks Bishop Fowler, "until they contradict themselves, which they often do. They are almost as bad in that respect as the theologians. Science tells us of the wonderful development of organic life which has gone on for ages, until it has reached its climax in man. Now, I affirm that after all this patient work, after all this patient watching over mankind by the Supreme Being, which has gone on for many ages, we have the right to hope that more will be done, that we must rise higher still. We could not have come through all these weary stages only to be led up to a blank wall. Mankind must needs have its great and glorious to-morrow.

"The scientists further tell us that the animals, some of them, at least, can reason. I believe that. I am quite willing to believe that a horse can think and that an elephant can formulate an argument and draw a conclusion. But there is one thing that is peculiar to man. That is, what we call the abstract, original, intuitive concept. These are the shortest words that I can find. I do not like long words; they are so frequently the tomb in which we bury small ideas. But the fact which I have mentioned is an argument against some of our critics."

IMMORTALITY BY MODERN SCIENTIFIC THEORY.

In the indefinite past, before dry land appeared, there was formed within the waters a tiny life encased in a tiny form. That life has never died. It has extended itself into innumerable offshoots from the amœba to man, and accident has eliminated many of its offshoots, but the essence of the life yet remains. If this creature has thus escaped death, perpetually renewing its days, it is very certain that man too may possess an individual principle which the change called death may leave unaffected.

DREAMING.

Through dreaming we realize vivid spectacular impressions of astral forms. In fact every form of sense-affection is capable in dreaming to surpass the impressions usual in the awakened state. Dreams present astral visions strongest and most prominent in an aspect which in memory is weakest and least prominent, and *vice versa*, namely: In the first case, dreams are prominent in *image*, whereas this aspect under the faculty of recollection is least prominent; and in the second case, recollections are prominent retrospectively, whereas in dreams these are faint. Obviously these two faculties harmoniously united in action would prove a marvellous accomplishment. To conceive how this may be accomplished may be difficult, but does it not suggest a probability, and one worthy in which to aspire? Do not poets, artists and musicians dream? But be their dreams never so vivid and laden with the imagery of the most beautiful, yet this would not suffice to give them titled distinction, did not a potent memory intervene to guide them in crafty deeds and records.

Little significance, generally, is given to dreams, but this one important feature cannot be denied if we will give our consideration to this aspect of their nature, namely: That in the experience of dreaming we learn to realize the *fact*, *being* and *entity* of incorporeal natures. Every sense is active in testimony of dream-experiences; but these functions are not only cognizant singly of the dream-impressions, but they are, so to speak, compounded. By the compounding of the senses is implied that each sense under cognizance is augmented by one or more, or all of the other senses. This fact prevails as well in the awakened state. Whether in the

dreaming or awakened state the cognitive action of the senses are multiplex from the fact that the action of each sense is augmented by all the others, it is because that in each sense all the senses are appropriated. . . . . .

Dreaming is so common an experience and wrought from early childhood, that when the age of maturity, of reason and judgment arrives, we have become accustomed to them and pass them by unconsidered.

The signification of dreams varies greatly, as do the matters concerning the awakened state. These two states, the dreaming and the awakened, merge deeply into each other, and therefore there is a wide range of blending that depends upon the two. One aspect of dreaming, it may be said, implies a state of mental concentration. But this also signifies an awakened state, from the fact that concentration is attained by the directing of an awakened will. Profound thinking is a state of dreaming, although this state approximates wakefulness, but yet far from that state of wakefulness, teeming in wit; wit being a species of genius remarkable in wakefulness, whereas dreaming peculiar to the genius in deep thinking, as the philosopher, artist, musician, poet, sage, etc., marks a characteristic of stupidity (sleepiness), because the senses are, to a great extent, withdrawn from external influences. The abstraction of the senses from outer influence arises in consequence of the perceptive faculties being concentrated within.

The true genius is a dreamer. This is of necessity, for these inner natures subsist more really and substantially than physical natures; and from this fact the perceptions of the genius are far superior to such viewed from a physical stand-point.

D. E. WAGENHALS.

PROPHESYING, BUT NOT KNOWING.

Louisiana, the territory lying between the Mississippi River and Rocky Mountains, was purchased by the United States from France in 1803. Thomas Jefferson, then President, was alarmed at the occurrence, believing the transaction to be beyond the powers of the Government. Robert Livingston, the American Minister to Paris, who conducted the negotiation, and whom the Rev. Edward Everett Hale denominates "the wisest American of his time," was

startled when Napoleon proposed it to him. He aided and enabled Robert Fulton to build steamboats, because he foresaw the possibilities. He was a jurist competent to understand that nationality implied in itself all powers necessary for self-preservation and growth, but argued with the timid President that he had promises that would permit the United States to get back the fifteen million dollars of purchase money by selling again the territory west of the river. "I have told them," he wrote, "that we shall not send an emigrant across the river in one hundred years."

SAVED BY POVERTY.

In January, 1858, Francesco Crispi and a friend were in Paris. The Emperor and Empress were expected to attend the opera one evening, and the two having tickets, were about to attend. But having no candles or matches or money to buy them with, they reflected that they would hardly be able to grope their way back to their room. Accordingly they remained at home and with the coming of the dark, went to bed. That night Orsini made his attempt to murder the Emperor, and the order was given to arrest all Italian revolutionists found in or near the theater. As Crispi was known to be an ardent friend of Mazzini, he would have been one of the number, but for this fortunate obstacle. Then both Italy and its great statesman might have had a different destiny.

AGNOSTICISM DEFINED.

Dr. W. A. Croffut declares that agnosticism offers to men in place of Christianity: "goodness without the fear of God; happiness without heaven for a reward; law without a law-giver; natural morality instead of artificial morality; enlightened self-interest as the natural basis of ethics; and experience from contact with our fellows as the real guide to our conduct."

"David Harum" seems to have given a conciser form to this: "Do the other fellow before he has a chance to do you."

A LETTER
TO THE METAPHYSICAL CLUB OF TRENTON, N. J.*

DEAR COMRADES:

I know not if the following lines may fit your necessities, though they surely seem born of mine. I would not be guilty of one spoken or written word in disparagement of the many earnest thinkers whose writings reach us by way of the METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE and other publications devoted to the task of awaking man to a knowledge of his spiritual grandeur and the higher possibilities of his real self. The work they are doing is a noble one. For it all honor is their due. From the depths of my heart wells up a full stream of thankfulness for the many good things they have brought me, oft-times when sadly needed.

This winter an unusual amount of leisure has caused a frequent scarcity of reading matter, and in default of all else, those blessed back numbers have again and again come forth from their shelf, and patiently yielded and re-yielded their contents to my search. This search has taught me two things. First, many of the other New Thought writings seem more interesting than those in the METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE when read for the first time. Because of its greater simplicity their subject-matter is more easily digested and more readily assimilated by those who are still young in spiritual development. Besides, they lay more stress on the *healing features* of metaphysical science, and thus appeal more strongly to one fresh from the class-room. But when it comes to re-reading any indefinite number of times, the Whipple periodical best stands the test.

Do I grieve an admirer of some other magazine? Pardon me, brother or sister, I may not have read your favorite. Cattle ranches in Montana are sadly deficient in the matter of free circulating libraries, and one must sell many steers if one would subscribe for all the metaphysical good things. Still, I have read many and I simply write as I feel. I disparage none. They are all included in my opening tribute.

Second—and I have almost anticipated this—the oftener you turn to a really good thing, the better you find it. The deeper

*Mr. Hutchinson was president of the club until his removal to Montana. Since then his letters have been an interesting feature of the proceedings at each meeting.

you dig in a really good mine the finer ore you bring to the surface. Every time I read I find passages whose beauty or force or peculiar adaptability to my needs strike me with a sensation of newness and freshness as though then read for the first time. And this brings me to my real purpose, to the idea which prompted this letter.

Do you, I wonder, find as I do, constant occasion for watchfulness while reading? I seem to be kept ever on my guard. I take the hand of one of these eloquent guides and walk beside him gladly as he points out the beauties of the road we travel, and the land through which it runs. Lulled by the music of his voice, I am led on and on till suddenly I awake to the fact that we have lost sight of the main thoroughfare, and are following a side-path laid out by himself. In other words, he has not yet shaken off all the old habits born of material reasoning, and they too frequently mar his otherwise good work on the higher plane. Particularly is this true of his passion for division and subdivision, his propensity for wall building and setting of stakes, his excess of analysis at the expense of synthesis. In some articles the idea of oneness seems almost lost sight of in the effort of the writer to display his skill in dissection. The manifold phases of man's nature are seized upon, labeled and treated almost as separate entities. At least, much time and ingenuity are spent in the effort to assign to each a clearly defined field of action. Treated as phases, they are all right. Any other course leads into the old quagmires of separation, doubt and confusion.

For instance, observe the distinctions drawn between spirit and soul, and between soul and mind; see how man's activities are split up into spiritual, mental and physical, and note the frequent use of such terms as "subjective mind," "objective mind," "carnal mind" and "mortal mind." (Mrs. Eddy is not the only sinner.)

Mark me well. I criticise no one. I have already rendered these writers their meed of praise, thanked them heartily for favors received. My point is this: As we follow them across these waving fields of golden grain, we must remember that the seed was sown on ground once covered with nettle, stump and briar, and these were not fully cleared away. Our step must be careful and eye observant lest we stumble over or entangle our feet among these and fall. Our continued safeguard is the principle of universal oneness of all reality. Let this always come between our lips and the proffered

cup, that the milk of life may flow unimpeded to us, while the earthy adulterations introduced by our brother are safely withheld. Let us remember that what we term the physical part of man is *not* part of him. It is *his*. Man is spirit. The individual man is spirit. His soul is himself. His mind is himself. Mind is spirit in action. His soul is all of spirit that he can conceive. Its measure is the highest, fullest degree of spiritual knowledge to which he has attained. Broaden his conception, and by that much has his soul grown. In like manner his mind is all of universal mind that he has explored. His range of activities is wide and free, his phases of action are many. To bring each of these within the limits of finite comprehension, it has received a name to be used as a temporary convenience. Our only danger lies in mistaking mere names for eternal verities.

Your loving comrade,

W. H. HUTCHINSON.

THE PROPHETIC VISION.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the seers acquired their ideas by constant and profound reflection. If these ideas had been the fruit of study, they would have found it difficult to explain them as the result of direct inspiration from above. But that was by no means the case. The Israelite is no philosopher. The prophet is suddenly enlightened as to what is duty under certain circumstances; the meaning of this or that event becomes evident to him, or he forms a conception of the future course of the destinies of his nation, by intuition; the ideas on behalf of which he strives so zealously present themselves to him as a power which overcomes and commands him. Thus, it is, in fact, most natural that he does not regard them as results of his own intellectual efforts, but refers them directly and immediately to Jahveh. This was the more natural, when the state of tension in which the prophet lived actually caused him to fall into an ecstatic and visionary condition, or when the thoughts which had occupied him by day came back to him with greater clearness in dreams. The Vision is one of the distinguishing characters of ecstasy, and arises when the lively and

excited imagination acts upon the nerves of sight (and sometimes of hearing also), in the same manner as the reality would in other cases; so that the person who is in this state does not doubt the existence of the objects which he imagines he beholds, and of the person whose voice he thinks he hears. There is therefore nothing miraculous in such visions and dreams.—*Rev. Abraham Kuenen.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE HISTORIC, AND HOW.

Readers who are curious in English history must not fail to observe that Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked on his island the 30th of September, 1659. It was in that month that the English Commonwealth ended, and Richard Cromwell left the palace at Whitehall. Robinson lived in this island home for twenty-eight years. These twenty-eight years covered the exact period of the second Stuart reign in England. Robinson Crusoe returned to England in June, 1687; the Convention-Parliament which established William III. met in London at the same time. All this could not be an accidental coincidence. Defoe must have meant that the "True-born Englishman" could not live in England while the Stuarts reigned. Robinson Crusoe was a ruler himself on his own island, and was never the subject of Charles II. or James II.

—*E. Everett Hale.*

THE "NEW THOUGHT."

"This propaganda is not for a moment to be looked upon as that of a new party, sect, or denomination. It antagonizes no sect or denomination as such. Its spirit is cheerful, optimistic, positive and constructive. Suggestive of genuine Epicureanism rather than the Stoic teachings, it unites the good in both. It inculcates a brave, high endeavor forever making for progress, yet would advance steadily, serenely, and without friction, lubricating the ways and increasing the energy used in the doing of the work of the world. To the Quietism of Molinos and the Quakers it joins the enterprise, the daring, and the strenuousness of the modern spirit,

balancing the one with the other, and avoiding the extremes of either. It thus stands for power in peace and strength in serenity, assuring that equilibrium in the individual and collective life which is essential to healthy progress and permanent happiness."

—*Paul Tyner.*

Every stage in development has been a stage of increasing individualism. Each new form is a form that turns inward on itself. The star is more individual than the nebulous was from which it springs; it lives a separate life. The plant is more individual than the star; it is more limited in its range. The animal is more individual than the plant; it is less like mechanical things. The man is more individual than the animal; he has peculiarities which isolate him from all besides. —*Herbert Spencer.*

KNOW THYSELF.

He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him.

—*Scripture.*

We should strive to live up to that divine particle within us.

—*Aristotle.*

Into every intelligence there is a door which is never closed, through which the Creator passes. —*Emerson.*

The real being, whatever *was*, whatever will be, *is*, even now and forever. —*Carlyle.*

The divine resides in man in the faculty of being wise and of loving. —*Swedenborg.*

Follow the divinity which is implanted in thine own breast.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

One spirit runs through all our pure affections; even our love of nature has an affinity with the love of God. —*Channing.*

Seize hold of God's hand and look full in the face of His creation.

—*Ruskin.*

God does not let us live anywhere on earth without something of Heaven near at hand. —*Hawthorne.*

HEBREW PROPHETS.

Amos does not consider it an honor to be taken for a prophet, and Amaziah clearly intimates (*Amos* vii., 12) that the seers made a livelihood of their prophetic gift. This can hardly astonish us. The supposition that the Prophetic Order, like any other, contained members of greater or less excellence, is one which speaks for itself. But here was nothing more serious than it would have been in other cases. Nothing was more easy and at the same time more innocent than to assume the outward sign of the prophet, the mantle of hair.

But this was not sufficient: Zeal for the service of Jahveh, enthusiasm and higher inspiration were indispensable. These, however, are not hereditary gifts, and as they could be found out of the prophetic schools, so there must constantly have been some among the prophets' sons to whom they were actually unknown. Nevertheless, it was considered that all ought to possess them, and men were thus tempted to supply the place of natural inspiration with artificial excitement, and to counterfeit the enthusiasm which they did not feel. The inward call, at the least, was indispensable to the prophet; the fact of joining the prophetic association presupposed, but did not guarantee this; and therefore of necessity the association gradually degenerated. If, nevertheless, prophecy really attained its acme after that degeneration had begun, it was because it continually recruited itself from the same source from which the prophetic associations had once sprung—from the enthusiasm which arose, without artificial excitement among the people themselves, as the fruit of their religion. "From behind the flock" Jahveh took a man like Amos, and thus there were constantly such men as he, who, without any designed preparation, came forward as envoys of Jahveh, because they heard his summons in their hearts. The men whom Jahveh "awakened" to testify of him sprang from the humbler, but also from the most distinguished classes of society.

—*Rev. Prof. A. Kuenen.*

In the ecstasy of devotion we must flee from the doctrine of divine impersonality. —*Emerson.*

A loving heart is the truest wisdom. —*Dickens.*

MATTER NOT REALITY.

All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken it is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea and body it forth.

—*Carlyle.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WESTBROOK DRIVES. By Henrietta Payne Westbrook, M. D. Author of "The Actor's Child," etc. New York: Peter Eckler, publisher, 1902.

Perhaps this book is what the dedication seems to imply: a tribute by a wife to the memory of her husband. Certainly those who knew Richard B .Westbrook would prize it on that account. But it is more than that. It is a story of entertainment, abounding with humor and adventure, certain to please, yet underneath not failing to instruct. It is a journal of jaunts in the Blue Ridge region by the Delaware and over among the White Mountains of New Hampshire. He is seriously defective in make-up who does not enjoy the reading. Holmes has printed in one of his books that these bodies, which we fondly imagine to be our own, are but a kind of omnibus carrying several passengers in each vehicle. Indeed from the different moods in which we find ourselves we present aspects and peculiarities enough unlike to indicate several personalities. In this story the genial LL.D is exhibited in manifold being as "parson," "lawyer" and "judge"—characters in which he figured when manifest in the flesh; and his *cara sposa* in like manner personifies herself as "lady doctor" and "reporter," the guises in which she still appears. They present as many phases, and with the individuals that are introduced, afford us an insight into occurrences as well as the character of individuals, that having once obtained, we are not willing to forego. Yet despite the men and scenes that are introduced the whole is not properly treated till a word is spoken of the horses. These were the pride of the owners, though sometimes the terror of casual drivers. They seemed proud to be Dr. Westbrook's nags, and to have abundant good reason for it. The Westbrooks were always hospitable to new beliefs which might be vehicles of important truth, philanthropic and of genial temper. All these qualities shine in this book and no reader will consent to be without it. Dr. Westbrook's own works, "Man," "The Bible" and the "Eliminator," breathe the same spirit.

HARTMANN'S PARACELSUS. The Life and the Doctrines of Philippus Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, known by the name of *Paracelsus*. Extracted and translated from his rare and extensive works and from unpublished manuscripts. By Franz Hartmann, M. D., author of "Magic," 1902. The Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York.

A few men in history have given tone to it and been instrumental in changing the opinions current in the world before they lived. Sometimes they were honored while they lived, but more often they were vilified and their names consigned to reproach till time enabled intelligent and unprejudiced individuals to perceive their

merit and disclose it to the light of a future day. Oftener, perhaps, men have profited by their instruction, hardly having the manliness to give credit to the one to whom they were indebted.

Such was the case with Paracelsus, sometimes called "the Luther of the Medical Art." Taught by his father, Wilhelm Bombast, a physician of Wurtemburg, he soon became proficient in the science of his time. He afterward travelled extensively in the pursuit of knowledge, declaring himself not ashamed to learn of pedlers, newsmongers and barbers. He served for a time as surgeon in the army of Charles V. His reputation for skill and learning was acknowledged by the scholars of his time. Erasmus consulted him professionally, and at the instance of the Reformer Œkolampadius he was made Professor of Philosophy and Medicine in the University of Basel in Switzerland. He followed the example of these distinguished men and adopted the name by which he is known, Paracelsus—another Celsus.

He became an innovator, rejecting the current Aristotelian philosophy and accepting the Platonic doctrines He added new observations to what was known of surgery, displaying great merit as a reformer of surgical practice. "The dead level of tradition is broken first by two men of originality and genius, Paracelsus and Pare," says Dr. Charles Creighton. But his greater fame was won as an apostle of modern medicine. He boldly denounced the current practice. "Some poison their patients with mercury," says he, "and others purge or bleed them to death. There are some who have learned so much that their learning has driven out all their common sense and there are others who care a great deal more for their own profit than for the health of their patients."

In his lectures he gave offense to the other professors by making use of the German language instead of Mediæval Latin. This was regarded as a virtual divulging of a sacred mystery which ought to be confided only to an initiated few. He also discarded the excessive drugging that was common, placing twenty to a hundred or more ingredients in a single prescription, some of them very filthy. Thus he drew upon himself the wrath of both apothecaries and practitioners. It mattered not that his practice was crowned with extraordinary results of a beneficial character; that is often a subordinate matter with medical men A storm was raised, and Paracelsus left Basel. He wandered for some time from place to place pursued by the malice of his enemies, till at the invitation of Duke Ernst, the Prince Palatine of Bavaria, he took up his residence at Salzburg. Here he was treacherously murdered by assassins in the month of September, 1541.

His monument at the Church of St. Silvester contains an elaborate inscription in Latin praising his goodness, his beneficence to the poor, his learning and charity, and declaring that he gave health to many.

It requires a superior man to describe a superior man befittingly. Such a man is Doctor Hartmann. In his biographic notice, from which the foregoing sketch was not taken, he has given the most correct account that has yet been written. It has been so common to asperse the character of Paracelsus, to affirm that he introduced noxious drugs that he actually had denounced, and to impute to him things that he never did or thought, that a true sketch of him seems almost an invention. It was not, however, as a physician, a prescriber of drugs, that we are to learn his real character. He was more than that—a philosopher, an Alchemist on the psychological side, an Occultist, and we may add, a Rosicrucian of the genuine Brotherhood. With him Alchemy was the science of life and an art of living aright, the transmuting of baser man, the worldly and sensual being, into a celestial nature which shall be little less than divine.

The selections which fill up this volume comprise his doctrines of Cosmology, Anthropology, Pneumatology, Magic and Sorcery, Medicine, Alchemy and Astrology, Philosophy and Theosophy; to which Dr. Hartmann has added a copious definition of the peculiar terms employed, an Appendix and Index, and likewise explanatory notes and observations, in order to make the language more easily understood by the unfamiliar reader. No one now may mistake in regard to Parcelsus, or fail to obtain clear insight into his doctrines. The inquisitive student of occult learning may obtain a quick perception of the philosophy, or magic, as it was sometimes termed, which permeated and was at the foundation of what he taught. Dark things are made plain. There is a learning there profound in itself, much of which has since been imparted to later teachers. The "visionary" notions of Hahnemann, the magic art of Mesmer, the theosophy of Jakob Boehmen were among the things which Paracelsus had anticipated.

The editor has left out nothing that would enrich the publication and make it both instructive and interesting. He has made it a volume which every enquirer after profounder truth, every seeker after real knowledge ought to have. Extensive as is the field of which it discourses, it is a "multum in parvo" leaving little out which one would think to ask about It takes a place on the table rather than on the shelf—it satisfies curiosity so well.

BOOK-WRITING EXPERIENCE.

You must write a book or two to find out how much and how little you know and have to say. Then you must read some notices of it by somebody that loves you and one or two by somebody that hates you. You will find yourself a very odd piece of property after you have been through these experiences.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

PERIODICALS.

The *Herald of Health* for March continues bravely its efforts in behalf of "Physical Regeneration," and exposes social and other abuses. We learn some curious things, such as the grafting of cancer upon the bodies of healthy persons, the employing of physicians to "write up" the merits of tobacco, the gluttony of the English nation, the "Iron Woman," Vital Air for the Nose and Skin, philosophy of eating, etc. Dr. John Brown, of Stepney, gives the "Latest about Vaccination," from which we select the following:

"The history of vaccination is a story of continuous change."

"The inquest on the middle-aged man whose death followed after re-vaccination; the inquest on the eight-year old school girl who died from lockjaw after vaccination; the inquest on the eight-months child whose death followed speedily after vaccination; the story from the other side of the Atlantic of a number of deaths from lockjaw after vaccination—these things show that calf-lymph is a ghastly risk even in regard to immediate after-effects."

The attempt is now making to procure a virus by inoculating monkeys instead of calves from small-pox pustules. The utter dishonesty of reports is shown. Great handling is made of the greater proportion of unvaccinated persons taking small-pox, as though neglect of vaccination had rendered them especially susceptible. But the fact is, that in the "well-vaccinated" districts a number of weakly individuals are declared "unfit for vaccination" and these are the susceptible ones. The statistics, therefore, are more untrue than common fiction.

The Medical Brief for April contains its usual variety of papers from physicians of different shades of opinion. Unlike most medical periodicals, the *Brief* is not partisan, nor the representative of a class or special interest. It excludes no articles that controvert the opinions of a favored set of writers. The editor himself also gives his own views with great freedom, not on professional matters only, but on topics that are outside the province of the medical craft. He pleads for reciprocity between physicians of different schools, and admits that "some gleams of light may be had from Christian Science and kindred cults." To accept useful information from any source is declared to be no lowering of dignity.

Consumption he considers as not contagious, and the Health Boards are severely belabored for their procedures. They are for the most part "political bodies" and "do not keep in touch with the medical profession, as it is, and an increase of political influence would widen the breach still further." They deal in arbitrary

assumptions derived from Continental Europe where monarchical ideas and methods are prevalent. The editor scores several projects for protecting the "dear people" by special legislation as affording opportunities for blackmail. It might be added that most medical legislation is open to the same charge.

A parting shot is also administered to antitoxin. A horse is "made septic by injecting poison" and the material obtained from him by this process is liable, as has been abundantly demonstrated, to produce tetanus or lockjaw in the human being inoculated with it. Nevertheless the editor insists that serum-therapy is a different process from vaccination "Antitoxin is nothing," he remarks, "but damaged serum plus a powerful antiseptic." But, he affirms, "that the cow has genuine small-pox, somewhat modified, following the inoculation of real virus, and that the virus taken from the cow is the simon-pure article, though attenuated."

This theory, if correct, would seem to explain why in so many cases, as in Montreal in 1885, small-pox followed directly upon vaccination as an effect upon a cause; and why when the general practice of vaccinating ceased there on that occasion, the epidemic of small-pox died out as a natural consequence It may be noted, also, that vaccination, as described by Jenner and his followers, was far from being the same operation now in vogue. It is likewise a significant fact that, although inoculation for small-pox was prohibited by law in Great Britain and other countries, this bastard vaccination is shamelessly explained as being the same thing under a cowardly disguise. That it does not assure immunity from small-pox except to a very limited degree is very generally conceded by health officials and intelligent medical men; and as for the pretense that it operates to mitigate the severity of an attack, abundant experience has shown that it is utterly untrue. The only principle underlying vaccination is that it is a disseminating of a disease among individuals otherwise in health.

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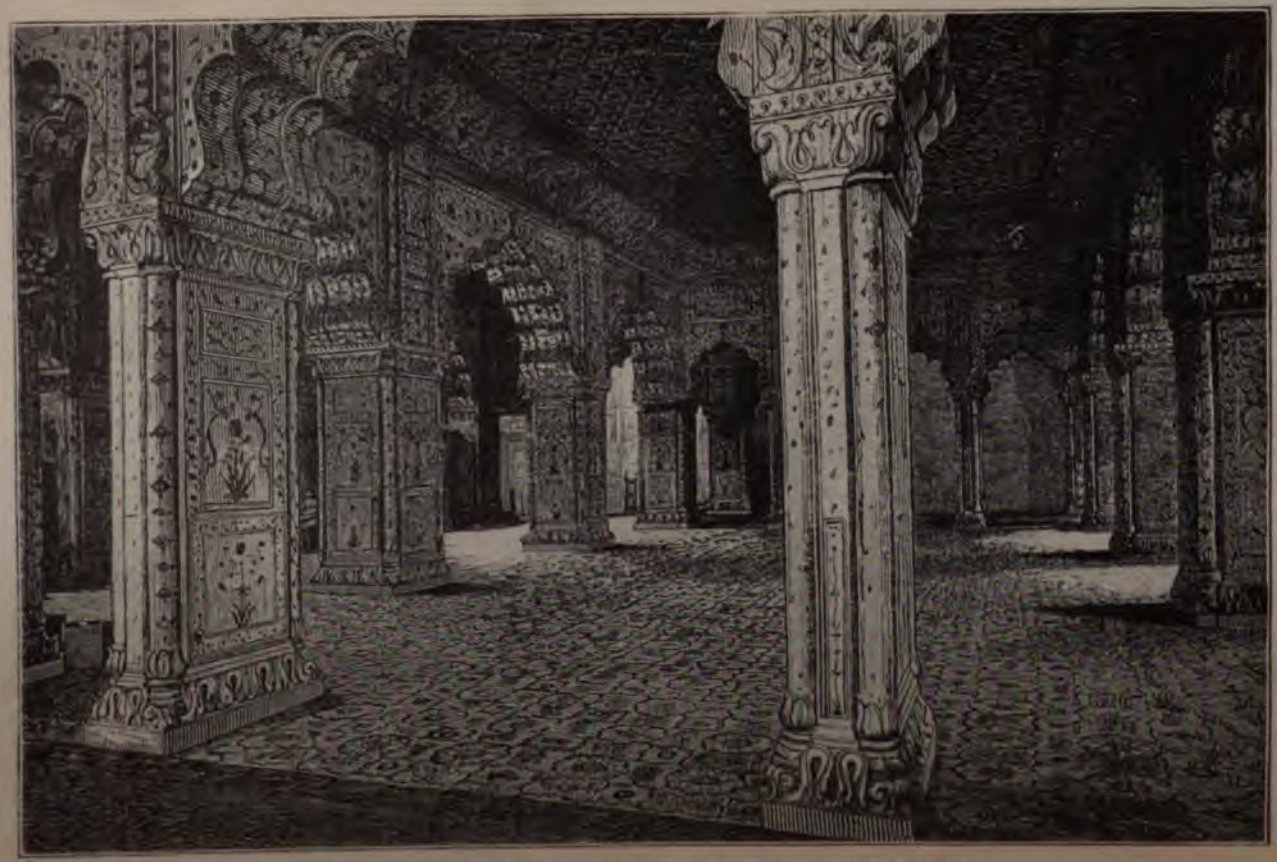

THE PALACE AT DELHI — INTERIOR OF THE DEWAN-I-KASS

THE

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ASTROLOGY A DEPARTMENT OF MEDICAL STUDY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

There appears to be a very general revival of interest in astrology. A literature of considerable dimension and variety has been produced to meet the demand; publications devoted to the subject are regularly issued, and professors of the art or science are numerous, many of whom exhibit sincerity and intelligence to a degree which precludes candid persons from applying to them any opprobrious epithet or language expressive of contempt. No sensible individual is in a hurry to denounce what he does not understand. It would be conclusive evidence of superficial knowledge equivalent to confession outright. The fact that many professors of the art are charlatans or mountebanks is actually an argument for its genuineness. Where there is no science there is no pretender. The men who pursue the vocation of counterfeiters employ their skill only upon what actually exists. Fair-minded individuals are always disposed, therefore, to treat with decent respect the subjects which they do not understand.

"The Science of the Stars" has come to us from the earliest prehistoric period of which archeologists have obtained a clew. It was cultivated by those who, in those far-off days, possessed the ripest scholarship. The oldest religions also were intimately interblended with astrologic dogmas. Our Aryan ancestors of many thousand years ago designated the Supreme Being, "the Father in the heavens," and the luminant Day-star was his symbol. "The heavens declare the glory of God," chanted the Hebrew psalmist,

"the firmament showeth the work of his hand, and in the sun he hath placed his tent." The hieroglyphic symbol of the Osiris of Egypt, the eye of the cat, denoted the sun in the sky.

The Zodiac was conceived of as a circle of *Zoa* or living animals, representative in their respective months of the sun periodically abiding with them. The Chaldeans, or their less-known predecessors, mapped out the domain of each of them in the middle sky, and gave these the designation of the twelve signs or "houses." It is declared in the first chapter of Genesis that God made lights in the expanse of heaven to be "for signs or portents, and for seasons, and for days and for years."

The seven planets, including the sun and moon as two, were indicated as of special importance, and the seven days of the week were set apart to them in prehistoric times. Every month and every day had its divine ruler; the new moon was specially revered, and propitious days were named for particular work, and for engaging in new undertakings. The seventh day of the week was ominous beyond others. It was set apart by the Akkadians to the god Amar-Utuki, or Merodakh, and their priestly code, as that of the Assyrians and Judeans after them, prohibited every diversion, every new employment, every official work, even to the taking of a bath or the swallowing of medicine upon the *sabbatu*, as the day was designated. But Friday, the day of the Goddess Istar, was abundantly fortunate. It was characterized by all manner of good omens. Love, business, religion, all combined to give the day every felicitous assurance. Mohamed, under the profound impression of its significance, as well as in deference to former worships, made it the holy day of the Moslems.

The agency of stars in human affairs was distinctly recognized in ancient literature. "There shall come a star out of Jacob," chanted the prophet Balaam; "it shall smite the corners of Moab." Particular stars and asterisms were regarded as the favorite seat or abode of guardian divinities. These were called by the Greeks *theoi*, gods, or more correctly, "disposers of events." "They

fought from heaven," sang Deborah the prophetess; "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." The writer of the book of *Daniel* describes a conflict in the sky; that a celestial personage was detained there three full weeks by the opposing prince of the kingdom of Persia before he could go on his errand. Another author in the book of *Maccabees* tells of an apparition of soldiers in the air for forty days, infantry and cavalry contending in battle. The classic writers have also narrated occurrences of similar character, sometimes preceding events on the earth and sometimes even simultaneous.

Conjunctions of planets are supposed to presage or even to conduce to events of great moment. The perihelion of three planets occurring at the same time in the fourteenth century was regarded as premonitory of the Black Death which followed shortly afterward, and swept away whole populations in Asia and Europe. There is no end of analogous examples.

Our language contains many words that are relics of the astrologic beliefs. A calamitous event is termed a *disaster* as originating with an unpropitious star. An epidemic with which our population has become familiar is denominated *influenza* as being occasioned by a morbific lunar or stellar influence, and an insane person is called *lunatic* or moon-struck. Persons who think diligently are said to *consider*, or in other words, hold counsel with the stars; *a temple* or *tempulum* was a plat of ground set apart by religious rites for study of the constellations, and hence a priest, an astrologer or individual is said to *contemplate*, which once meant to observe the *aspects* of the sky. Even *superstition* comes in the same category, and the term etymologically denotes a standing and contemplating objects and subjects above the common concerns of every-day life.

Men regarded astrology as a vital part of religious science. The sun was saluted in the morning with affectionate homage as the Lord in the heavens, and the eyes were closed as is now done in prayer, because of the intensity of his rays. The Moon, sometimes as masculine and sometimes as feminine, was participant in the

worship; and Moses is described as promulgating the Law from Sinai, a mountain thus named from *Sin*, the moon-god of Semitic peoples, from being sacred to him. Every ancient faith was astrologic, either directly or allegorically. The heavenly bodies signified or enabled to keep vividly in thought the presence of the powers of the heavens as arbiters of human life.

The medical art was part of the religious rite; and there were divinities that men venerated as gods of healing. Baalzebul (lord of the house) or Baal Zebub, of Palestine, was of the category. In the old mythology there were seven divinities reputed to be the sons of Sedek (the Just) and they were comprehended in one as the eighth. He is explained by Sankhuniathon as being the original Æsculapius. Transplanted by Phœnician adventurers into Greece, where Apollo was god of healing, he was naturalized in the Hellenic worship as the son of that divinity. Both Apollo and Æsculapius were honored as rulers of the sun. An order of priests sprang up in Argos, Thessaly and the island of Kos, which for centuries held a monopoly of the medical art. They were known as the Asklepiads or sons of Æsculapius, and professed to have been his lineal descendants. Hippokrates was of this number. He was in no sense a father or founder of the medical art, except as he was foremost to begin the creating of a literature. A new period had then been introduced, and the philosophers of Ionia and Greece were a new order of thinkers and teachers. Hippokrates affiliated with their disciples, and following their example he made medicine, which had been a sacred art, now accessible to a wider circle. There was not then a Hippocratic oath for novices, but a sacerdotal rite of obligating Asklepiads not to divulge the sacred knowledge to uninitiated persons.

Hippokrates not only attached great importance to the sovereign virtues of charms, talismans and amulets, as also did Galen and others even in later times, but also to the benign influences of the sun, planets and zodiacal constellations. Indeed, before Greece was ever known among the countries of the world, the medical art

was practiced among the older peoples of the East with these accompaniments. The exhumed Tablets inform us that in Assyria and Babylon diseases were regarded as having been inflicted by malignant demons, and to be driven away by the spirit of the heavens. Marduk or Merodakh, who was supposed to rule in the planet Jupiter, and Silikh the sun-god were reputed healers of the sick, and were invoked and propitiated accordingly. Similar notions prevailed in archaic India. Egypt was famed for its priest-physicians, and special days were set apart by astrologic selection for all to undergo medical treatment. Even those in health were not exempt from the general purgation. The serpent on the pole or staff was the Egyptian symbol of the physician's art, and also the cipher of the planet Jupiter, and the god Emeph or Imhetep.

A more universal symbology employed the three figures—the circle, the half-circle and cross—to represent the whole astrologic system and religion. The circle represented the sun, the half-circle the moon, and the cross the earth. The sun signified perfection, the moon denoted the *Maya*, or illusion of the senses, and the earth the principle of matter. These symbols were combined to represent the planets and their respective qualities. The cross over the circle (♂) was the figure of Mars and denoted the impelling energy; the cross under the circle (♀) was Venus or Isis, the personification of love and desire. The semicircle below the cross (♄) represented Saturn, and the semicircle on the cross (♃) Jupiter, the diviner soul. The semicircle upon the circle which in its turn surmounts the cross (☿) is the symbol of Mercury—three in one. It was thus significative of wisdom, enlightenment and the liberal arts; and Hermes, the Mercury, Thoth and Budha of the older religions, was the patron of knowledge.

The human head was apportioned among the planets—the forehead to the sun, the brain to the moon, the tongue to Mercury, the right eye to Jupiter, the left eye to Saturn, the right nostril to Mars, and the other to Venus. The whole body was also marked

off into regions, and each of these was assigned to one of the twelve signs or houses of the Zodiac.

The metals were also named for ruling planets; gold was assigned to the Sun, silver to the Moon, quicksilver to Mercury, copper to Venus, iron to Mars, tin to Jupiter and lead to Saturn.

Medicine became naturally and necessarily involved in the prevalent belief. Every part of the body had its guardian demon; and as every disease was imputed to the influence of a malignant genius, the remedies were selected accordingly. Every medicinal herb had its ruling planet and was employed according to its relations to the morbific agent that was supposed to be making the trouble. Treatises on Herbalism named carefully the ruling stars and zodiacal signs. The treatises of Nicholas Culpepper, which are still extant, are characterised by this peculiarity. Culpepper was himself an alchemist and proficient in the curious sciences of his time which were then in fashion; and his descriptions of the virtues of the indigenous remedial plants of England are alike interesting for their astrologic information and valuable intrinsically for their medical learning.

Mohamed had not been dead twenty-five years when the religious faith which he had proclaimed came under the control of his former rivals. A century later began the period of Arabian learning. The mosques were schools, and there was a belt of universities extending from Samarkand to Cordova. Works on astronomy were procured from India and translated; and the writings of Hippokrates, Dioskorides and Galen were rendered into Arabic and taught to students everywhere. Alchemy and astrology were made parts of medical instruction, and metaphysics became also a conspicuous feature. Mathematics, the title of the learning of Pythagoras, included astrology in the curriculum. Presently, under the patronage of Pope Sylvester II., himself a pupil in astrology and alchemy, and of the European Frederick II., the works of Arabian authors were translated into Latin by Jewish scholars, and became a part of the course of instruction in the universities of Italy, France and Germany.

We have no occasion for wonder, therefore, that the scientists of the Middle Ages and centuries immediately subsequent were skilled in astrologic learning. Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer of Denmark, predicted the birth of a prince in Finland who would devastate Germany and die in 1632. This was afterward fulfilled exactly in the career of Gustavus Adolphus. Keppler calculated the nativity of his famous competitor Wallenstein and found out that his death would follow shortly upon that of Gustavus. Stonewall Jackson was an astrologist and forecast his own mortal peril in 1862. Examples like this are easily multiplied.

We are not so very credulous even with the boasted luminance of latter-day unbelief if we apprehend that there is "something in it."

That myriads of spiritual beings walk the earth was affirmed by John Milton in his great poem, and something like it is declared in the *Epistle to the Hebrews*. If John Dryden the poet could foretell the career of his new-born son, indicate the perils which the youth would encounter at different periods of his life, and even the time of his death, there must be an art, the existence of which we cannot intelligently dispute.

This much may be regarded as certain. Our own bodies are constituted of elements similar to those which compose the mass of the earth. There must, therefore, be a natural affinity between them. Our health, vivacity and other conditions are sensibly affected and modified by the states of the earth's atmosphere. The magnetic relations subsisting between the two are enough to convince us in the matter. The rheumatisms, agues, coughs and other affections are evidences easy to apprehend. Epidemic visitations of various kinds recur with a regularity indicative of a direct relation between the conditions of the human body and those of the earth and atmosphere.

This enquiry naturally extends further. There is abundant reason to suppose that the other planets of our solar system and the innumerable worlds and systems beyond are also formed of material of similar nature and subject accordingly to similar laws.

Such being the fact, we may suppose with good reason that they exert a reciprocal influence upon this globe and its inhabitants. We are, without doubt, affected by them, and our bodily conditions are modified according to their situations in space and by their magnetic influence upon our atmosphere. We can believe thus much from a point of view as materialists, and it does not seem absurd or remarkable that others look farther and suppose that they perceive the operation of the stars upon human careers and character. What we call medical science is really empiricism, and it comes with ill grace to criticise or sneer at those who aspire to know something of the causes of what we observe.

THE TEACHING OF PARACELSUS.

Paracelsus appears to have been a promulgator of more intelligent views upon this subject. After the manner of his famous contemporary, Martin Luther, he cut loose from the traditional medical practice of his time. This consisted largely in an unquestioning adherence to the Arabian teachers; and as Luther burned a bull of the Pope, so Paracelsus burned, in the presence of his students, the writings of Galen, Razis and Ibn Sina. Medical instruction was given at that period in mediæval Latin, and the medical practice consisted in little else than pompous manners, inflated boasting, bleeding, purging, giving of emetics and persecuting with merciless rage every body who did not approve their method. Paracelsus discarded all these, rejected polypharmacy, went on foot to visit patients, and taught students in their own German language. He also disregarded the current views of astrology as taught at the universities, and presented it after a new manner. Human wisdom he declared to exist in the three forms of Physiology, Astrology and Theology: One relating to the physical constitution, one to the psychic, and one to the spiritual. "The pervading hand of universal consciousness is united in the stars, and from it all human wisdom is named," he positively affirms. "Many stars have not had their influence," he says again; "and, therefore, the discovery of arts has not yet come to an end." He explained further: "The

sun and the stars attract from us to themselves, and we from them again to ourselves. These secret influences have their positive office in the maintenance of the body."

Accordingly, Paracelsus, by his way of teaching, made of astrology a recondite theory of animism. "The particular life of earth," he declared, "must accord with the general life of the higher worlds; for God in love has created us the sidereal body, and has given it sensibility, so that we may feel and reveal the secrets of the stars."

Nevertheless the language of Paracelsus should not be construed too literally. In order to understand him well one must be of somewhat kindred disposition and temper. During the Middle Ages there existed a class or society of scholars and men of thought who wrote their profounder lessons in enigmas. Learning was considered in those times as akin or identical with magic, and the heretics in science as well as in religion were liable to condign punishment—the dungeon, the rack, the iron boot, the thumb-screw, and the stake. It was necessary to disguise language to be reasonably sure of personal safety.

Paracelsus inculcated, like the Brahman philosophers, that the human essence consisted of seven principles, some of them corruptible and others incorruptible. With death the physical body returns to the elements, and the more material parts of the sidereal body undergo a similar decomposition. This astral or sidereal body is subject to planetary influences, and will eventually dissolve into the elements to which its substance belongs. These two bodies remain near each other for a while after death, and sometimes the sidereal body becomes visible. It is the part which is active when we are asleep. The causes of epidemic he considered to be subjective in the body, but aroused into activity from the astral influences.

"All the influences that come from the sun, the planets and stars act invisibly upon man, and if they are evil they will produce evil effects. The world is surrounded by a sphere of vapor, as an egg is surrounded by a shell. The cosmic influences permeate through

that shell, and sometimes, becoming poisoned by miasmas in the air, they create epidemic diseases. If no germs of disease exist in the atmosphere, they do no harm. If, however, evil elements exist about us, they attract such astral influences as cause diseases."

"The moon exercises a very bad influence, especially at the time of new moon, and her conjunction with certain other planets may make her influence still more dangerous. A conjunction of the moon with Venus and Mars may cause plague; if it be with Saturn it may occasion certain acute diseases. But *no noxious influence can develop a disease where the germ of that disease does not already exist.*

"There are certain stars the influence of which corresponds to the medicinal qualities of certain metals, and others that correspond to those of certain plants, and they may act for good or evil if they are attracted by certain elements in the sidereal body of man. A physician should know the physiology and anatomy of the sky as well as that of man, in order to understand the cause and cure of astralic diseases; because he may try his remedies vainly so long as his patient is under the ascending influence of an evil star, but after that evil influence ceases, the disease will be changed or will disappear. Every metal and every plant possesses certain qualities that attract planetary influences; and if we know the influences of the star, the conjunctions of the planets, and the qualities of our drugs, we will know what remedy to give in order to attract such influence as may act beneficially upon the patient."

"If, for example, a woman is deficient in the element the essence of which radiates from Mars, she suffers consequently from poverty of the blood and want of nervous strength. We may give her iron, because the astral elements of iron correspond to the astral elements contained in Mars and will attract them as a magnet attracts iron. But we should choose for this purpose a plant which contains iron in an etherialised state; for this is preferable to the metallic iron. In case of dropsy it would be exceedingly injurious to give any remedy that would help to attract the evil influence of the Moon. The Sun, however, is opposed to the Moon, and those remedies

which attract the astral essences of the Sun will counteract those of the Moon, and thereby the cause of dropsy may be cured. The same mode of reasoning may be applied in all other astralic diseases."

Paracelsus, however had a meaning of his own for the astrologic terminology By the "stars" he meant the faculties of man's mental and moral nature. He declared that the "house" was the body itself. We may accordingly read his true utterances "between the lines," when he declares that "he who knows the stars knows also the nature of the disease."

"It may not be supposed," says he, "that a certain material element coming from the planets enters the organism of man and adds something to it which it does not already possess. The light of the sun does not contribute any corporeal substance to the organism existing upon the earth, and a man does not become heavier if he stands in the sun. But the natural forces acting in the various organs are intimately related to similar forces acting in the organism of the world; and as the liver, the spleen, the heart, etc., are bodily representatives of certain activities, so likewise the Sun and the Moon, Venus, Mars, etc., are the visible representatives of the corresponding organs of the kosmos. If a man get angry it is not because he has too much bile, but because the 'Mars'—the combative element in his body (the visible element that produces the bile)—is in a state of exaltation. If a man be amorous, it is not because the spermatic vessels are overloaded, but because the 'Venus' (the amorous element) is in a state of exaltation. If in such cases a conjunction of the combative and amorous elements take place in his body, an ebullition of jealousy may be the cause; and if such an internal conjunction should take place at a time when the conjunction of Mars and Venus takes place in the sky, the sympathetic relationship existing between the elements representing those planets in the Microcosm (man) with the elements representing those of the Macrocosm (the universe) may lead to serious consequences unless counteracted by the superior power of reason and will."

There are a great many plants, Paracelsus declares, that are the earthly representatives of astral influences corresponding to the qualities of the stars, and which will attract the influences of the stars to which they are sympathetically related. By using such plants as medicine, we attract the planetary influences needed to restore vitality to the parts.

It will appear reasonable, says Dr. Franz Hartmann, that it makes a vast difference whether such plants are fresh or whether they have been dried; and their occult properties are, moreover, to a great extent modified by the time of day or night, and under what planetary conjunctions they have been gathered, and at what time they are used. Each plant should be gathered at a time when the planet to which it is related rules the hour, and its essence should be extracted as long as it is fresh. By the judicious use of plants, beneficial astral influences may be attracted and evil influences neutralized. But in order that we may know what plants are required in each case, it is necessary to know not only the anatomy of the human body and the functions of its organs, but also the constitution of the starry heavens, the qualities of the stars, and the time of the appearing and conjunction of the planets.

"That which is active in medicines," Paracelsus affirms, "is their astral elements acting upon the astral man, and they are produced by astral influences; and it makes the greatest difference whether a medicine is pervaded by one influence or another."

It is hardly possible, however, to find in the current *materia medica* many remedies which conform to these conditions. Since the time of Culpepper, astrology has passed from its former place in the medical curriculum, giving, perhaps, a clew to the modern notion that the nature of remedies is little known and their action uncertain.

It is apparent that there is a philosophic as well as a physical department of astrology and it is reasonable to presume that there is a genuine science that includes them both—yet there is truth and good sense in the maxim: "The wise man rules his stars; the fool obeys them."

ALEXANDER WILDER. M.D.

THE ABSOLUTE STANDARD.

BY FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

The universe is the concrete manifestation of Truth—the Divine Idea, God's Idea. When we undertake to apprehend Truth intellectually, it seems changeable, relative, adaptable in its nature. Of its absoluteness—as absolved from, unqualified by, and independent of conditioning factors—intellectual investigation, from the very nature of the case, can give us no inkling. For that function of consciousness to which we apply the term "intellection" pertains to analyzing, separating and comparing—operations which tend to destroy the sense of absoluteness. Agnosticism is, therefore, the legitimate outcome of the attempt to apprehend Truth intellectually. Yet the sense of absoluteness is so deeply rooted in human consciousness that men instinctively avow it, even while attempting, in theory, to deny its validity. Like the daylight, it fairly escapes detection when we search for it too narrowly among the things it reveals. So cleverly does human conceit juggle with life, playing fast and loose with factors of experience, involving and evolving in an ever-changing round of situations, in a manner suggesting the performances of Alberich as he caused himself to disappear and appear again, or to assume shapes of various descriptions, by means of the magic power of the farnhelm!

The significance of the term "Absolute Standard" is due to the instinct of absoluteness, so universally recognized. In an ethical sense, the Absolute Standard, or Standard of Absolute Right, applies to the seeking of Truth *for its own sake*, as an end in and of itself, for its intrinsic worth, and not for the many-phased incidental considerations that are allowed to usurp the place of Truth by those who accept a relative standard as their guide in such matters.

A recognition of the Absolute Standard does not imply infallibility on one's part. Owing to errors of judgment the best of motives may sometimes lead to dire results. But to have the

spirit of rightness is of vastly more consequence than merely to perform an act that shall square with the supposed requirements of any particular situation. Even though one may for a time be mistaken in regard to certain phases of truth, a disposition to follow the light will lead to its recognition with ever-increasing clearness. It matters little, in this connection, what view one may entertain regarding the possibility of man's knowing aught of the nature of Absolute Truth. The vital point to consider is the fact that there is in man an innate faculty which, when steadily heeded, draws him with ever-increasing precision toward the truth-center; a sense of right superior to any canon of ethical interpretation. If he follow the general direction from which the light seems to proceed, it will grow brighter, "shining more and more unto the perfect day."

We may call this instinct the Absolute Tendency, since it prompts one to move in a direct line toward a point which, according to his keenest sense of truth, represents the absolute goal. The sense of absoluteness increases with its exercise. If one's consciousness of the Absolute seems at times to subside, owing to lack of calm, clear discernment and singleness of purpose, he will, in following the direct tendency, find perception clarified and quickened, and the way opening up until the revelation appears afresh. By choosing with reference to absolute considerations, consulting anew at each step the compass of his most enlightened instinct, experimental errors will gradually be eliminated. When the truth-seeker is inclined to hesitate between two alternatives his proper course lies in following the absolute tendency, taking the path that leads directly toward his purest conception of Absolute Truth—the center of the body of truth he is able to comprehend at that juncture. It is by constantly heeding this centripetal tendency, this drawing truth-ward regardless of counter-suggestions, that emancipation from all human error must eventually come to the race. If one hesitate in order to consider the most plausible method of escaping difficulties, the most inviting path to pursue, the course that will

arouse the least opposition and occasion the least inconvenience to himself or others, he becomes involved at once in an interminable maze of error from which no final deliverance is possible except by halting and consulting the direct lines of principles.

Let us imagine two pedestrians lost in the woods and seeking to make their escape. One sets out on a trail that seems to lead in the right direction; but after following it for some distance he becomes aware that it is tending away from the point he wishes to reach. The familiar landmarks he had hoped to discover do not appear, and he is obliged to abandon the trail for another that offers a better prospect of success. Again and again he meets with similar results and finds it necessary to make a fresh start, until, wearied and discouraged, he is overtaken by darkness. His companion, with compass in hand, strikes out boldly in the direction it indicates, knowing with absolute certainty that it will enable him to reach his destination in safety, despite his unfamiliarity with the surrounding region. Beaten paths fail to allure him from the direct course, for he has implicit confidence in the accuracy of his instrument. In a similar sense, the only way of escape from the wilderness of distress and discontent in the world of human affairs lies in following the compass of the Absolute Standard. Here, as in the forest depths, the situation is too complicated to be fathomed and elucidated by any self-determined course. Human consciousness is unequal to tracing accurately the elementary principles represented in the structure of the universe beyond their very simplest forms of expression. It becomes involved and confused as it attempts to comprehend the more differentiated and highly organic phases of their manifestation. It is easy to detect the primary colors in nature, and the simple intervals in music, because they are comparatively few, and the eye or ear is familiar with them. But as hues multiply and blend together in intricate combinations, and tones are intermingled in complicated harmonies, the eye or ear ceases to distinguish them. In like manner, through misapprehension, erroneous notions arise concerning the real constitution

of things in the moral realm. And because of this confusion, humanity gropes and wanders until brought to realize the futility of trying to attain to the true goal of life by breeding impressions having their origin in a deceptive sense of things. As the compass, pointing steadily to the pole, makes plain the direction for the wanderer to pursue in seeking his destination, so spiritual perception, when quickened into activity, points with unfailing accuracy to an absolute, permanent Reality unaffected by the fluctuating indications of the show-world. The vast majority of mankind, recognizing only a relative standard in ethical matters, rush hither and thither in wild confusion, seeking something the nature of which they do not clearly apprehend. So accustomed are they to practising (as a rule unintentionally, to be sure) the art of self-deception, that they are unable to escape at will from the meshes of error and misapprehension in which they have enshrouded their lives. They try to think out problems and become entangled in the web of their thoughts, They devise schemes and become involved in the details of their operation. Being unaware of the nature of the difficulties from which they seek relief, they only aggravate these by labored exertions to adjust themselves to the seeming necessities of a wrongly-conceived situation. The average mortal entertains a sort of vague, dreamy conviction that the universe (a term which he applies to his *concept* of life—a composite of impressions which represents the accumulated results of experience) has behind it a meaning and purpose, an ideal significance, that sometime, somewhere and somehow, the mystery of it all will be cleared up and its wrongs rectified; but his vision is not sufficiently clarified to admit of his seeing things in this connection as they exist eternally. Only by learning to recognize, single out and bring into focus the *real* elements in experience can he come to appreciate the meaning of life, its true idea, its genius, the thing that it is apart from human misjudgment. For while in the realm of materiality confusion and disorder are regnant, in the spiritual realm perfect order reigns from everlasting to everlasting.

The unencumbered truth-seeker, following the light of the Absolute Standard, approaches all things with reference to the spiritual substance they represent, His attitude toward them is determined by the intrinsic values he is persuaded they possess, rather than by the way they suit his fancy in appealing to primitive and rudimentary instincts. Having been once convinced that Truth lies in a particular direction, no other course is open to him than to follow it. Truth-seeking thus becomes an art, since it involves the awakening of capacities and tendencies that lie dormant until brought into active service. One who "hungers and thirsts for rightness" will be prompted to cultivate the acquaintance of that which tends to ennoble, strengthen and emancipate in art, literature and life in general, even though he may not understand and appreciate its meaning to the fullest extent.

One is always safe in trusting the larger, deeper spiritual currents of life which lie beyond the range of definition, and therefore escape the attention of the merely scholastic type of mind.

Properly speaking, man creates nothing in and of his own right. Constructive work brings to light, in the domain of human understanding and appreciation, certain concrete phases of a Reality previously existent. Destructive effort, on the other hand, is born of misapprehension, and represents nothing that has real existence. When at length the error and misconception in which it originates shall have been effaced from human consciousness, the continuance of destructive practices will be impossible. The sole value of a bank check consists in that which it represents. If there be no available assets in the bank, the paper is worthless. In a similar sense, only that in human consciousness which has a basis in spiritual Reality is of genuine value; all else is null and void. We only delude ourselves by accepting at their face value signs and symbols that are as shadow without substance. How large a share of human endeavor is thus misspent, because based on misconception, like beautiful houses built on the sand!

The factors of life that come to light on the surface of consciousness form a relatively small proportion of those with which we are continually dealing in actual experience, whether we are aware of their existence or not. In judging according to appearances, taking into account only those phases of existence which appeal to a shallow sense of consistency, we overlook a host of subtle, unrecognized, or but dimly recognized processes that are oftentimes of vastly more importance in their bearing on the course of events than others, more readily detected, upon which we base our calculations. While worldly sagacity frequently points to a course dictated by policy, expediency and underhand methods, as best adapted to promote righteous ends, the way to true success, viewed in the light of spiritual revelation, lies in "bearing witness to the Truth;" for only in that way can the work with which one is identified escape destruction in the final reckoning. Any ethical movement conceived along lines indicated by a relative standard is sure to depart by imperceptible degrees from its original intent. The true test of success in any public enterprise is not the degree in which it makes people contented, self-satisfied, materially prosperous, or religiously devout, but the degree in which it accords with principles ordained by Divine Wisdom and Intelligence as the basis of social existence. The dreams of self-satisfied ease and gratification are quite as abnormal as those of discontent and misery. We may fill mouths with bread and intellects with thoughts; but only as spiritual perception is quickened is genuine progress possible. The ground crumbles away under each material foothold, and humanity slips backward again. Evolutionary advance involves subsequent decline.

The circle remains a circle despite clumsy attempts of untrained hands to draw it accurately. The bungling, albeit well-intended experiments of reformers of various persuasions to institute social régimes patterned after their own notions of human wants cannot change, one jot or tittle, the eternal nature of things, nor modify the true social order as it already exists completed and perfected in the

Divine Mind. The art of living, in its broader social as well as its individual phases is, first of all, esoteric, and consists in bringing one's instincts and ideas into harmony with the principles of Truth involved in the social life of man; and out of this inner state of harmony flow conditions of harmony in externals. All attempts to mould the outward features of society after an ideal pattern by arbitrary measures must fail. Not until the leavening influence of the Absolute Standard has permeated individual lives to such an extent that the moral fiber of society has become sufficiently firm and durable will such forms of expression have an enduring basis.

The consideration of primal importance in this connection is not the effecting of sudden and striking changes in the outward complexion of events, but the setting in motion of silent forces that shall eventually transform the world by working outward spontaneously until they shall have moulded and established its exterior features after the pattern of the immanent ideal. The cosmos is not an instrument to be played upon from without according to the dictates of caprice or human understanding. By following the lines of principles instead of essaying to deal with effects as we apprehend them externally in complex situations, we may proceed with absolute security in the task of social regeneration. The organic impulse that leads up to a perfect concrete representation of the ideal human society can be followed to its complete fruition by this method alone. Being without the clue which a recognition of principles gives to the purpose and end of existence, self-conscious reason gropes in the dark and stumbles only as by chance now and then on some grain of truth.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that which *is* laid." The order of God's establishing—the cosmos as it exists independent of human interpretation—is not subject to change or revision as are men's views of it—concepts which they are apt to mistake for the Reality itself. Man attains to consciousness of Truth by acting in unison with God, co-operating with the Divine Will through the medium of the Absolute Standard. It is in this way that error and

misapprehension are eliminated from human consciousness, and atonement (at-one-ment) reconciliation effected. Man must bring his ideal up to the divine standard; the standard cannot be brought down to the level of human instincts. The universe as we apprehend it, even in its natural aspect, deviates not a hair's breadth from the measure of absolute consistency. Logical and mathematical integrity are as much attributes of divine perfection as are love and justice.

The standard is always the same, whether we apprehend it under the guise of law, or, in a truer sense, in principles. The eternally established order of things is in no wise affected by human recognition or non-recognition of the truth regarding it. The sun shines on the just and the unjust alike. The universe exists as much for those who are accounted unrighteous as for those who are reputed to be righteous. Its plan leaves no opportunity for the granting of special favors. Lightning, tempest, disease do not pass by the devout and descend in retribution on the wicked. The fourteen men who were slain by the fall of the tower of Siloam were not necessarily less righteous than their fellows who escaped. Do the decrees of Omnipotence seem arbitrary and relentless? Then our mode of vision needs readjusting. However great the apparent loss and injury entailed by wholesale misapprehension and misapplication of principles in human conduct, Infinite Power and Wisdom never condescends to intervene or interrupt the order of its establishing for the sake of temporarily justifying itself in human eyes. Viewed solely in its logical and mathematical bearings, such a fact may appear hard and cruel. But even were it possible to satisfy the demands of each human concept of justice, there is an ideal yet larger. Love is superior to justice; and the highest ideal of love is that which looks to the ultimate fulfilment in man, and every living creature, of the greatest measure of satisfaction he is capable of realizing, rather than the temporary and partial gratification of rudimentary instincts. The candid truth-lover will never rest satisfied until he has reached the realm of

fundamentals. If that which may have seemed to him fundamental shall prove, on further investigation, to be only a relative aspect of Truth, he will continue his search until he arrives at a position that is absolute and final. In this way alone can one come eventually to regard life in the light in which God Himself views it.

All that is of genuine worth in human achievement has resulted, directly or indirectly, from clear perception of fundamentals on the part of a comparatively few individuals. Military leaders, statesmen, diplomats, financiers, may seem for a time to rule the world, and may even succeed in so regulating the course of events as to deflect the normal currents of human enterprise into arbitrarily constructed channels of their own devising; but those elements of civilization which are really beneficent and destined ultimately to survive are born of the dreams of seers, prophets, artists—spiritually illumined souls. While the impassioned utterances of the agitator play spasmodically upon the emotions of the populace, as the babbling brook seethes and foams along the shallows, the calm, dispassionate message of the seer goes on and on, broadening and deepening the channels of human experience, gathering power and carrying conviction, like the steady, unruffled current of a mighty river. Amid the tumult of earth, when nations rise against nations, when human institutions tremble in the balance and totter to their fall, when mortals are seized upon by the insane frenzy of passion, or succumb to the deathly torpor of materialism, when blind impulses of error hasten forward to their culmination in tragedy and chaos, and the very foundation of things seems to be crumbling away, the life that is moulded on the clean-cut lines of spiritual principles stands immovable, founded on a rock, impregnable to the assaults of opposing forces.

The absolute quality revealed in such a life commands the homage even of hypocrisy. Spirit speaks to spirit in every vital demonstration of Truth, even though its silent influence may not be consciously acknowledged. Its power operates through esoteric as well

as exoteric channels. It speaks in profoundly impressive tones in the solitude of nature, calling men to a fuller consciousness of the divinity latent within their lives and waiting to manifest itself. The silent appeal of the ocean, stars, mountains, rivers, and all creation, may seem often to fall on deaf ears; for the race awakens slowly from the deep slumber of self-consciousness.

But even though the process be gradual, the divine influence must at length penetrate the most callous exterior and meet with a response from within. The majestic power of a life keyed in unison with Absolute Right is felt far and wide. Such a life resembles a lofty mountain summit towering in solitary grandeur above a wilderness of lesser peaks. While from a point too near at hand an imposing array of foot-hills commands attention and obscures the main summit, as we move away to a distance it gradually assumes greater prominence until, at length, it seems to stand out alone. Even so the significance of a life that manifests Absolute Truth in a marked degree can be properly estimated only when viewed in the perspective of time, apart from the dwarfing influence of hostile criticism and invidious comparison. Such is the case with nearly all truly great lives.

One steadily shining sun fixed in its course dispenses more life-giving, constructive energy than a thousand comets rushing along in their eccentric orbits. The man who, by calm concentration, conserves spiritual energy and allows it to radiate steadily so that the very atmosphere about his life is luminous, is accomplishing more than one who wastes and dissipates his strength in vain efforts to combat the forces of evil and darkness.

As a rule popularity is bought at a sacrifice of those elements of character which render a life of genuine service to the world. It is the absolute quality represented in every great work that gives it immortality. Mozart, although buried in a pauper's grave, left a legacy that will continue to enrich generations yet unborn, because he was true to his loftiest ideal. The manuscript of Milton's "Paradise Lost" was disposed of for an insignificant sum; and

Millet's "L'Angelus" yielded him a mere song. For years Emerson's writings were a drug on the market. In Josephus' voluminous history of the Jews, less than a single page is devoted to the life of Jesus. It is the absolute quality that renders any life truly great. The rejected seers and prophets of the ages have moulded the world through fidelity to Truth. "Being dead, they yet speak." Every great moral movement in history marks the angle of some seer's view of life. In our own day and generation, the influence of Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, Tolstoy, Whitman, Carpenter and other masters, is but beginning to be felt. Only from the standpoint of eternity can the results of any true life be rightly estimated. Viewed in such a light, no one is so utterly impractical as the man of the world who achieves monumental success by wrong methods. The most comprehensive, far-reaching, and therefore most practical movements are those which touch the most fundamental chords in the life of mankind.

Historical epochs succeed one another as the waves of the ocean gather and break in ceaseless procession. How insignificant a matter is the transient supremacy of this or that particular race or nation in comparison with the ultimate destiny of the race! How quickly disappear the fruits of material enterprise, political ambition, intellectual superiority—considerations for which the toiling multitudes ever work and suffer—leaving as a legacy to the future only the meager residuum of truth gathered along the way!

It is the absolute quality represented in an act, rather than the immediate outward effect produced by that act, that indicates its intrinsic worth and its true potency. Every life that stands for Absolute Right brings into judgment the works of darkness. Although evil may seem to rest on a valid, permanent basis, and to possess inherent power, its purely phenomenal character, its intrinsic emptiness, is disclosed and its pretensions refuted whenever it is exposed to the searchlight of Truth. As light dispels darkness, so Truth, the only real power, extinguishes those elements of experience which have their origin in deceptive human conscious-

ness. To self-consciousness both good and bad seem equally real and substantial; and it is only through testing them by the Absolute Standard that we learn to distinguish the real from the unreal, the genuine from the sham. The only effective weapon against wrong-doing is the spirit of Absolute Right. It dispels the enchantments of evil, and undermines and overthrows every structure founded on error. The legend of Parsifal, as embodied in Wagner's music-drama, portrays in a thrilling manner the old, yet ever new, story of the fall (the lapse of human consciousness into the darkness of error) and the redemption (its restoration to the light of Truth).

By steadfastly refusing to yield to the seductive charms of the flower-maidens and the wily Kundry in the magic garden, Parsifal, dubbed the "guileless fool" by his worldly-wise associates, becomes exempt from the power of Klingsor's spear, to which many an irresolute knight has fallen victim. Hurled with deadly force, it remains suspended in mid-air above the victor's head. He grasps it and makes with it the sign of the cross; whereupon Klingsor's castle, the hitherto impregnable citadel of evil forces, falls in ruins, and the luxuriant foliage of the garden withers and dies. Thus are the forces of evil undone, and shams and falsities undermined, in every encounter where they are brought to face the issue squarely and decisively with the spirit of rightness. An act that manifests this spirit in a vivid manner comes as a lightning flash out of the clouds of human doubt and misconception. In its light men catch a momentary glimpse of themselves and of God's universe as it really exists, even though they have not so recognized it. The penetrating thrust of the "sword of the spirit" is necessary to awaken men from the spell of self-consciousness and its idle dreams, follies, absurdities, artificialities, weaknesses, its doubts and fears, its blind, insane impulses, mistaken beliefs, selfish desires. The Kingdom of Heaven is ever at hand, waiting to manifest itself in every human agent. The quickening power of Truth alone can call forth the real man behind the mask of false personality. A ray of truth

flashed into a self-satisfied community will often reveal the hypocrisy of conventional standards and bring men, temporarily at least, to a realizing sense of their true estate as children of God and citizens of the universe. Men turn instinctively toward the Truth when it is presented in its simple, unadulterated essence. Not long ago the name of Jesus was cheered in a mass meeting of workingmen. The purest, loftiest sentiments seldom fail to win applause from those who seem farthest from the Truth, when the appeal is direct and straightforward. It is the mixture of Truth and error, the compromising attitude, the advocacy of half-truth masquerading in the garb of Truth, that fails to move men, and provokes scorn and contempt. In audiences of the lowest type enthusiasm for right ideals has frequently been kindled by earnest, direct appeal in the name of Absolute Right. In the slums, quite as often as in cultured circles, the instinct of right smoulders and flickers, only awaiting the quickening touch of a life inspired by the Absolute Standard to kindle into flame. Deeds of self-sacrifice and genuine heroism are by no means rare among the lower classes of society. The elements of goodness are everywhere present. Everyone, in his inmost heart of hearts, desires Truth—and Truth alone—even though he may have been led away by false appearances until he has lost his bearings in a wilderness of error. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," says the Christ-spirit.

The one distinctive characteristic of the life of Jesus, the one indisputable fact in his career, was his advocacy of the Absolute Standard as the guide of mankind. His utterances shine down through the ages, illuminating the pathway of human progress, because he demonstrated the principles of Truth in his life and teaching more clearly and faithfully than any other of the world's great leaders. He was not an "evolutionist." He did not concern himself with trying to right things at the circumference of life, but always penetrated directly to its center, the heart and core of things. He did not deal with complex aggregates, in which the real elements of expression are liable to misapprehension because of the intricate

nature of the factors involved, but with simple fundamentals which even the most rudimentary instinct may grasp. He presented with marvelous simplicity, in the clearest terms available, the distinction between the Absolute and relative standards. Yet so beclouded has the issue become with all classes of minds that its very existence is scarcely recognized even by people who profess, in all sincerity, to accept his teaching as the guidance of their lives. To be sure the essential particulars of the Absolute Standard are even now conformed to in many isolated cases; yet, as a rule, those who thus recognize it in a practical sense are but dimly conscious of its worth as a vital, organizing power in the social and industrial life. The one urgent need at present, therefore, is a clear, definite recognition of the issue by all who have at heart the realization of the "Kingdom of Heaven among men."

FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

CAUSATION PRIOR TO MANIFESTATION.

The body of man is constituted of material substance, the same as are all material forms; and this apparently comprises to the senses the fundamental basis to the whole of existence. Were this the case, matter would possess the power to give design, pattern, form, properties and qualities to its own nature throughout the universe. The life and intellect would subsist subordinate as effects of a fundamental cause in matter. But this is not the case, for matter itself is a subordinate effect in manifestation of higher natures which govern and rule and have their being through a primal cause. —*D. E. Wagenhals.*

TWO THEORIES OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

We read recently of a theory of human races that completely reverses the ordinary one. This was that mankind, instead of diverging from unity of stock, was converging from multiplicity. The two theories, considered by a broad mind, indicate that both influences—the converging and diverging—are always at work, and what is called ancient history is such a small segment of human life that it is not enough to "show the pattern" or give data for drawing a curve of progress. It reminds one of the attempt to predict the future of humanity from its recent doings, or to calculate the geological happenings of a remote past from observations of a few recent years. —*H. T. Edge.*

LIFE'S MASTERY.

To every human soul who holds within himself
The love of life,
Not mere *existence;* but when looking back
Through all the strife
The spirit glad, triumphant sings, "I too, have lived,
And know that every step has onward led,
To where new blessings throng each path I tread;"
To every soul so richly thus endowed
The heart in *sorrow* cannot long be bowed.

To every one with strength of heart or mind or brain
There comes a day,
When these are tested to their utmost power
In every way,
By sorrow or by joy, or yet by wrongs endured;
If proven strong, the call is, "Come up higher;"
For every soul is tried thus as by fire,
And one day it will grow so strong, so wise
That *naught* can crush it, for it still must rise.

For herein lies all strength of will or power,
If still we hate
What we have conquered of the greed for gold,
Or lust inordinate;
Having the tide of all things in us strongly set,
But with a will majestic in its power
We wait for all things the appointed hour.
Though dangers round us be they cannot kill;
We say to storms within us, "Peace, be still."

Oh, tortured soul! Give not way to deep despair,
But smile serene;

The innocent sometimes must suffer for the sins
And acts unseen
Of others steeped in crime and blackest arts;
But, soul of innocence, though troubled now,
And forced through misplaced confidence to bow
Thy head in deep humility, some day
The light will break and guide thee on thy way.

God tests his heroes; if their strength endure
He bids them live,
And still mount up to wisdom's heights sublime·
He still will give
The blest assurance by the Still Small Voice.
Within the heart that meditates no wrong,
Sweet *peace* will dwell, and joy and song
Will spring spontaneous to the life and face,
And each will glow with new and added grace.

Then courage! fainting heart: despair was never meant
For innocence,
For human minds whose truth has never swerved
In any sense
From honor's path by dark'ning sin or crime;
Leave such wild grief to those of weaker mind,
Who, knowing what was right, still sought to find
Some pleasure yet in sin's forbidden path,
And suffer swift and justly, Heaven's wrath.

Still mingling with the love of the divine, God gave
Each human soul
Some love of pleasure; if too freely used
They miss the goal,
And each sin falls upon the mind and makes of man,
Of man, who is the masterpiece of God,

Something much lower than the beasts or clod,
A thing so lowly, still for pity fit,
Beneath contempt of tongue, or pen or wit.

Let him that thinks he standeth oft take heed and watch,
Lest breakers come
Upon some wild and black tempestuous night,
When far from home.
The waves of life's deep ocean rise so strong and high,
With such o'erwhelming force the soul submerge,
That only death, the grave, the solemn dirge
Can ease the shame, the sorrow and despair
That sin must bring, though coming unaware.

What is this strength of character, this boast we make
"I have not sinned,
Nor ever strayed off in forbidden paths
Pleasure to win,
But always kept the straight and narrow honest way?"
The narrow way, yes, and the narrow mind,
That cannot comprehend; we often find,
Within the purest, truest, tenderest soul,
Some human passion needing strong control.

Who are the strong? We say: the man who does not lie,
Or steal or swear,
Or break the great commandments—one or all—
Or, unaware,
Do some great wrong unto his friend or neighbor-kind?
A man if he has never tempted been
Is simply good; such may be free from sin;
But he is *strong* who, tempted, turns away,
Stands for the truth and bravely wins the day.

Another soul is chaste who, cast in nature's mold
On a weak plan,
Who at life's start is handicapped and barred—
Ignorant man,
From realizing what life's choicest pleasures are;
Another strong and healthy and complete,
Oft struggling when the flesh and spirit meet,
Subdues and conquers by the master-mind,
Is chaste as well as chastened and refined.

That man is *honest* who has never tempted been,
But he is *strong* who through some weakness, sin,
Has longed to filch what never was his own;
Reached forth his hand and drawn it back alone,
And cried, "it is not mine, I'd better die,
But with God's help I'll truly try."
That man is *strong*, for tempted thus and tried,
He has resisted, and has turned the tide.

But if the character's sustained by firm intent
And vigorous thought,
And true philosophy has studied been,
Deep wisdom sought,
We still can gaze with eyes serene on wreck of human hope,
And humbly say that naught can long disease
The life attuned to nature's melodies,
For still the noble forests grow and mountains grand;
All things are free for those who understand.

Sing, soul of mine! Sing now and on forevermore;
The laughing rills were made for thee, the pebbly shore;
The birds that sing at daylight and the glowing star,
To those who love them revelations are,

The ocean-wave in which the body takes delight,
The brilliant moon and glowing sun so bright,
That warms with its magnetic rays our earth
And gives all forms of life the strength for birth.
Each beauteous flower and growing plant—all claim

Thy admiration and thy love; the fame
Of all the great and good, who by their skill
Have written books which all thy senses thrill
With keen delight; which thou canst understand,
Though written by great souls so nobly planned.
Sing! Sing! My soul, what is it thou would'st be?
A mere automaton on life's great sea,
A poor exultant butterfly, to play
For a brief season, then to die away
And be forgotten in the dust to lie;
With none to notice and with none to sigh?
Rise up, enjoy what God has made for thee,
What he has given thee soul and eyes to see.
Go forth in majesty and might,
For God is just. All will be right.

DORA TODD.

There comes to us at times from the Unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being
The rushing sea-tides of the soul:
And inspirations that we deem our own
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control.

—*Synesios.*

The word proclaimed by the concordant voice
Of mankind fails not: for in man speaks God.

—*Hesiod.*

Scenes of earth
And heaven are mixed, as flesh and soul in man.

—*P. J. Bailey.*

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.
(XXVII.)

Although the great vessel soon appeared to be no more than a speck against the neutral-tinted background of distant waters, it still held the interest of those who watched its journey, and inspired fresh questions, which the Wise Man endeavored to answer satisfactorily.

To enable him hereafter to render his explanations clear to the children, he purposely made use of two words he desired them to know, and was gratified to find himself at once challenged to explain their meaning to his youthful hearers.

"*Macrocosm*, my Urchins, means a great world; *microcosm* a little world. They are of Greek origin, and each is made up of two distinct words; *cosmos*, meaning the universe in its harmonious, orderly manifestation, and the added words, *macro*, large, and *micro*, small.

"By *macrocosm* we understand the whole of the great universe outside and, let us say, beyond man; by *microcosm* we mean man himself, the little world which in every part reflects and resembles the greater, being made up of the same material, informed by the life-principle, regulated and controlled by the same law.

"The 'correspondences' in life are met with on every side. Nothing exists that is in itself unique, or a solitary unit of one species. It will be found to correspond with other existing things, resembling them in form, dimension, attitude, temperament and action, and even the floating little world yonder resembled the greater world that holds the ocean upon which the smaller world sails."

"Then the ship may be called a 'microcosm'?"

"Yes, Snowdrop, for it is really a miniature world, and reflects the macrocosm. Take, for example, the crew of the vessel. That which causes the crew to be happy or miserable is identical with that which causes the happiness or misery of the world. If every

man of the ship's crew do his whole duty, all will be well; but if he should fail to perform faithfully his share of the work, will his shirking not add to the toil and the danger of his shipmates?

"If each man do the very best he knows how to do, do it neither for the wages paid him nor for fear of the captain's eye, but because of its being his share of the work, then the burdens will fall but lightly upon all. But if there be but one lazy, selfish man in the ship's crew all must suffer because of his laziness and selfishness. He, let us say, with the other sailors is hauling on a rope, his hands are on it, his 'heave oh!' sounding loudest of all, but the lazy lubber is really not pulling one pound, and, in consequence, the other men, honest and willing workers, are obliged to pull both his load and their own.

"Let us suppose that it is a dark night at sea. The mate has been below to look at the glass. He finds it falling rapidly, and as he springs on deck he orders 'Reef topsails!' Here is a case where each man whose duty it is go to aloft is dependent upon the honesty of the others. In the darkness it is impossible to see who is or who is not doing his duty. If each man should go to his post and perform faithfully the task assigned him, all would be well. But suppose the shirking, lazy lubber does nothing of the sort, but makes excuses to himself instead (as unprincipled men who would quiet their consciences—the god-voice within them—usually do), and, as sailors have it, 'works Tom Cox's traverse?'"

"But what is 'Tom Cox's traverse'?"

"Ask a sailor, Goldie, and he will tell you that it's a promenading 'three times around the long boat, and a pull at the scuttle-butt'—in other words, wasting precious time in a useless walk and helping himself to a drink of water.

"All this he does before he goes aloft in the hope that his mates will have the worst of the work done before he gets there, or at least, that some one else will have taken the most dangerous post. When he does join his mates he occupies himself merely with holding on.

"By just so much as he has failed to do are the tasks of every

other man increased, and if the squall catch the vessel before the sail is reefed or furled; if the topmast together with a man or two be carried away, or the ship be thrown on her beam ends, he who is responsible for the disaster is he who has shirked his duty. He must not only abide the consequences at the time, but in this or some future life he will be obliged (by the action of the immutable law of cause and effect) to endure the punishment that must surely result because of his performance or nonperformance of his simple duty."

"'The *immutable* law'?"

"Yes, Pinkie, as differing from that which is mutable, or capable of being changed or altered. Mutable comes from the Latin word *mutare*, meaning to move, to change. But an *im*mutable law allows of no alteration, but stands fixed and steadfast for all eternity.

"Then the safety of the ship and the safety of the world depends upon each member of it doing his duty?"

"Blooy, would—*could* the captain's skill and experience, the mate's carefulness and vigilance carry the vessel from port to port? No; the higher officers must rely upon the honest efforts and brave work of poor, badly-fed, underpaid 'fo'c'sle Jack!'

"When you, my Urchins, take your places as members of the crew of the good ship Earth, I fear you will find many of your brother sailors working 'Tom Cox's traverse.' Not a few pious pretenders will cry, 'Heave oh!' with all the might of their lusty lungs and—leave the others to pull.

"It was these very shirkers of whom our Great Brother spake when he said, 'They lay heavy burdens on men's shoulders, and grievous to be borne, but will not lift them with one of their little fingers.'"

"But why, sir, doesn't the sailor understand that if he doesn't do his whole duty he will have to suffer along with all those he brings into great danger?"

"He hasn't learned the lesson of the meshes yet, Brownie. As soon as he does learn it he will throw off his laziness, and—selfishly,

perhaps, at first, but unselfishly, surely, when he grows wise—he will make every effort to help his kind. In his present state of unwisdom he fancies that if he doesn't do his share some one else will, not knowing that *his share is his share*, and that another can no more do it than eat for him when he is hungry, or drink for him when he thirsts. *His share is his share;* when he shirks the doing of this he is guilty of a sin of omission, which is none the less a deadly sin with none the less heavy a punishment to follow."

The tiny dark speck—the little world about which they had been talking, disappeared, at last, in the soft haze of the but faintly distinguished horizon-line. As it vanished altogether the children turned from the sea and sought shelter from the now westering sun in the shadow of the pines.

"We are ready for the story you promised to tell us—the story about fighting the little sins."

"Very well, Violet, I'm ready too. Is everybody comfortable? Ah—there was a delicious breeze for you! Drink of it, children, fill your lungs with its freshness. Quaff a cup of nectar with me—there's health in the draught! Well do I recollect my first breath of the salt sea. I have never told you, kinderkins, that my father was a missionary, sent by a great foreign mission society to Africa, and that I, a rather delicate boy of twelve, was, for my health's sake, permitted to accompany him?"

"To Africa? You've been to Africa?"

"To very Africa, Pinkie, at least to the western coast, upon which, a few miles inland, stood the little trading village of Umundi.

"As I have said, I was not very strong (the good doctor at home declared it a case of too rapid growth), and my physical weakness caused me to feel a strange terror all of the wild things I imagined would be running at large in, or in dangerous proximity to the little village. There would be wild elephants, of course, and lions and tigers and all sorts of ferocious, man-eating animals prowling about.

"While yet on shipboard I shuddered to think of it. Father tried to reassure me, and laughingly averred there would be a lot of

chattering monkeys, perhaps, in the great baobab trees in and around the village; but I need have no fear of the savage quadrupeds.

"I was further comforted by what the good black man, Gogoamba, told me when upon our arrival at Umundi we found this friendly English-speaking native ready to receive and care for us in the little hut which had been made as comfortable as possible for us by the native 'governor,' as he was called, of the town.

"My dear father's object was not so much to do regular missionary work as to establish a school in the village, and this good Gogoamba was appointed to act as a sort of interpreter-teacher, and to assist him in his undertaking.

"My new friend laughed at the questions put to him concerning the coming into the settlement of beasts of prey—laughed until his fine, dazzlingly white teeth, by their sharp contrast to the ebony skin, made his face seem the blackest object my eyes had ever rested upon. But the smiling face was such a kind one, its expression so full of gentle amusement that all foolish race prejudices vanished as I drew up a little wooden stool and sat at Gogoamba's knee, my eager, upturned face winning him to speech. With a natural eloquence I have never forgotten in all these years, he bade me, in these words, have no fear:

"'No, no, Bana Mdogo (little master) you need not fear the great beasts ever. It is the little ones of which to be afraid. I, myself, was once as you, and trembled at things I feared might devour me. But I no longer do so; for I find the little foes worse to do battle with than the big ones; the little ones are real; the big ones come only in the mind to trouble the heart.'

"'Yes, yes,' Gogoamba would go on, 'the little ones are real, Bana Mdogo, and surround one before the victim is aware of his danger; and though you could crush each one between your thumb and finger, it is a terrible foe to meet.'

"You can imagine, dear children, that I was wildly curious to know what Gogoamba meant, and that I questioned him until he

had told me all he knew about the most terrible traveler through tropical lands—the dreaded 'driver ant' of Africa.

"'They are like little sins, Bana Mdogo,' I remember my good friend telling me, 'little sins that are not noticed much until they fasten upon you, and destroy you with their piercing hold. You see they do not frighten you with their great size, nor do they seem an enemy of much importance; but let them once head toward your dwelling—let them enter and find lodgment, and you will prefer an elephant for a foe! The gray king you can see, and avoid; he is a great sin at which you tremble in your soul, and from which you instinctively shrink—an evil so evident that your senses need no warning to be up in arms against it. But the drivers—they are the little evils that seem nothing until they bite into the heart.'

"'But, Gogoamba,' I said to him, 'don't you see them coming? Can't you ward them off?'

" 'You see them, yes,' he answered, 'just as you see the little sins, which, at first, seem scarcely worth attention. Their advance guards come in single file, each insect a sort of scout sent ahead of a tremendous army numbering millions—just as the first committed evils head a long list of misdeeds. An ant or two—a sin or two—what are they? Things we imagine most easily quelled—small things, indeed, to fear in either soul or dwelling!'

"'But,' continued Gogoamba, 'see them come, see them creep, see them gathering in force and numbers; watch them (once they have obtained an entrance) force their way into your hut or heart; witness their devastating march—feel the pain of their vicious bites!'

"'But is there nothing that can be done?' I asked. Then my new friend asked a question in turn:

"'How would you keep from the first evil that threatened you, Bana Mdogo—how? Meet it and do battle with it? Right; for if vanquished it will turn aside and lead its army of despoilers elsewhere.'

"'But *how*, Gogoamba?' I asked.

"'Fight the first driver ant with fire—as you fight crime with the burning torch of righteousness. As the white heat of divine impulse destroys the power of evil, so the flame will drive away the earthly pests. O, Bana Mdogo, there are lessons to learn in all things! The Maker has printed upon the pages of His great book of creation wisdom for all His children, and nature is the alphabet by which we learn to spell out the beautiful parables!'

"Once during our stay in Africa (and that one time amply sufficed to prove to me that Gogoamba was intimately acquainted with his subject) this new friend was given an opportunity to illustrate his object lesson.

"My father and he and I were sitting out in the shade of a beautiful tamarind tree, enjoying the small breeze that had sprung up in the late afternoon, when suddenly, with a shriek that sent us to our feet in consternation, Gogoamba pointed to the ground to the ground near him. 'The drivers! The drivers! They are upon us,' he cried. 'Fetch fire, paper, fagots, torches, everything!'

"He dashed into the hut, and in another instant reappeared, his arms full of papers and bamboo fibre to which he set fire with his flaming torch.

"Gogoamba dropped this burning stuff in front of the place toward which he had pointed in such affright, and hastily laid and set fire to a train of paper between us and that which my father and I only now noticed, a long, thick, creepy-looking black stripe about three of four inches wide, leading from close in front of us clear into the shade of a small acacia grove, nearly a hundred feet away.

"In a short time—that is, as soon as father and I could collect our wits and see just how aid could best be rendered, we were all three fighting the enemy.

"In spite, however, of all our doughty battling, father and I (who did not realize how much care was really necessary in dealing with the 'drivers') were both severely bitten, and the stings of con-

science could be outdone only by such agonizing stings of the flesh.

"By dint of a free application of our burning torches we managed to head off the great threatening army of little foes, whose bite is venom and whose persistent advances toward the habitations of living beings did, indeed, aptly illustrate that short but never-to-be-forgotten sermon given me by the dusky and eloquent Gogoamba." EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHEST AND ONLY LAW.

It is already apparent to the spiritual vision of keen observers that love is the highest law, but the fact will gradually dawn upon humanity that in the Kingdom of the Real, love is the only law.

All lesser and lower conditions lack perfect lawfulness and are but like mirror-like reflections of different degrees of unlawful environment. —*H. Wood.*

It is easier to criticise the best thing superbly than to do the smallest thing indifferently. —*Henry Drummond.*

Whether the pre-eminent man be a victor or sage, bard or discoverer, a civic or political head, he must refer to and acknowledge an adorable power that sustains his deeds or prompts immortal words. —*C. A. Bartol.*

The function of education is to prepare us for complete living. —*Herbert Spencer.*

If you make children happy now, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. —*Sydney Smith.*

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to others? —*George Eliot.*

FAILURE IN LIFE.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is: not to be true to the best one knows. —*Farrar.*

Men at some times are masters of their fates.

No ordeal is hazardous which one has the courage to face.

THE RELIGION OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY KIICHI KANEKO.

This is rather too great a question to discuss in a short article. I do not know whether I shall be able to make clear the point which I most want to emphasize. In the first place, What is religion? Its definition and true meaning are important.

The people talk so carelessly about it and many do not seem to know of what they talk. It seems to me that they do not care particularly for the question, but prefer to say: "Let us believe some religion, what it may be is not an important matter to us. Let us simply accept it. Let us have a faith, because our fathers had one." This, I think, is the most common conclusion; it is a great mistake. As long as we are rational beings we should examine things first before we accept them, that we may find whether they are good or bad, healthy or unhealthy. People often say, "My father was a Methodist, or a Congregationalist, or a Unitarian, therefore, I am the same," but never ask why one should be a Methodist, a Congregationalist or a Unitarian. This, I believe, is a very important question and it has been greatly neglected. Did you ever think yourself where you stand, where you are going and which way you have to choose? If you merely follow after your father's way, you would have no progress, no improvement, no life and no happiness.

Now let us see what religion is. According to the ancient philosophers, religion is the worship of God. "The object of religion," says Seneca, "is to know God and to imitate Him." Even among modern thinkers, a man like Schleiermacher held that religion is to worship God and obey His commands. Immanuel Kant, the great German philosopher, once said, "Religion consists on our recognizing all our duties as divine commands." Many other scholars concur with this opinion. But it seems to me that these are the definitions given to the religions of the past. Such is the definition of the historic religions. It is not the definition

of ideal religion, not of the religion of the new age, not of the religion of the future. It is too narrow, and one-sided.

Religion is not merely the worship of God. It is one's sincere attitude toward the universe and life. In this sense, we may call socialism a religion; positivism a religion; and Buddhism a religion. If religion is merely to worship a God, Buddhism may not be called a religion, because it names no god to worship. But no historical scholar of religion would overlook it. Buddhism is, undoubtedly, a religion. One of the representative scholars on comparative religion says, summing up all definitions of religion, that religion is the worship of higher power in the sense of need. This seems to me much better and a little broader. Edward Caird wisely adds to this that "a man's religion is the expression of his summed-up meaning and the purport of his whole consciousness of things." I think this is as nearly perfect a definition of religion as modern philosophers can give.

Now, turning to the practical side, let us ask another question: "Where does religion stand?" Does religion stand in church, in temple, or in synagogue? Does religion stand in the Bible, in the sacred books of the East, or in the Koran? Decidedly, not. No religion stands in such things. As far as religion is man's ultimate and sincere attitude toward the universe and life, it should stand on the great foundation of the universe and in the very depth of the human heart.

I wonder why people care so much for such formal things. If you study the early history of Christianity, you will find that there was no church in the time of Jesus, and no Gospels or anything of the kind at all. But as a matter of fact, there was a burning faith in the heart of the people. The one faith of God and nothing else. This was the only inspiration of the people. They did not learn the existence of God through books written by men. But they went directly to the universe itself. Nay, to God himself.

It is the strangest thing to Oriental people that the Christians think that God was rightly acknowledged in Christendom only.

They teach that the God of whom the Bible taught is the only God of the universe. But God is not the God of the Christians alone.

The concept of God had existed in all nations of the world. Confucius talked of Him. He called Him "the Ruler of Heaven," meaning the higher governing power, the law, and the eternal. *Lao-tsze* had also a clear conception of God. He expressed the idea in his *Taotih-king*, in saying that "God is indeed a deep mystery. We can not recognize his presence; if we advance toward Him we can not see what is behind Him; if we follow Him we can not see what is before Him." Shintoism has God; Islam has God; Brahmanism has God; all these religions have God. If God as set forth by Christians is the only God of the universe, then He must have been a very ignorant and selfish being, because He did not like the heathen, and He did not know the Oriental people. They had lived and existed for so many years without His care and love. How absurd this would be!

Again, I do not understand why the people read the Bible so much and always look back to Jesus. The Bible is only an im perfect religious history of the Israelites. If it is the word of God, it is the word through Israelites as the word is in Confucianism through the Chinese. The Bible is nothing more than Confucius' or Buddha's books. God in the Bible is the God of Israel, but not the God of the universe. Suppose the Bible were destroyed, would men then lose all faith in God? No, never. But remember, as long as people cling to the Bible, their God is not the God of the universe. As long as the people only go back to Christ and claim to be Christians, the world will never make genuine progress.

Jesus was not the only great soul of the world. If you compare his teachings with those of Confucius and Buddha you may easily find the same value in them and sometimes a far greater value. Confucius lived and died about 550 years before Christ. He said, "what you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." Six hundred years after, Christ repeated the same idea in a positive

and I should say a better way, "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." In the Fifth Century before Christ, Buddha of India said, "Let us live happily then, not hating those who hate us; among men who hate us let us dwell free from hatred." Five hundred years later Christ says, "love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

Are they not great teachers who taught us the same things before Christ was yet in this world? Are they not great men who revealed to us this noble life to live?

The world is a world of progress. The first century can not be compared with the tenth. The nineteenth century is much better than the fifteenth, not in one, but in many respects. Thus generation after generation, century after century, the world is constantly advancing. Since the great theory of evolution was discovered by Charles Darwin, no one denies the fact that the living organism is evolving from one state to another, from lower to higher.

"Go back to nature!" was the cry of a crazy Frenchman of the eighteenth century, observing the dark side of society of the day. Even in our own time, a man like Count Tolstoy of Russia cries out repeatedly! "Go back to primitive Christianity." Fortunately, however, these eccentric views of things do not represent the true current of the day. These one-sided views of things have simply made them crazy. The world is still growing, evolving to the better and the higher. The history of mankind never repeats itself, but the human activity toward the ideal was and ever will be the same.

We do not need to go back to olden time nor to old religions. We do not need to go back to Jesus, or Buddha, or Confucius, but we do need something new, something better, and something higher. We do not need a traditional religion, or an historical religion, but we do need the new religion based upon the light of modern scientific truth—the truth of reasoning and investigation.

Christianity is a traditional religion, a historic religion, and so is Buddhism, so is Islam. Let science examine them and if desirable destroy them, and let us build there the new, the true religion of science. The Bible of the new religion should be science, but not that of the imperfect religious histories of Israelites, Hindoos or Chinese. Astronomy, biology, chemistry and psychology are the four gospels of the new religion. I do not say perfect gospels. They are still imperfect. We must make them perfect.

The true gospel of the new religion is the universe itself. Look up to the heaven—how beautifully the stars shine! Hear the birds—what sweet tones they sing! See the flowers—how lovingly they smile along the peaceful stream! What harmony! What mystery! Are they not grand gospels of our mother nature? "Thanks to the human heart," says Wordsworth, "by which we live, thanks to its tenderness, its joy, and its fears, to me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Indeed, even a flower of the roadside reflects the mighty nature of our mother creator. Fichte says that the divine idea of the world lies at the bottom of all appearance. Let us now close the fallible gospels of the old and turn our eyes to the real gospel of the universe, where we will find the true meaning of the Almighty, the true end of our life, true happiness and true joy.

The Nirvana of the Buddhist is too abstract for the majority of the people, and the heaven of Christians is too mythological for a scientific mind. Mankind does not want Christianity, Islam, nor Buddhism. Mankind wants the truth, and the truth is brought out by candid and impartial investigation. Mankind is destined to have one religion, AND ONE UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Science will spread, slowly but surely, and the scientific world-conception is leading the way to the religion of truth—the one truth, the one religion, the one moral end and the one eternal God who exists forever.

KIICHI KANEKO.

THE COLOSSAL ENIGMA.

Out upon the sands of Egypt, silent and alone, stands an interrogation mark that mystifies the world. This voiceless Sphinx, sculptured in the image of man, looks out upon the vastness of limitless space and typifies by its vacant stare man's hopeless wonderment at the Colossal Enigma of Creation. All questions, however great, sink into infinitesimal insignificance before the interrogation of this inanimate symbol. "Why is it?"

Will the ages yet unfold to man as man, finite or infinite, this great secret of causeless cause? Men have assumed to answer this in the affirmative. Some claim that the unfoldment is now going on—that they, themselves, have discovered some of the secrets of the First Great Cause. All of them hold first, that man is the highest type of material things; that he is more God-like, or spiritual-divine than other physical creatures. This is their strong foundation for all their subsequent theorizing. They pile up their theories of the origin of man and of species, of his physical evolution, his spiritual progression, his doom, his reward. The conclusion they thus reach may satisfy their vanity, but does it prove anything from the stand-point of the metaphysical?

It is said by some, who assume—most likely without proof—that the spirit of man retains its identity after separation from the body; that the process of evolution must logically continue in after-life. But this prompts a series of questions: By what process is man enabled to distinguish, in the unknowable after-life, the difference between evolution and devolution? Is it not, in fact, possible that also, in things material, that which man has reasoned to be evolution may be the reverse? By what unimpeachable evidence does he arrive at the unalterable conclusion that he has "evoluted" until he has developed into something superior among his fellow-creatures of earth; or, that God, in creating him, employed finer elements of the earth, or endowed him with greater wisdom? May

not the most repulsive of reptiles or insects be his superior in intuitive understanding of things divine? If not, why not? And if they surpass man in this phase of wisdom, by what process of reasoning could man justly claim superiority for himself?

Let us take up the question and reason together deliberately, conscientiously, fearlessly, and, regardless of precepts that have been deemed natural and wise, follow truth wherever it may lead.

Do we find evidence in animal or insect life to indicate that a more perfect understanding of divine law exists amongst these creatures than amongst men? In justice, all things are judged by their true worth.

Men boast of their high state of civilization while hundreds of thousands of their fellow-men are on the verge of financial distress; others are wallowing in the quagmire of debauchery resultant upon their questionable accumulations, and still others are starving for the want of bread! Can such a civilization come of divine wisdom —of complete understanding of divine law? Let us compare the boasted social achievements of man with the harmonious association of the communal aggregations of "inferior creatures." Let us consider the ground-ants. Among these there is surely little distress. Extreme accumulation by the few, ribaldry and sinful abuse of their physical bodies have no place in their household; nor does the damning curse of poverty stalk in among them. But why? Do they not toil, as does man, for their daily bread? True, their effort to procure food is not continuous for three hundred days or more in the year, as is man's; but does not this give evidence of better management—a more natural adjustment of system to divine law? Aye! Should not such evidence put to shame the boast of spiritual superiority—yea, of mental superiority—of man?

From man's standpoint it is next to impossible to concede that creeping creatures can possess a degree of enlightenment approaching that of himself. But may it not surpass that of man?

Man boasts of books and records. But are they not given to man by man? And how often is man misled by them! They serve to "enlighten," as our standpoint of enlightment goes. But how about the standpoint? From the same standpoint they serve as a source of general knowledge But of what is this knowledge constituted? It is not principally an accumulation of doings and sayings of other men, which, having been recorded, serve as a basis for governing the sayings and doings of still other men? But is this *enlightenment*? Is it not necessary to seek enlightenment from some other source?

Man takes refuge from the responsibility for the deplorable condition of an inharmonious civilization behind a disgraceful defamation of the Creator: "God's hand is in it," he says, "God rules the world," and, "It is His mysterious way." Are not these among the miserable whines of us moral cowards who haughtily proclaim ourselves mental and spiritual superiors of all creation? Are not such calumnies heralded from the pulpit, by the press, and from the thrones of despotic potentates? And does not unthinking man accept them as conclusive and call this "enlightenment?"

Is it so with the creeping creatures of earth? Has man discovered a single trace of inharmony amongst the apparently well-organized communities of the ground-ants, bees and other fraternizing insects? Does not harmony seem to pervade the communities of the beaver, the muskrat, the prairie dog? Does not this, then, indicate an adjustment of communal relations amongst this "lower order of creatures" more perfectly in obedience to natural, or divine law? And is this merely a chance adjustment, or does it imply a higher degree of enlightenment than is possessed by man? Think ye! men, and learn from the example of the creatures you disdain to recognize as your peers; for the Colossal Enigma of Creation may have its solution hidden amongst that which you trample under foot.

Do not men sit in high places and, by words and phrases of doubtful meaning, exalt the species to a position second only to

that of the First Great Cause? Do they not teach other men to believe them to be special possessors and transmitters of the secret schemes of Divinity? Do they not proclaim certain dogmas to have been decreed by the source of all creation as essential to some undefinable sort of salvation? Man is "made in the image of God," they say. The beast in the image of what—the devil, perhaps. They do not say. Do they not tell us that God's scheme is to send some men to perdition and to exalt others to places of high honor in an incomprehensible sphere of eternal song and praise and hallelujahs? But the purpose of all this they do not disclose. What is to be the doom or reward of the "lower order of creation?" Why this "lower creation," anyhow, and why man?

Individual man is, at best, alone as a dweller amongst men. He lives within the narrow sphere of his own being. His thoughts, his enjoyments, his fears, his ambitions, are entrenched within his own exclusive world of selfishness. He defends his exclusiveness by flaunting in the face of the world a maxim: "Self-preservation is the first law of nature;" then withdraws contentedly within himself—at least, like the ostrich who hides his head beneath the pile of sand, he believes that he has shut himself from the eyes of creation. But has he? He does not seem to know that the Colossal Enigma of Creation may have so welded him to all that is that separation is impossible—separation even from the "lower order of beings." To tell him that these "lower order of beings" are a part of him and he a part of them, might shock his vanity; for such a precept would greatly reduce his degree of superiority. But is this not probably true? At least, man cannot refute such a claim.

Is it not commonly accepted that selfishness is the dominant characteristic of man? Is a spiritual solicitude for the welfare of others expected of him by other men? Does he not shout the Golden Rule and despoil his brother of his rights? Does not his silver tongue proclaim the command: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," while flagrantly indifferent to his neighbor's needs? Does

he not assume a devout attitude in supplication of the coming of the "kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven," without a rational conception of the meaning of such a condition, and caring little about it if only he can surpass his brothers in wealth and power and prestige?

Selfishness, O Selfishness! Go hide thy face in shame when man proclaims himself "the noblest work of God."

Have the "lower order of creatures" a more vicious disregard for their fellows? Is their standard of self-preservation below that of man? There is this difference: the "lower creatures" make no pretensions to sanctification or Samaritan sympathy—they are natural, to say the least.

It is said of them that they prey upon their fellow-creatures. But does not man do so? Does not man's chief subsistence consist of the corpses of his fellow-creatures? But more. Does not man slaughter his fellow-creatures for the sake only of taking life, and call this sport? It does not seem to occur to him that physical life may be as dear to the "lower order of creatures" as it is to himself. Nor does he even flinch at the wholesale butchery of the winged and footed kind that have neither done him injury nor threatened as much. But to gratify instincts that he would condemn in the "lower order of beings" as "beastly," he holds it to be an accomplishment to stealthily creep upon his prey and, like the human assassin in the dark, send them to their doom. But this is not all. While claiming to be possessed of a conscience, does he not make war upon his brethren, slaying them with savage indifference, while devoutly justifying himself in the name of God? Ah, man! Say not that you are moulded in the image of God while wantonly destroying his handiwork to satiate the thirst of selfish greed or for Plutonic pastime. Say not that you are superior to the harmless victims of your barbarous notions of sport, until you have adapted your habits, your tastes, your sympathies, your love, your ambitions to the law of Divine justice, and prepared yourself to answer the vacant stare of the Sphinx.

Why is it that man's conception of the purpose of his being is dwarfed, apparently, into the pigmy of all his conceptions?

Why does his reason fail him when it wrestles with the question of his relation to the sphere in which he lives?

Why does his consciousness of self shut out from his mental vision a clear view of the unalienable rights of all mankind? Are these shortcomings characteristic of superior enlightenment? To claim as much is to imply that enlightenment serves to mislead man—to inspire him to deeds of unspiritual self-aggrandizement; for all brute creation, by its unqualified acceptance of the law of "the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" refrains from unwarranted transgression of the rights of its kind. If this is the result of an absence of enlightenment in the "lower order of beings," woe unto him who is enlightened!

Man boasts of a monopoly in the faculty of reason. He sets forth the claim that the Creator of the universe thus endowed him that he might have dominion over all things in the earth. He also tries to prove it. But does he succeed? Who is to say that reason, in the occult sense, does not extend to all things? And what is the occult? Who can answer? Man knows that by some mysterious —perhaps intuitive process, whatever that may be—he is enabled to follow a line from cause to effect and arrive at a conclusion that satisfies himself. This he calls reason and proceeds, rightfully or wrongfully, to appropriate it to himself as a special gift from Providence intended only for him. But does the leopard crouched upon the the limb of a forest-tree, spring for his prey without calculation? Does he not crouch lower as the prey approaches, and does he not wait until the distance assures his success before springing? Then does he not by the process of reason arrive at a conclusion and thus show judgment? But it is said, in substance, that the laws of nature have endowed him with certain "instincts" that are conclusive of themselves and that, for this reason, he is arbitrarily impelled to leap when the distance is exactly suited to his ability to reach his prey. This is much like

groping in the dark. In fact, it is said of all the "lower order of beings" that they obey the laws of God because they know not differently. Is this not a fearful indictment of man's standard of enlightenment? Think of man—only man—made in the image of God. His noblest handiwork of all creation—intelligent, enlightened, inspired of God! His chosen children of earth, deliberately—may it be said maliciously? Surely it is defiantly—disregarding the laws of God because he knows how to do so! And this, too, the species of earthly creations for whom, only, the Creator has prepared a Paradise! Can it be so? If it is so, why is it? And further: If man has developed power enough to defy the mandates of God while understanding them, does it not appear that he is, to that extent, more powerful than God? Either this or man is grossly ignorant of Divine will. The "lower orders" do not seem to know how, or else they have not the power of transgression, or the will to defy; for they haven't been detected by man in violations of the Law. Can it be that man knows as much of God's scheme as he believes he does, or is he indeed blinded in ignorance? O, Sphinx! Thy vacant stare remains unanswered yet

We know that all creation is. We know the earth to be a temporary dwelling-place for all that live and breathe within its atmosphere. We know that none are here but by the dispensation of the source of all creation; that each and all have equal right to the bounteous stores of its life-sustaining elements; that every living creature has the right to access to such of the bounties of nature as are necessary to his sustenance. All creation knows this; but does not man alone dispute it? Does he not by statutes proclaim the right of man to divide the acres of the soil to the exclusion of unborn generations? To the fowl of the air, the beasts of the forest and jungle, and the creeping things upon and beneath the surface, would not this proclamation of man seem a contradiction of the justice of God's law? Is this violation of the law of the Creator the result of ignorance, or is it prompted by that goading

trait of "enlightenment" which we term self-preservation—the damning monster Selfishness?

It is man who promises himself a better world to live in after he has surrendered his physical body to the command of Death. He pictures to himself an eternal dwelling-place with "walls of jasper and streets of gold." Consider now the effect of the introduction into such a world of man-made statutes legalizing the right to individual property in its surface. According to the conjectures of man, has not this eternal dwelling-place been receiving mankind into its confines for time indefinite, just as the earth is being peopled by the advent of the newly born? If during all this time man there has been free to follow the precepts of civilization as it is on earth, may it not be said in all reverence, that some men are now monopolizing the source of all the gold and jasper? Aye! For the privilege of building themselves a home along the streets of gold, will not those who are yet to make their homes in that Eternal City be compelled to pay high tribute to men who have gone before them? Might it not, in fact, be necessary that they pay toll before they are permitted to pass within the walls of jasper? Are not such among the exactions of the generations on earth who have preceded others? Is it not true that most of the babes who are ushered into the earth-sphere find themselves in the midst of conditions that deny to them the right of access to a place on which to build themselves a home, until tribute has been paid to others who have preceded them? Yet do men kneel in devout supplication and pray for the coming of the "kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven." Do such believe that the kingdom of heaven is conducted on the basis of the social condition of man on earth, or would they have a kingdom of justice in limited form only? Is this prayer made with meaningless intent, or does man's ignorance of the purpose of his being lead him to imagine that a wholly just kingdom can come to earth without disturbing the present standard of social mal-adjustment? If none of these questions answer

themselves, then again the vacant stare of the Sphinx confronts man with the interrogation: "Why is it?"

If man would prove himself worthy the distinction of being the noblest work of God, let him retire within himself and, in sacred commune with his soul, solve as nearly as possible the purpose of his presence on the earth. Let him ask himself what duties his relation to his fellow-creatures demands of him to perform. Let him learn that, first of all, his conscience will adjure him to be just—just to himself, just to all creation! Let his own soul answer to him that he is born, not for self alone, but for all that is; that in relation to the whole of creation, of which he is an inseparable part, the rights bestowed by the law of creation are for each and all; and let him not transgress the Law.

When he has done this much, he will have solved much of the Colossal Enigma of Creation; but the vacant stare of the Sphinx will still ask, "Why?"

J. E. TURNER.

A PIONEER FOLLY.

When the inhabitants in our older states began to grow prosperous, they left their primitive cabins and built more stylish houses. To these they often added a narrow, circumscribed apartment or "wing," in which they lived and worked, closing up the larger and more commodious parts and reserving them for exhibition to strangers.

APHORISM OF LINCOLN.

Let it be said of me by those who knew me best that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower in its place wherever a flower would grow.

Thoughts are powers, and, even when not uttered, they go forth aimed with influence for good or ill upon other minds.

The whole objective universe takes on the color and quality of the subjective state of the beholder.

Material development however marvellous, will never usher in the Golden Age.

THE NEW ERA.

This is a good time to live. We are in the budding of a new era with all the beauty and freshness of spring growth, its uncertain unfolding, its spurious buds and an assurance of its imperfect blossoming. And just here is where so many let go, because the Science of Mind is yet so imperfect they will have none of it. True, the seed was in the beginning, but this is a new growth from fresh transplanting. And how the tiny seeds have multiplied! The same law that governs the mustard-seed is governing this.

Even the conservative orthodox Christian feels a stir, a trembling of the foundation, and the more modern churches are asking earnestly, almost pleadingly, "Where are we wrong? Why are you forsaking us?"

We all study the truth from without, but this thought is the truth from within. What is this *I* that wanders far and gathers its store of wisdom? How content we have been to ask this question but seldom and to never hope for an answer! But yet how foolish it would be to ask for an answer. If I saw a strange something that resembled nothing I had ever seen before, and was told when I asked that it was a "gegigambo," how much wiser would I be? But if I set about to study its make-up, its properties and its powers, I might be able in time to answer my own question.

Here we have life before us—time of which we can imagine no beginning and no ending, and space to which there are no limits; surely here are time and room sufficient and yet most of us are bound time-slaves. This new era is one of freedom. As the body may be freed from bondage by the exercise of force, so may the mind. And every mental exertion in the direction to gain power, is itself the power gained.

But a stranger to this new thought might ask: "What is it you are after?" What change are you trying to make?" Perhaps there is no better way to answer this than to ask, "What is your highest purpose in life?" And the best answer as a rule will be, "To get an

education," or, "To educate my children." This is very good; and it is a comfort to know that the answer will so often be this; but to get back of this to the motive purpose, what is the object of the education? We are in the midst of an era of learning; we are coming to the time of profit. The whole outcome of education is power. Are we to be satisfied with only power sufficient to get better bread and butter than the ignorant, or to build better houses or even the power to accumulate money enough to buy all that wealth can buy? No, this will never satisfy; it has never satisfied. That is why the miser keeps hoarding and hoarding; but he is exercising his power in the wrong direction for satisfaction, and the miser's road is only one of many wrong ones.

Are you happy? Is this a bright and beautiful world for you? No? Then you too, are using your power in the wrong direction. Do you expect to be more contented by and by when you get everything in shape? You can't be happy now because there are so many things to annoy you? Well, you might as well expect grains of sand to turn to gold as to expect these things to grow less. They have not grown less in all these years, have they? And they never will. You must grow more; that is the only way. Find what is, after all, really worth living for and then grow toward that. And you will find that it is power to control all that surrounds you, and not to be controlled by an insignificant part of it. A wise man who wants money finds a way to get money; so may a wise man who wants power and happiness find a way to get power and happiness. But he must want these more than he wants anything else. It is this great desire that is opening and clearing the way. It is as if this one constant longing permeated nature, and it is now beginning to be satisfied in the fulfilling of a great law.

M. G. Brosr.

DEPARTMENT
OF
INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.*

EDITED BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

THE MOULDING POWER OF THOUGHT.

Nature is moved by one common impulse. From minutest atom throughout the measureless universe the thrill of the creative touch is felt. Like some fast-moving river, swept as by an irresistible mission on to the embosoming ocean, so the current of world-events moves on to some sublime culmination. We cannot foresee or foretell what shall come to pass, but we feel that the unity of the universal drama will not be marred by a single feature: the ensemble will be in perfect keeping with the prophecy of the ideal which we discern in the tendency of things. The harmony which has found expression in the inanimate world—in the world of unwilled, unconscious and unfeeling things—must sometimes find a similar expression in the lives of conscious creatures and in the history of humankind. Thought moves the universe as a breeze stirs the fields. It is the living force in the transforming series of universal events. Its lowliest expression is in inanimate and soulless dust—its highest in the throbbing, teeming, creative brain of man. But as the dust is shapen by the creative thought that moves it into the mould of worlds, so is man's brain moved to mould the savage passions and barbaric impulses of his breast into emotions of harmony and a sense of social unity. First but a few discern this sense and yearn for it. Anon it becomes the passion of the race. At last we learn that no one mind of some single dictator overmasters us, but the one mind of all the race—the availing impulse of the universal prayer. Then we learn that the race itself may be

*Unsigned articles in this department are from the pen of Doctor Frank. The writers of articles, alone, are responsible for the ideas expressed therein.

trusted to attain its highest ends, by mere submission to its native hope. The people, the masses, once driven by the whip of power like sodden and submissive cattle, learn at length that their deep yearnings and passionate desires are truly divine voices to yield to which is the beginning of wisdom, through which to achieve is the opening of heaven's gate. The voice of the people is indeed the voice of God, for only as God dwells in man and man becomes conscious of Him by becoming conscious of the creative force of his own ideals does he apprehend God or entertain a rational conception of the universe. Hence, would we see God we must look within and discern our loftiest ideals transformed into realities. Would we hear God we must listen to the voice that moves the highest impulses of the race and refuses to be silenced till its sublimest purpose is attained. What man dreams, some day he shall see; what man hopes, some day he shall realize. The inspiration of the race lies in this simple prophecy. History declares that men love truth more than error, goodness more than evil, justice more than avarice and virtue more than vice. These are the qualities that mould men into gods and change a barren planet into a teeming paradise. Let us learn to trust the dreams that seem impossible and the hopes that speak despair. For naught that man yearns for shall ever fail to come to pass. He thinks, and the doors of time swing back on their rusty hinges; he speaks, and the phantasy of the dreamer becomes the commonplace of the plodder; he acts, and a vision of heaven is foreseen in the transformation of a planet and the nameless wonders of triumphant civilization.

THE UNSEEN SELF.

Come into the open and let us think. Where livest thou; thou of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, brain and brawn? Of thyself art thou cognizant only when thou beholdest thy visible form quickened by the active elements of space and time. To lift thyself above the forces that bind thee in fixed conditions, that limit thy horizon, and rend the veil from the realm of the invisible, seem-

eth to thee impossible, absurd. The knowable world is but what the senses transcribe upon the conscious mind. Other than what is to be felt or seen or heard doth not exist. Man is but a bundle of experiences woven into the fabric of the human frame. Each thread and mesh and fibre can easily be distinguished and all is but the structure of sensations built up in the form and fashion of a human being. True. But yet what art thou who thus reasonest, and, abstracted from thyself, dost yet as in a mirror behold thyself? Thyself is that which doth finally abide. Thyself is that which within or without flesh and blood doth constitute the reservoir into which is poured the stream of experience and sensation. The reservoir is not the stream and yet it consists of nothing but what the stream contributes. 'Tis the assemblage and congregation of waters that gather from myriad sources which constitutes the mighty ocean, the universal solvent of all contributed substance. And yet the ocean is other than the mere waters which its tributaries supply. Man is not then merely his sensations, experiences, emotions, appetites and propelling motives, but he is the sum total of all—separate and standing apart from which, he discerns, orders and controls. The inward single consciousness, divorced from its concomitant parts and contributing energies, is the central, true and permanent man. Here is thy abode, who art by thought impelled and hast been honored with the crown of regal power. Thought is the maker and builder of thy frame. Thought colors and purifies or vitiates the blood, guides the growth and functions of delicate nerves, makes the step agile and the frame alert, or halting, stupid and inert. To become conscious of our thoughts and direct them to such channels of usefulness as we desire is the secret of life and the key to all philosophy. Thought, like a wild, untamed steed, may carry thee to destruction. Put the bit within the mouth of thy thought, check its fiery force, and guide it as thou wilt through realms of beauty, love and purity and it becomes thy servant, obedient to all thy purpose. But suffer thy thoughts to play havoc on the plain of the inner unconscious

self and they become thy masters, goading thee to madness—hurling thee to destruction. Thou art only truly thyself when thou canst stand apart from all contending elements and distinguish and maintain thyself single and alone. Then art thou one—individual,—master of thyself, owner of the sphere. This attitude alone invites success—gives zest to life and builds character on indestructible foundation.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

I am freedom, nor can bony bars
Of human flesh and form my spirit hold,
Which soars and sways beyond the azure stars,
And scorns the confines of this earthly mould.
Though halt and maimed, and held by stress of pain,
I claim my heritage and rise again.

On earth no power yet hath forged the chains
My spirit's boundless wanderings can stay,
Nor in high heaven or hell's accurst domains
Can aught withstand for what I firmly pray.
For God's eternal spirit is my own—
As He is free, am I; for we are one.

Yet he alone is free who freedom wins
By dint of earnest prayer and thought intense;
Who rises o'er his fears and sweeps his sins
Aside, with falsity of fleshly sense.
Awake, O Man, and recognize thy power;
Abide in Truth and Heaven thy soul shall dower.

How oft the carnal powers may seize thy mind,
And press the crown of thorns upon thy brow,
Till pain thy spirit's vision almost blind,
And drops of bloody sweat adown may flow;
Arise, and by the majesty of thought
Attest the truth, and prove thy fears are naught!

A DECLARATION FOR DELIVERANCE.

I know thee, Anger, dark-visaged Monster of the Realm of Storms, of strident Voice and Frown horrific! Clouds of thunder gather 'round thy head. But this, to thee, accursed thing, is the message of my free invulnerable spirit:—I, not thou, am master. Thou art an ephemeral phantom of the dark; I am the indissoluble substance of the light. Thou art to me as the morning mist driven by Rising Sun. When I reveal the glory of my radiant presence thou needs must vanish. Light and darkness cannot co-exist. Where I dwell thou canst not enter. I am the embodiment and expression of perfect peace. Within this halcyon realm not even the intimation of disturbing noise is heard. Here abides silence supreme—calmness perennial. Ever do I gaze upon the Madonna face of Love. She blesses. Thy Medusa locks have lost their power. Hear me, Anger, I defy thy poisoned darts and pestilential breath, for I am circled around with an invisible wall of light through which, of evil, naught can enter. I am Light, Love, Harmony, Contentment. Nothing disturbs me or ruffles the surface of my peaceful breast. Go thy way, thou monster of misery, for I am free, and in vain is set for me the trap of thy temptations. Thou art foiled, as ever must be, when thou seekest to enthrall a child of Truth.

CECIL RHODES, AUTOCRAT, AND J. P. ALTGELD, DEMOCRAT.

Two great men have recently departed; one in the East and one in the West. From the New World of the Orient there shone a great political and commercial light, prophesying the restoration of autocratic despotism, and from the New World of the Occident there glowed a less resplendent but none the less prophetic light, forestalling the triumphant advent of the new Democracy of human rights. Cecil Rhodes, the modern miniature Napoleon, in the compass of a single decade threatened the recrudescence of monarchical institutions and a universal reaction to military despotism at the very hour when the world seems most impressed

with the need of universal democracy, and the recognition of the rights of individual liberty among all people. Extremes meet in human progress as in Nature. This matchless, modern Hercules of the Market-place found his opportunity in the wilds of Africa and was shrewd enough to seize it. But as the great Napoleon expired on a lonely island amid the dying echoes of that martial cannonry which once so pleased his ear, but then sounded the knell of his ignominious defeat, so this lesser Napoleon was forced to vanish from the scene of action amid the smoke and flame of an inglorious defeat, whose echoes will scarcely enhance his fame, but whose needless butchery will be his lasting stigma.

In the West, on the peaceful plains of the commonwealth of Illinois, there has just passed into history one whose thoughts, whose ideals, whose sacrifices and achievements, are the diametrical antitheses of those of Cecil Rhodes. John P. Altgeld was the prophet of the New Age. His eye was in his forehead and his look was to the future. Cecil Rhodes was the modern prototype of Tamerlane and Bonaparte: his grasp was aggressive, his spirit was despotic, his ambition universal, his dream the ideals of Imperialism. Altgeld lived among the gods of poetry, love, beauty and song. Crass commercialism could not confine him—his idol was the ideal man, liberated from all bonds, and most god-like because most a man. To Altgeld man could never be a tool, a slave, a convenience. In his eye every man, however menial, was a potential deity and to debase him was to crucify the Lord of earth and to blaspheme against his name. To Cecil Rhodes the individual man was of little consequence. He estimated men in regiments and platoons; he regarded multitudes as pieces of potential machinery that appealed to him for organization. To Cecil Rhodes the ideal government was the monarchy of a supremely good man: to Altgeld the ideal government was the free Republic of a perfect humanity. Both were idealists and dreamers; both conceived the impossible. Cecil Rhodes stood for force, for blood and iron of the battle field—the reign of right with might—the coercion of the

people into goodness and perfection. His gods were at once Mars, Mercury and Apollo. War was to him the enginery of commerce, spreading the light of intelligence and progress—this was his modus operandi—this his loftiest ambition.

Altgeld stood for love, for mercy "that droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven" alike upon the good and bad, for Justice unmasked by false and futile charity, for liberty unchained by iron and unbought by gold, for the rights of every man however humble against the tyranny of despots, the encroachment of plutocrats or the purchasable infamy of political marplots. He worshipped Jesus, not as some far off god-divine, but as the ideal man whom to emulate in good works and imitate in mercy was the acme of religion and the triumph of a noble life.

The fame of Cecil Rhodes is blotched with the blood stains of a merciless war of conquest—a stigma on the age, the horror of mankind. The fame of Altgeld is smirched, some think, by undue leniency to criminals—by pardon to Anarchists whom he believed unjustly convicted and imprisoned. Socrates, too, was condemned by an evil generation, that could not understand him, for demoralizing his age and corrupting the youth of the land. Altgeld erred as Socrates only in refusing to please the conscience of his age and in defying all opposition by permitting his convictions to become his highest guide.

If ever time shall wash away from the brow of Cecil Rhodes the bloodstains of an unholy war, and the young Republics which he sought to crush in his Titan grasp shall survive, he, too, may rest upon some lofty pedestal of fame, as one who builded wiser than he knew, and the forerunner of an age made secure by human rights, and maintained by political integrity. But if in his grave shall also sink the pale cadavers of two once proud Republics, and upon their bleached bones shall be reared a monarchy consecrated to rapine, plunder, carnage and conquest, the name of Cecil Rhodes will come to be hated as that of Attila, "the scourge of God," or that of Napoleon—the bloody terror of affrighted Europe.

These two men—Altgeld and Rhodes—are symbolic of the extreme tendencies of our age. The one sympolizes commercial conquest and the exaltation of the market place—the power of the modern Plutocrat, whose sprawling fingers grip with both hands the accumulated wealth that millions have created. The other symbolizes the kinship of humankind—the rule of love and the enthronement of justice in the affairs of men. Both these tendencies characterize our age; which shall conquer, no man can yet foretell. But as in the bifrontine heads of antiquity you sometimes find the heads of Saturn and Apollo united to form a two-headed Janus, so, methinks, the saturnine face of Cecil Rhodes looks to the melancholy past, mourning the decadence of military despotism and the reign of might, while the light-propelling face of Altgeld, like another Apollo, sends the prophetic beams of the dawning day of Universal Justice far into the future, awakening the sons of men to proclaim the advent of the Kingdom of God on earth and man's political paradise.

THE NEED OF A NATIONAL FREE UNIVERSITY.

America requires at the present point of her development one institution above all others—a free university. We make the boast that we are a free people, that our institutions are the palladium of human liberty, and that we can teach the world the advantages of true Republican form of government. And yet we fail at the very fountain head of freedom. Unless we make free men intellectually and morally of our children during the formative period of their education we shall utterly fail to make free citizens who will add to the respect or glory of our career. It is not enough that we have merely free common schools—free merely in that they are unrestricted by religious teaching and attend exclusively to secular branches of study; but we must have even greater freedom for our higher education—for that period of study when men and women are beginning to think for themselves and cultivate their faculties of reason and constructive imagination.

Instead of having really free teaching in this boasted land of freedom we have far less than the monarchical government of Germany or the once Catholic-bound confines of France. All our great universities have been founded and endowed either by religious institutions or by individuals of vast estate. In both cases the restrictions put upon education are of such a debasing and disqualifying character as to vitiate the custom of personally endowed institutions, and create a demand for one which shall on the one hand be utterly divorced from all relation with the church, and on the other absolutely unrestricted by such interpretation of economics as shall conflict with the personal interests of rich individuals or corporate estates.

But a few years ago we all remember how impossible it was for an honest scientist to teach in any of our universities, with few exceptions, because of his fear of being confronted with Biblical objections to the latest deductions from scientific research, and how the menace of a heresy trial and excommunication hung over them like a Damocles sword cramping their intellects and forcing hypocrisy and falsehood into their methods of instruction.

But a single decade ago men were ousted from the leading universities for teaching the Darwinian doctrines of evolution, and even to-day there are but few of the religious institutions which do not look askance at Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, *et al.* But persecution from the religious source has materially subsided, only to be superseded by a source of persecution more terrible, because it is more powerful and more stifling to education, and because it smites humanity at the most serious point of its development, and civilization at the very center of its heart. Men may vary seriously and irreconcilably as to religion and society, but may still progress and truth may entertain the *hope* of final triumph. But when it becomes impossible, because of controlling sinister forces, to teach the true principles of social stability and growth; when our educators are compelled to ask themselves, before they dare to utter a scientific economic principle, to what extent such a teaching may interfere

with or prejudice the personal interests of the financial founders of the institution—then have we come face to face with the most serious menace to popular education and with what suggests the possible disintegration of republican institutions.

Every day we are compelled to witness new evidence of this growing danger. Scarcely a university in the land but is tainted with this social stigma. The most startling event, however, recently occurred in the Leland Stanford University in California, where several of the professors were forced to resign because they refused to refrain from teaching such economic principles as are offensive to the personal founders of the institution or to their financial interests. Almost the entire faculty was stampeded because of the restrictions which the institution placed upon their conscientiousness and sincerity. Who among us cares to send his son or daughter to an institution of learning where he will be forced to receive such inculcation of knowledge as shall make him a sycophant to the rich, whose power already restrains the progress of liberty and is adding ceaseless shame to the fair face of our tutelary goddess?

What honest people must needs desire is that their children shall be instructed in the principles of truth, whatsoever be those principles. All the capitalists in America cannot finally overthrow the truth. Truth is a world-wide power, yea, it is an inherent principle of nature; and mercenary potentates might as well think of changing the course of the stars as finally to turn back the course of evolution which marks the path of human progress.

There is but one way to remedy the evil. We must have a nationally founded university which shall be constitutionally free from all and every restriction that religion or wealth or personal interest can possibly put upon it. It must be an institution consecrated absolutely and sacredly to the truth—scientific and philosophical, religious and secular. An institution where our children shall be taught the latest and most far reaching conclusions of scientific investigation in every plain of study, and where the

professors shall be chosen merely for their merit and pedagogic capacity, and granted the utmost liberty to teach whatever they understand to be the truth, regardless of what interests it may affect or whose personal feelings it may offend; an institution where the fear of ostracism or excommunication would never be suggested to the educators on the ground of intellectual interference, but where they would be encouraged to enhance the love of liberty in the minds of their pupils, and through personal research teach them how to become true students of life's great facts and nature's revelations. Such an institution would reassure the integrity of our government and restore confidence in the possibilities of civic liberty and social progress for all humankind.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE SOUL.

I believe the time is not far distant when the image of the human soul will be reproduced in the photographic camera.

I rest this statement upon what I believe to be strictly scientific ground, which in the near future will become the common property of mankind.

We have been wont to conceive of the mind and the soul as immaterial quantities, some way mysteriously associated with the human organism, yet being absolutely distinct in essential nature from the organism itself.

We have refused to regard mind as substance, and have conceived it as purely an immaterial force; but in so doing have necessarily confused our philosophy and science.

That sort of a mind has never been discovered in the universe; it doubtless never can be.

Mind, so far as it may be an energy of motion, may be regarded as immaterial; the same as all motion in the universe is immaterial.

But while the force known as motion in itself is immaterial we know that that force is never exercised except upon material substances.

Therefore, while the ultimate, intelligent energy known as mind may be an immaterial quantity in nature, the mind that operates

in nature, and that has become interwoven in the organism of the human being, is itself inherent in the organism and essentially associated with its material substance.

Now what we understand as the soul is simply the invisible material organism which is delicately and instantaneously responsive to the operations of the mind; and is not a separate person within the human body, distinguishable from the organism itself, and sometime to be separated from all material relationship, as heretofore believed.

Strict science is slowly leading us into an appreciation of this fact, and revealing the possibility of the actual discovery of the soul, and its visible representation through mechanical instruments. I am well aware that this may appear to be a very startling and to some perhaps a ludicrous statement, if they are not acquainted with the facts. But I will now present a few scientific certainties, which are the bases upon which I rest my prophecies.

The blood itself, because of its phosphorescent constituents, is a luminous body. Each distinct cell is constantly emitting a certain quantity of light.

The actual organism of the body, which we perceive with the eye, is not the final analysis to which it may be reduced. The denser portions of the exterior body are not as delicately susceptible to the operations of the mind as are the more invisible and less understood portions of the organism.

We know, for instance, that the mind operates more delicately and instinctively upon the nervous system than it does upon the muscular and fibrous portions of the body, and for that reason there is an organized sensorium or nervous telegraphic medium which nature has constructed for the purpose of delicately transmitting through the body the impressions of the mental force.

Now, again, we learn that certain parts of this nervous system are far more delicately responsive to the mental operations than other portions of it. Also, we learn that in some organisms, the sensitive response of the nervous system is far more delicate and

instantaneous than it is in others; as, for instance, the nervous system of women responds, as a rule, more to the mental impressions than that of men.

There are psychological instruments which measure the actual time it requires for the passage of the mental operation through the nervous system into the exterior body; and it has been proved in many cases that certain persons are, through this nervous system, far more responsive than others.

Now, I ask, why is one sensorium more immediately responsive to the mental operation than the other? The answer is, of course, that the more refined, subtle or sublimated the substance which constitutes the nervous organism, the more delicately and instantaneously it will respond to the mental energy which impresses it. As, for instance, we know that water and the humid substance of the atmosphere are identical; and yet, because of the dense combination of the substances which constitute water, it is far less responsive to an external impression than is the atmospheric vapor. This is because vapor is less dense than water, and therefore, its individual particles can be more independently affected by any force, internal or external, which may play upon it, than can the denser particles of the water.

Just so the more refined and sublimated the substance that constitutes the different nervous systems of animals and human beings, the more delicately will it respond to the mental impressions.

Now, we have not yet reached the last possible scientific analysis of the physical or nervous organism of man. We have reached an analysis which teaches us that the ultimate cells of the body are not only inconceivably small, but that they consist of such rarefied substance, that it is more sensitive to internal impressions than anything we know in nature.

This curious fact is demonstrated in the experience of the human eye when it receives the impression of an ultra-violet ray of light. At such a time some nine hundred trillions of impressions are impinged upon the eye in a single second. The marvel is, that the

eye is so delicately constructed that its millions of cells respond instantly to the myriad impressions that play upon it. The eyelid that covers the eye, although consisting of the same elementary *chemical* substances as the eye, is more grossly constructed, not having attained so highly sublimated a state.

Also we have learned that this delicate and sensitive substance, which is sometimes called protoplasm, is in its nature luminous. Science tells us that " the emission of light is one of the properties of protoplasm. Phosphorus enters largely into the composition of the human body. . . . . As oxygen is being constantly conveyed to those phosphorated tissues, light will certainly be generated." Thus says M. de Manaceine in his work on "The Psychology of Sleep," which he closes with this remarkable suggestion:

"It would be interesting to know if a micro-photograph of the circulation could be taken after long exposure in darkness with a very sensitive plate." This latter suggestion founded upon the most conservative facts of science is the ground upon which I rest my prophecy that sometime the soul of man may be reproduced on the sensitive plate of some micro-photographic instrument; for, as I have shown, mind and matter, in the last analysis, are not separable, but are inherently and essentially coincident in all the operations of nature.

I have also shown that the impressions of the mental process are sensitively received by the delicate organism of the nervous system. This delicate organism, more refined in some human beings than in others, is itself the garment or the tenement of that mental force which heretofore, vaguely, we have denominated the soul.

I understand the soul to be this invisible reflection of the mental process upon the delicate nervous organism.

So long as individual mind exists, it must exist in association with some material organism, however sublimated the substance may be of which that organism consists. Just as wherever mind exists in nature, it exists inseparable from material substance in all gradations, from the most dense to the most delicate and rarefied.

Now, I have suggested that this subtile substance, which constitutes the nervous system of the body, and receives the impressions of the mind, is a phosphorescent or luminous substance. Such a substance can be made to impress its image upon the sensitive plate of a micro-camera.

If, therefore, the time shall come when by long exposure to such a sensitive plate the actual circulation of the blood may be photographed, *then it is likewise true that the image of the soul itself, which is nothing more than the reflection of mental impressions upon the invisible bioplasms of the nervous system, may likewise be photographed.*

From this we draw the conclusion that, insomuch as every mental image physically impresses itself upon the cellular tissues of the nervous system, therefore those images or mental thoughts are themselves capable of reproduction in photographic reflection.

Hence, not only does science clearly prophesy that some-time the contour of the soul itself, reflected in the cellular organism of the body, may be imaged upon the sensitive plate and be reproduced visually to the human eye, but likewise those supposed spiritual operations—the thoughts of the human mind—may become capable of reproduction, till the very images of one's mind shall no longer be the secret property and possession of the individual thinker, but may become the permanent heritage of all the human race.

If the suggestion of this paper could ever be proved a scientific fact it might produce some marvelous, not to say startling, results.

If the neuro-cerebral system is the sensitive plate upon which all the impressions, activities, thoughts, and dispositions of the individual are caught, then if this could be actually reproduced in photographic form, we might have a revelation of character far beyond what the most intimate acquaintance would reveal.

For the neuro-cerebral system registers not only the conscious, but the unconscious conditions or impressions as well.

Speaking of our ability to recall dream and dream images, M. Manaceine says: "In fairly deep sleep conscious personality is

abolished, and the images of dreams pass before us strange and unknown, without relation to us. We can scarcely recall dreams of this kind, and if we sometimes remember them, it is later on, some time in the course of the day.

"Such reminiscenses of dreams occur in accordance with the psycho-physiological law, by which we sometimes hear, afterward, the sounds of human speech which have ceased; the melody which no longer vibrates: the clock which struck some seconds since; they had passed unperceived though *not unregistered*, because then consciousness was otherwise occupied.

"*The neuro-cerebral system retains the traces of the impressions which strike it*, and in the absence of other exterior impressions, *these may revive under the sole influences of that voluntary impression which is, as it were, given by consciousness.* In such cases consciousness may be compared to a master who returns to his property after temporary absence; he carefully examines all the changes, the additions, the transpositions which have occurred during his absence, and notes what he finds." *

But if it be true that every impression, unconscious as well as conscious, is registered in the neuro-cerebral system, and by a possible long exposure a micro-photograph could be taken of such impressions, then, of course, the camera would do the work that our author says consciousness does when returning to its house, and would reveal the secret thoughts, feelings, purposes, biases, passions and proclivities of each person.

I am well aware that such possibility suggests a new and curious field for scientifie investigation, and at the present stage of research will be scouted by the conservative; but at the same time, those who have traced the progress of science in the last quarter of a century, and more especially the psychological research of the last ten years, will not in any way be startled by the possibilities I am indicating, or inclined to cast them aside as ridiculous.

*The italics are mine. (H. F.)

I believe that at this point physical science and spiritual philosophy meet to join hands; that this is the common ground of union for all conflicting classes of investigation; and that here science and religion, realism and idealism, poetry and practice, become one and the same; and upon this foundation a wholly new superstructure of religious science may be reared for the future generations of the race. HENRY FRANK.

There are no persons so forlorn and so much to be pitied as those who have learned in early life to look to public positions for a livelihood. It unfits a man or boy for any other business, and makes a kind of respectable vagrant of him. —*Grover Cleveland.*

Old minds are like old horses; you must exercise them if you would keep them in working order. —*John Adams.*

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once, this forever. —*Child.*

Coercion is not reformation.

LAUGHTER.

The laughter of life is its sunshine, and this would be a dull old world without some happy natures to lighten the pathway of those that plod always in sorrow.

PROF. HUXLEY'S AIM.

My purpose is "to smite all humbugs, however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for every thing but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognized as mine or not, so long as it is done."

ANOTHER CRADLE OF HUMAN BEINGS.

My own view is that the cradle of the human race was probably the vast tract of unbroken land lying between the Ural Mountains on the west and the Behring Straits, the sea of Okhotsk and Manchuria on the east. —*Samuel Waddington.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

WHY MEDICAL LEGISLATION IS PROCURED.

The eagerness of certain medical men for numberless prohibitory, restrictive and compulsory statutes, is fully explained by consulting the census of the profession. It is a general confession that the calling is overcrowded, and with the thousands of new graduates every year the congestion is rapidly increasing. The normal ratio of physicians is estimated to be one to a population of twelve hundred to two thousand. But the actual average in the United States is no less than one to 655. In California there is a physician to 416 inhabitants; in Colorado, one to 452; in Vermont, one to 469; in Ohio, one to 489; in Indiana, one to 494; in Missouri, one to 507; in Arkansas, one to 546; in Kansas, Tennessee and Maine, one to 556; in Massachusetts, one to 561; in Illinois, one to 562; in New Hampshire, one to 564; in Maryland, one to 565; in Michigan, one to 570; in Texas, one to 612; in Kentucky, one to 625; in Oregon, one to 638; Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Connecticut and Rhode Island are somewhat less supplied, the figures being 662, 667, 687, 692. New Jersey is more fortunate, there being only one to 856. Minnesota has one to 1004; South Carolina, one to 1023; North Carolina, one to 1023; North Carolina, one to 1089; New Mexico, one to 1,095 .

Many endeavors have been made to remove this congestion. Legislation has been had under various disguises to drive "irregular" practitioners from the field by heavy penalties; then to "raise the standard of qualifications" so as to make a medical education too costly for indivduals of limited means, and to

create Boards of Examiners to add to the expense and difficulty. Innumerable offices, often wholly unnecessary, are created by which to afford salaries to unlucky practitioners and statutes are made to compel resort for medical services. "Healers" not licensed, are handled without lenity for trespass upon the medical preserves. Health officials are clothed with police powers to force vaccination on the community at arbitrary caprice, and "scares" are excited to make opportunity. But with all there is not relief as yet.

SYMBOLS FOUND ON STONES.

At Stonehenge one of the monoliths fell upon the "altar-stone." Upon it was found a builder's mark, a double semicircle with other devices, not widely different from those on masons' work of a later period. Similar symbols are on the stones at Newton Grange, Drogheda Cave, Routh Linn, Old Berwick; and it seems that others have been discovered at the Budhist temples at Sannath and buildlngs at Benares. Another device is also widely prevalent. It has various designations; as the "Hammer of Thor," the "Swastica," etc. It is a cross with an angular bend at each extremity, and is found all over India. Schliemann also discovered it in his excavations in Greece and Asia Minor, and it is on the Newton Stone at Aberdeen. If these are to be regarded as religious symbols there must have been, in very remote times, a faith which was common to all these countries.

SMALL-POX BANISHED FROM CLEVELAND.

Perfect immunity from small-pox and small-pox scares is enjoyed in the city of Cleveland. This is the result of intelligent scientific effort faithfully applied. From 1898 till July 1901 small-pox had raged without interruption. The authorities resorted only to vaccination and quarantine as expedients to arrest it. There were the usual failures and blood-poisoning. One in four of all the cases of vaccination resulted in septic poisoning. Arms were swelled to the wrist, and pieces of flesh as large as

a silver dollar dropping from the sores were frequent, taking months to heal. Four cases of lock-jaw supervened and general alarm was created.

Dr. Martin Frederich became Health Officer July 21, 1901, had been two years in the city and had observed carefully the conditions. Small-pox was in full swing; there had been 1023 cases the preceding year and a half, and there were seventeen then on hand. He stopped the vaccinating and began a general course of cleaning up. All places where small-pox had been were treated with formaldehyde. Seven cases accrued during the first month of his admintration, and three or more treated with formaldehyde, and since August last none except seven imported. 'Under the former regime of vaccination and quarantine, small-pox doubled each year, but now, even in winter, there were no cases. "Cleveland is now free from small-pox," he exultingly declares," and from the worst infected city has become the cleanest.''

Everything that lives grows into the likeness of its environment.

Love is the high consummation and fulfilment of all law.

The sun shines alike on the evil and the good, but the evil speeds to calamity all the same.

Pulse-beats smite down the strongest tyrannies.

Creation is a circle and not a straight line. History and human civilization are an aggregation of circles.

Volcanoes scare, but do not ruin the world.

Whatever is good and true and everlasting remains.

Two things are sublime: the human conscience and the stars.
—*Kant.*

Man makes with his mind the things which he scans with his eyes.
—*C. A. Bartol.*

THE LOVE OF GOD.

If I were God, and man should pray to me
From out his prison-house of dumb despair
For light and love to numb his agony—
I would not turn a deaf ear to his prayer!
Were I the Christ, and by my regal birth
The sceptre of Omnipotence I bore,
I would lean down and touch this sorrowing earth;
And sin and woe should cease forevermore!

Am I, then, holier than the God above?
Burns there a purer flame within my heart?
Or is my weak and undiscerning love
The love of God, of whom I am a part?

JEROME A. ANDERSON.

COMPENSATION.

Be glad, my heart, and sing thy song,
Now, while this darkness hides the light,
The linnets, when the sky is bright,
Carol the same notes all day long;
But the poet's heart doth throb and thrill
When the nightingale sings in the darkness still.

ILLYRIA TURNER.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND.

We are all apt to consider the material side of things only. That is where we make our great mistake in life and conduct. We should all remember that this world, and the things of this world, are but the outward expression of our inward soul—the matter evolved from mind—and that unless we ourselves are in harmony with the mind, we shall never understand the matter.

—*Marie Corelli.*

A really great man is known by three signs: generosity in the design, humanity in the execution and moderation in the success.

—*Bismarck.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WORLD BEFORE ABRAHAM according to Genesis i: xli, with an introduction to the Pentateuch. By H. G. MITCHELL, Professor in Boston University, Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Professor Mitchell treats the subject of his work from the viewpoint of modern scholarship. It is certainly elaborate, candid and plausible, but we fear too profoundly learned for most readers. Yet it is of far too great importance to be carelessly thrown aside. The author has delved into the deepest problems connected with his subject, bringing to his aid the versions of the Pentateuch from the other ancient languages, and the opinions of numerous Biblical scholars of acknowedged eminence. It is plainly shown that the chapters under consideration were the work of several writers which has been somewhat akwardly pieced together as a consecutive narrative of events and doings of individuals who are often the personification of whole peoples and clans. Yet the incongruities are exhibited in the reverent spirit of an investigator, and in no way in the carping language of one on the look-out for faults and blemishes.

The subject, however, is not so much an account of the "world" before Abraham, as an analysis of the book of Genesis before we come to Abraham. We regret that the Hebrew names and words are spelled from the Masoretic text, which is neither genuine Hebrew nor plain reading. The author of course accepts the "Documentary Hypothesis" that the Pentateuch is a compilation from at least four documents. The first of these was formerly known as that of "the Elohist," because he called the Deity Elohim, or God. It is now generally called the "Priest's Code" because it was evidently written from the sacerdotal standpoint. It furnished the framework of the Pentateuch and the largest share of the matter, comprising about one-fifth of Genesis, nearly one-half of Exodus, the whole of Leviticus, nearly three-fourths of Numbers, and a few verses of Deuteronomy. The material is largely legal, chronological and genealogical. The second document is Jahvistic or Yahwistic; the writer (or writers) generally using the Deity-name Jahveh or Yahweh, commonly rendered "Jehovah" and "the Lord." To him is referred about a half of Genesis, a sixth of Exodus, a fifteenth of Numbers and a few verses in Deuteronomy. The interests of this author were predominantly religious, and his materials are not regarded as a body of authentic statements, but simply as a collection of illustrations that may be expanded and embellished. They sometimes represent God not only as possessing tangible parts and displaying human passions, but as associating familiarly with men, somewhat after the manner of the divinities of other peoples, as described in classic literature.

The third is now known as the "Elohistic Document," from the use of the term "Elohim" for God. It is often so interwoven with the second as to be very hard to distinguish. It is credited with having furnished more than a fourth of Genesis and Exodus, about a ninth of Numbers, and a few verses of Deuteronomy. The writer adds to a zeal for religion, an interest in theology and archeology. To him are ascribed the stories of providential interference, the preservation of archaic names and fragments of ancient songs, and such accounts as Abraham's sacrifice, Joseph's first interview with his brethren, the finding of the infant Moses. The fourth document is found incorporated in the book of Deuteronomy. It is distinctly a prophetic production.

The first step in the compilation of the Pentateuch was the uniting of the Jahvistic and Elohistic documents into a single work. The former of these is earlier than the others, but "dates from period considerably later than that of Moses." It had its origin in Southern Palestine and as "most scholars" believe, was written toward the middle of the ninth century, B. C. The other was probably written in Northern Palestine. Such accounts as the story of Joseph, of Reuben as spokesman for his brethren and of the shrines dear to Israel indicate this; and it is supposed to have been written about the beginning of the eighth century. Both documents "had undergone considerable changes in the way of enlargement and modification at the hand of more or less sympathetic revisers."

The book of Deuteronomy follows almost exclusively the Elohistic document. It is without traces of a Mosaic origin, and "the genuine prophecies of Amos, Hosea, Isaiah and Micah, leave no such impression" of its influence as that of Jeremiah, a later writer. It is suggested that after the northern kingdom had been overthrown, Hezekiah, under the direction of Isaiah, took steps to make Jerusalem the sole shrine of the Hebrew religion (Cp. II. Chronicles xxx, xxxi.) and that the Deuteronomic document was then begun. The two others were evidently then completed. But though it may have been the work "found" in the temple by Hilkiah the priest, it can not be identified with the present book of Deuteronomy, because this "is not the work of a single author." It contains passages from the other two documents, and has passed through the hands of one or more editors or compilers.

The conclusion of Prof. Mitchell is, therefore, that the former two books, more or less revised and enlarged, were united before 639 B. C.; that Deuteronomy was incorporated with them early in the Captivity, and that the Pentateuch was practically completed by the addition of the Priestly Code, a product of the fifth century, B. C., before 444, if not before 458, the date of Ezra's appearance in Palestine.

The "Priestly Code" is now regarded by the majority of scholars as having been produced during and after the exile to Babylon. Before that period, "the tabernacle, the high priest, the day of atonement, and other like objects and institutions seem to have been unknown." Thus Amos and Isaiah both disparage feasts and offerings;and Jeremiah, himself a priest, as well as a prophet, says expressly that God gave the fathers when he delivered them from Egypt no command concerning burnt-offerings and sacrifices. He even accused the Scribes of dealing falsely with the law, and plainly did not regard the laws which now constitute a large part of the Priestly document as of divine or of Mosaic origin. Even after Ezra, in the year 458 B. C , came from Babylon "to teach in Israel statutes and judgments," it was not till fourteen years later ,that he persuaded the people to recognize the divine authority of the law that he had brought with him, and it became the code of the restored community.

Despite the iconclasm which may seem to characterize his work, Professor Mitchell insists that the Biblical scholars of the last half-century, while depriving Moses of the honor of having written a great work at the dictation of the Deity, have nevertheless given him the pre-eminence as the inspired founder of a nation and itsreligion. The latter part of the book is devoted to an analysis and explanation of the first eleven chapters of Genesis. He makes a new translation in which he endeavors by the aid of different varieties of letter, to enable the reader to comprehend the varied authorship of the paragraphs and sentences, and then cites in a running commentary the numerous other versied of the text showing the weight of evidence. For the intelligent student he has performed an invaluable service.

EXCHANGES.

THE ARYA PATRIKA, published at Lahore, India, is a weekly journal devoted to the interests of the Arya Samaj, the Vedic organization formed in the middle of the last century, by Dayanarde Swami. The article on "Salvation" in the number for March 29th, describes the various ideas set forth by the different religions as "wholly vague and undefined." These, it explains, came into existence when the entire face of the earth was covered with darkness of ignorance, and their schemes are in full accord with the prevailing sentiments then existing. But times are changing. To determine rightly the problem of emancipation, the question of bondage must be explained. This bondage implies a record of existence extending over eternity; an "entity" just evolved without any sin or virtue whatever has nothing of the impure element in it that calls for bondage. God would be unjust to give a creature a constitution that can but generate pain. The fact of bondage proves that the

soul is ancient. It assumes the physical body because of the bad impressions gained in previous births. These have all to be effaced. This is the central idea of the Arya doctrine. "Salvation, then, is to be attained by a gradual process of self-election, and not otherwise."

The *Arya Patrika* earnestly pleads for more than the education of the Indian population, and protests against the common practice of Christians and others to "project fanciful doctrines into the *Vedas*."

THE THEOSOPHIST for March and April is occupied largely by articles continued from one number to the succeeding. Besides the "Old Diary Leaves" of Col. Olcott are the following: "Concerning Occultism;" Jesus Called the Christ;" "A Study of Mesmerism;" "The Duties of Buddhists;" "The Weird Snake-Dance of the Mokis;" "The Nature of Gravitation Considered as a Form of Energy;" also "The Temple of God;', "The Hawaiian Creation-Myth;" "Thoughts on the Word 'Zoroaster.'" These articles evince deep thought and careful study, such as only thinkers and scholars can give. It is significant that the Hawaiian legend of creation is quite similar to those of the North American Indians; and that the Snake-dance is analogous to Serpent-rites elsewhere. Indeed we may reasonably conjecture that the Mokis or Hopis are the remains of the race to which the Mound-Builders belonged and also the Nahuas that occupied Mexico before the Aztecs, and had Quetzalcoatl, "the Plumed Serpent" as their hero-god. Like the festival of Adonis in Phœnicia, which commemorated his death and resurrection, the Hopi rite is not only an initiation of new candidates but a supplication for rain and a fertile season. They have also the notion of a serpent in the sky that like Ahi holds back showers; and the dancers regarding themselves as having been incarnated five times, salute their kindred in Hades, the Underworld, who are yet to be born once more into the earth. It really seems that in these occult matters the earlier world has been truly "of one lip and one speech."

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LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S. ASSOCIATE

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II. METAPHYSICS *versus* HYPNOTISM.
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IV. THE PROGRESS OF THE AGE:—Universal Ether and Telepathy.
V. INTELLIGENCE AND SENSATION:—The Office of the Senses.
VI. MENTAL ACTION:—The Process of Thought.
VII. THE PHYSICAL REFLECTION OF THOUGHT.
VIII. THE MENTAL ORIGIN OF DISEASE:—Thought Images.
IX. CURATIVE INFLUENCES:—What is a Mental Cure?
X. THE PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF ANGER.
XI. THE INFLUENCE OF FEAR IN SICKNESS.
XII. CURES THAT HAVE BEEN EFFECTED.
XIII. VARIOUS EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.
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